







THE  
NEW MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

*LITERARY JOURNAL.*

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1835.

PART THE THIRD.

LONDON

HENRY COLBURN, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS,  
Stamford-street.

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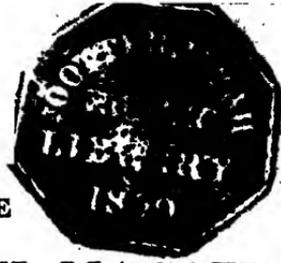
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THE

## NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### THE GIPSY'S RIDE\*.

TEN o'clock, A.M., and the weather like the Prophet's Paradise,  
" Warmth without heat, and coolness without cold."

Madame Josepino stood at the door of her Turco-Italian boarding-house in the nasty and fashionable main street of Pera, dividing her attention between a handsome Armenian, with a red button in the top of his black lamb's-wool cap†, and her three boarders, Job, Maimuna, and myself, at that critical moment about mounting our horses for a gallop to Belgrade.

We kissed our hands to the fat and fair Italian, and with a promise to be at home for supper, kicked our shovel-shaped stirrups into the sides of our horses, and pranced away up the street, getting many a glance of curiosity, and one or two that might be more freely translated, from the dark eyes that are seen day and night at the windows of the leaden-coloured houses of the Armenians.

We should have been an odd-looking cavalcade for the Boulevard or Bond-street, but, blessed privilege of the East! we were sufficiently *comme il faut* for Pera. To avoid the embarrassment of Maimuna's sex, I had dressed her, from an English "slop-shop" at Galata, in the checked shirt, jacket, and trowsers of a sailor-boy, but as she was obstinately determined that her long black hair should not be shorn, a turban was her only resource for concealment, and the dark and glossy mass was hidden in the folds of an Albanian shawl, forming altogether as inharmonious a costume as could well be imagined. With the white duck trowsers tight over her hips, and the jacket, which was a little too large for her, loose over her shoulders and breast, the checked collar tied with a black silk cravat close round her throat, and the silken and gold fringe of the shawl flowing coquettishly over her left cheek and ear, she was certainly an odd figure on horseback, and, but for her admirable riding and excessive grace of attitude, she might have been as much a subject for a caricature as her companion. Job rode soberly along at her side, in the green turban of a Hajji (which he had persisted in wearing ever since his pilgrimage to Jerusalem), and, as he usually put it on askew, the *gaillard* and rakish character of his head-dress,

\* Concluded from page 467, vol. xlv., No. clxxvi.

† The Armenians at Constantinople are despised by the Turks, and tacitly submit, like the Jews, to occupy a degraded position as a people. A few, however, are employed as interpreters by the embassies, and these are allowed to wear the mark of a red worsted button in the high black cap of the race,—a distinction which just serves to make them the greatest possible coxcombs.

and the grave respectability of his black coat and salt-and-pepper trowsers, produced a contrast which elicited a smile even from the admiring damsels at the windows.

Maimuna went caracoling along till the road entered the black shadow of the Cemetery of Pera, and then, pulling up her well-managed horse, she rode close to my side, with the air of subdued respect which was more fitting to the spirit of the scene. It was a lovely morning, as I said, and the Turks, who are early risers, were sitting on the graves of their kindred with their veiled wives and children, the marble turbans in that thickly-sown *nekropolis* less numerous than those of the living, who had come, not to mourn the dead who lay beneath, but to pass a day of idleness and pleasure on the spot endeared by their memories.

"I declare to you," said Job, following Maimuna's example in waiting till I came up, "that I think the Turks the most misrepresented and abused people on earth. Look at this scene! Here are whole families seated upon graves over which the grass grows long and old, the children playing at their feet, and their own faces the pictures of calm cheerfulness and enjoyment. They are the by-word for brutes, and there is not a gentler or more poetical race of beings between the Indus and the Arkansaw!"

It was really a scene of great beauty. The Turkish tombs are as splendid as white marble can make them, with letters and devices in red and gold, and often the most delicious sculptures, and, with the crowded closeness of the monuments, the vast extent of the burial-ground over hill and dale, and the cypresses (nowhere so magnificent) veiling all in a deep religious shadow, dim, and yet broken by spots of the clearest sunshine, a more impressive and peculiar scene could scarce be imagined. It might exist in other countries, but it would be a desert. To the Mussulman death is not repulsive, and he makes it a resort when he would be happiest. At all hours of the day you find the tombs of Constantinople gaily surrounded by the living. They spread their carpets, and arrange their simple repast around the stone which records the name and virtues of their own dead, and talk of them as they do of the living and absent,—parted from them to meet again, if not in life, in Paradise.

"For my own part," continued Job, "I see nothing in Scripture which contradicts the supposition that we shall haunt, in the intermediate state between death and heaven, the familiar places to which we have been accustomed. In that case, how delightful are the habits of these people, and how cheerfully vanish the horrors of the grave! Death, with us, is appalling! The smile has scarce faded from our lips,—the light scarce dead in our eye,—when we are thrust into a noisome vault, and thought of but with a shudder and a fear. We are connected thenceforth, in the memories of our friends, with the pestilent air in which we lie, with the vermin that infest the gloom, with chilliness, with darkness, with disease; and, memento as it is of their own coming destiny, what wonder if they chase us, and the forecast shadows of the grave, with the same hurried disgust from their remembrance. Suppose, for an instant, (what is by no means improbable,) that the spirits of the dead are about us, conscious and watchful! Suppose that they have still a feeling of sympathy in the decaying form they

have so long inhabited, in its organs, its senses, its once-admired and long-cherished grace and proportion; that they feel the contumely and disgust with which the features we professed to love are cast like garbage into the earth, and the indecent haste with which we turn away from the solitary spot, and think of it but as the abode of festering and revolting corruption!"

At this moment we turned to the left, descending to the Bosphorus, and Maimuna, who had ridden a little in advance during Job's unintelligible monologue, came galloping back to tell us that there was a corpse in the road. We quickened our pace, and the next moment our horses started aside from a bier, left in a bend of the highway with a single individual, the grave-digger, sitting cross-legged beside it. Without looking up at our approach, the man mumbled something between his teeth, and held up his hand as if to arrest us in our path.

"What does he say?" I asked of Maimuna.

"He repeats a verse of the Koran," she replied, "which promises a reward in Paradise to him who bears the dead forty steps on its way to the grave."

Job sprang instantly from his horse, threw the bridle over the nearest tombstone, and made a sign to the grave-digger that he would officiate as bearer. The man nodded assent, but looked down the road without arising from his seat.

"You are but three," said Maimuna, "and he waits for a fourth."

I had dismounted by this time, not to be behind my friend in the humanities of life, and the grave-digger, seeing that we were Europeans, smiled with a kind of pleased surprise, and uttering the all-expressive "*Pekkhe!*" resumed his look-out for the fourth bearer.

The corpse was that of a poor old man. The coffin was without a cover, and he lay in it, in his turban and slippers, his hands crossed over his breast, and the folds of his girdle stuck full of flowers. He might have been asleep, for any look of death about him. His lips were slightly unclosed, and his long beard was combed smoothly over his breast. The odour of the pipe and the pastille struggled with the perfume of the flowers, and there was in his whole aspect a life-likeness and peace, that the shroud and the close coffin, and the additional horrors of approaching death, perhaps, combine, in other countries, utterly to do away.

"Hitherto," said Job, as he gazed attentively on the calm old man, "I have envied the Scaligers their uplifted and airy tombs in the midst of the cheerful street of Verona, and, next to theirs, the sunny sarcophagus of Petrarch, looking away over the peaceful Campagna of Lombardy; but here is a Turkish beggar who will be buried still more enviably. Is it not a Paradise of tombs,—a kind of Utopia of the dead?"

A young man with a load of vegetables for the market of Pera, came toiling up the hill behind his mule. Sure of his assistance, the grave-digger arose, and as we took our places at the poles, the marketer quietly turned his beast out of the road, and assisted us in lifting the dead on our shoulders. The grave was not far off, and having deposited the corpse on its border, we returned to our horses, and, soon getting clear of the cemetery, galloped away with light hearts toward the Valley of Sweet Waters.

## II.

We were taking breath on the silken banks of the Barbyzes,—Maimuna prancing along the pebbly bed, up to her barb's girths in sparkling water, and Job and myself laughing at her frolics from either side, when an old woman, bent double with age, came hobbling toward us from a hovel in the hill-side.

"Maimuna," said Job, fishing out some trumpery *paras* from the corner of his waistcoat pocket, "give this to that good woman, and tell her that he who gives it is happy, and would share his joy with her."

The gipsy spurred up the bank, dismounted at a short distance from the decrepit creature, and after a little conversation returned, leading her horse.

"She is not a beggar, and wishes to know why you give her money."

"Tell her to buy bread for her children," said my patriarchal friend.

Maimuna went back, conversed with her again, and returned with the money.

"She says she has no need of it. *There is no human creature between her and Allah!*"

The old woman hobbled on, Job pocketed his rejected *paras*, and Maimuna rode between us in silence.

It was a gem of natural poetry that was worthy of the lips of an angel.

## III.

We kept up the Valley of Sweet Waters, tracing the Barbyzes through its bosom, to the hills; and then mounting a steep ascent, struck across to the east, over a country, which, though so near the capital of the Turkish empire, is as wild as the plains of the Hermus. Shrubs, forest-trees, and wild grass, cover the apparently illimitable waste, and save a half-visible horse-path which guides the traveller across, there is scarce an evidence that you are not the first adventurer in the wilderness.

What a natural delight is freedom! What a bound gives the heart at the sight of the unfenced earth, the unseparated hill-sides, the unhedged and unharvested valleys! How thrilling it is—unlike any other joy—to spur a fiery horse to the hill-top, and gaze away over dell and precipice to the horizon, and never a wall between, nor a human limit to say, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" Oh, I think we have an instinct, dulled by civilization, which is like the caged eagle's, or the antelope's that is reared in the Arab's tent—an instinct of nature that scorns boundary and chain;—that yearns to the free desert,—that would have the earth like the sea or the sky, unappropriated and open;—that rejoices in immeasurable liberty of foot and dwelling-place, and springs passionately back to its freedom even after years of subduing method and spirit-breaking confinement! I have felt it on the sea—in the forests of America—on the desolated plains of Asia and Roumelia;—I should feel it till my heart burst, had I the wings of a bird!

• The house once occupied by Lady Mary Wortley Montague stands

on the descent of a hill in the little village of Belgrade, some twelve or fourteen miles from Constantinople. It is a commonplace two-story affair, but the best house of the dozen that form the village, and overlooks a dell below that reminds one of the "Emerald valleys of Cashmeer." We wandered through its deserted rooms, discussed the clever woman who has described her travels so graphically, and then followed Maimuna to the narrow street, in search of *kibaubs*. The butcher's shop in Turkey is as open as the *trottoir* to the street, and with only an entire sheep hanging between us and a dozen hungry beggars, attracted by the presence of strangers, we crossed our legs on the straw carpet, and setting the wooden tripod in the centre, waited patiently the movements of our feeder, who combined in his single person the three vocations of butcher, cook, and waiter. One must have travelled east of Cape Colonna to relish a dinner so slightly disguised, but, once rid of European prejudices, there is nothing more simple than the fact that it is rather an attractive mode of feeding—a traveller's appetite *subauditur*.

Our friend was a wholesome-looking Turk, with a snow-white turban, a black, well-conditioned beard, a mouth incapable of a smile, yet honest, and a most trenchant and *janissaresque* style of handling his cleaver. Having laid open his bed of coals with a kind of conjuror's flourish of the poker, he slapped the pendent nutton on the thigh in a fashion of encouragement, and waiting an instant for our admiration to subside, he whipped his knife from its sheath, and had out a dozen strips from the chine (as Job expressed it in Vermontese) "in no time." With the same alacrity these were cut into bits "of the size of a piece of chalk," (another favourite expression of Job's,) run upon a skewer, and laid on the coals, and in three minutes, more or less, they appeared smoking on the trencher, half lost in a fine green salad, well peppered, and of a most seducing and provocative savour. If you have performed your four ablutions A.M., like a devout Mussulman, it is not conceived in Turkey that you have occasion for the medium of a fork, and I frankly own, that I might have been seen at Belgrade, cross-legged in a *kibaub*-shop, between my friend and the gipsy, and making a most diligent use of my thumb and forefinger. I have dined since at the Rochers de Cancale and the Traveller's with less satisfaction.

Having paid something like sixpence sterling for our three dinners (rather an overcharge, Maimuna thought), we unpicketed our horses from the long grass, and bade adieu to Belgrade, on our way to the Aqueducts. We were to follow down a verdant valley, and, exhilarated by a flask of Greek wine (which I forgot to mention), and the ever-thrilling circumstances of unlimited greensward and horses that wait not for the spur, we followed the daring little Asiatic up hill and down, over bush and precipice, till Job cried us mercy. We pulled up on the edge of a sheet of calm water, and the vast marble wall built by the Sultans in the days of their magnificence, and crossing the valley from side to side, burst upon us like a scene of enchantment in the wilderness.

Those same Sultans must have lived a great deal at Belgrade. Save these vast aqueducts, which are splendid monuments of architecture, there is little in the first aspect to remind you that you are not in the

wilds of Missouri; but a further search discloses, in the recesses of the hidden windings of the valley, circular staircases of marble leading to secluded baths, now filled with leaves and neglected, but evidently on a scale of the most imperial sumptuousness. From the perishable construction of Turkish dwelling-houses, all traces even of the most costly serai may easily have disappeared in a few years, when once abandoned to ruin; and I pleased myself with imagining, as we slackened bridle, and rode slowly beneath the gigantic trees of the forest, the gilded pavilions, and gay scenes of Oriental pleasure that must have existed here in the days of the warlike yet effeminate Selims. It is a place for the enchantments of the "Arabian Nights" to have been realized.

I have followed the common error in giving these structures in the forest of Belgrade the name of aqueducts. They are rather walls built across the deep valleys, of different altitudes, to create reservoirs for the supply of aqueducts, but are built with all the magnificence and ornament of a façade to a temple.

We rode on from one to the other, arriving at last at the lowest, which divides the valley at its wildest part, forming a giddy wall across an apparently bottomless ravine, as dark and impracticable as the glen of the Cauterskill in America. Our road lay on the other side, but though with a steady eye one might venture to cross the parapet on foot, there were no means of getting our horses over, short of a return of half a mile to the path we had neglected higher up the valley. We might swim it, above the embankment, but the opposite shore was a precipice.

"What shall we do?" I asked.

Job made no answer, but pulled round his beast, and started off in a sober canter to return.

I stood a moment, gazing on the placid sheet of water above, and the abyss of rock and darkness below, and then calling to Maimuna, who had ridden further down the bank, I turned my horse's head after him.

"Signore!" cried the gipsy from below.

"What is it, Carissima?"

"Maimuna never goes back!"

"Silly child!" I answered, "you are not going to cross the ravine?"

"Yes!" was the reply, and the voice became more indistinguishable as she galloped away. "I will be over before you!"

I was vexed, but I knew the self-will and temerity of the wild Asiatic, and, very certain that, if there were danger, it would be run before I could reach her, I drove the stirrups into my horse's sides, and overtook Job at the descent into the valley. We ascended again, and rode down the opposite shore to the embankment, at a sharp gallop. Maimuna was not there.

"She will have perished in the abyss," said Job.

I sprang from my horse to cross the parapet on foot, in search of her, when I heard her horse's footsteps, and the next moment she dashed up the steep, having failed in her attempt, and stood once more where we had parted. The sun was setting, and we had ten miles to ride, and impatient of her obstinacy, I sharply ordered her to go up the ravine at speed, and cross as we had done.

I think I never shall forget, angry as I was at the moment, the

appearance of that lovely creature, as she resolutely refused to obey me. Her horse, the same fiery Arabian she had ridden from Sardis (an animal that, except when she was on his back, would scarce have sold for a gold sequin), stood with head erect, and panting nostrils, glancing down with his wild eyes upon the abyss into which he had been urged,—the whole group, horse and rider, completely relieved against the sky from the isolated mound they occupied, and, at this instant, the gold flood of the setting sun pouring full on them through a break in the masses of the forest. Her own fierce attitude, and beautiful but frowning face, the thin lip curled resolutely, and the brown and polished cheek deepened with a rosy glow, her full and breathing bosom swelling beneath its jacket, and her hair, which had escaped from the turban, flowing over her neck and shoulders, and mingling with the loosened fringes of red and gold in rich disorder—it was a picture which the pencil of Martin (and it would have suited his genius) could scarce have exaggerated. The stately, half-Arabic, half-Grecian architecture of the aqueducts, and the cold and frowning tints of the abyss and the forest around, would have left him nothing to add to it as a composition.

I was crossing the giddy edge of the parapet, looking well to my feet, with the intention of reasoning with the obstinate being, who, vexed at my reproaches and her own failure, was now in as pretty a rage as myself, when I heard the trampling of horses in the forest. I stopped mid-way to listen, and presently there sprang a horseman up the bank in an Oriental costume, with pistols and ataghan flashing in the sun, and a cast of features that at once betrayed his origin.

“A Zingara!” I shouted back to Job.

The gipsy, who was about nineteen, and as well-made and gallant a figure for a man, as Maimuna for a woman, seemed as much astonished as ourselves, and sat in his saddle gazing on the extraordinary figure I have described, evidently recognising one of his own race, but probably puzzled with the mixture of costumes, and struck at the same time with Maimuna’s excessive beauty. Lovely as she always was, I had never seen her to such advantage as now. She might have come from fairy-land, for the radiant vision she seemed in the gold of that burning sunset.

I gazed on them both a moment, and was about finishing my traverse of the parapet, when a troop of mounted gipsies and baggage-horses came up the bank at a quick pace, and in another minute Maimuna was surrounded. I sprang to her bridle, and apprehensive of, I scarce knew what danger, gave her one of the two pistols I carried always in my bosom.

The gipsy chief (for such he evidently was) measured me from head to foot with a look of dislike, and speaking for the first time, addressed Maimuna in his own language with a remark which sent the blood to her temples with a suddenness I had never before seen.

“What does he say?” I asked.

“It is no matter, Signore, but it is false!” Her black eyes were like coals of fire, as she spoke.

“Leave your horse,” I said to her, in a low tone, “and cross the parapet. I will prevent his following you, and will join you on your

own before you can reach Constantinople. Turn the horses heads homeward!" I continued in English to Job, who was crying out to me from the other side to come back.

Maimuna laid her hand on the pommel to dismount, but the gipsy, anticipating her motion, touched his horse with the stirrup, and sprang with a single leap between her and the parapet. The troop had gathered into a circle behind us, and seeing our retreat thus cut off, I presented my pistol to the young chief, and demanded, in Italian, that he should clear the way.

A blow from behind, the instant that I was pulling the trigger, sent the discharged pistol into the ravine, and, in the same instant, Maimuna dashed her horse against the unguarded gipsy, nearly overturning him into the abyss, and spurred desperately upon the parapet. One cry from the whole gipsy troop, and then all was as silent as the grave, except the click of her horse's hoofs on the marble verge, as, trembling palpably in every limb, the terrified animal crossed the giddy chasm at a half trot, and, in the next minute, bounded up the opposite bank, and disappeared with a snort of fear and delight amid the branches of the forest.

What with horror and wonder, and the shock of the blow which had nearly broken my arm, I stood motionless where Maimuna had left me, till the gipsy, recovering from his amazement, dismounted and put his pistol in turn to my breast.

"Call her back!" he said to me, in very good Italian, and with a tone in which rage and determination were strangely mingled, "or you die where you stand."

Without regarding his threat, I looked at him with a new thought stealing into my mind. He probably read the pacific change in my feelings, for he dropped his arm, and the frown on his own features moderated to a steadfast and inquisitive regard.

"Zingara!" I said, "Maimuna is my slave."

A clutch of his pistol stock, and a fiery and impatient look from his fine eyes, interrupted me for an instant. I proceeded to tell him briefly how I had obtained possession of her, while the troop gradually closed around, attracted by his excessive look of interest in the tale, though they probably did not understand the language in which I spoke, and all fixing their wild eyes earnestly on my face.

"And now, Zingara," I said, "I will bring her back on one condition—that, when the offer is fairly made her, if she chooses still to go with me, she shall be free to do so. I have protected her, and sworn still to protect her as long as she should choose to eat of my bread. Though my slave, she is as pure and guiltless as when she left the tent of her mother, and is worthy of the bosom of an emperor!"

The Zingara took my hand, and put it to his lips.

"You agree to our compact, then?" I asked.

He put his hand to his forehead, and then laid it, with a slight inclination, on his breast.

"She cannot have gone far," I said, and stepping on the mound above the parapet, I shouted her name till the woods rang again with the echo.

A moment, and Job and Maimuna came riding to the verge of the

opposite hill, and, with a few words of explanation, fastened their horses to a tree, and crossed to us by the parapet.

The chief returned his pistols to his girdle, and stood aside while I spoke first to Maimuna. It was a difficult task, but I felt that it was a moment decisive of her destiny, and the responsibility weighed heavily on my breast. Though excessively attached to her—though she had been endeared to me by sacrifices, and by the ties of protection—though, in short, I loved her, not with a passion, but with an affection—as a father more than as a lover—I still felt it to be my duty to leave no means untried to induce her to abandon me, to return to her own people and remain in her own land of the sun. What her fate would be in the state of society to which I must else introduce her, had been eloquently depicted by Job, and will readily be imagined by the reader.

After the first burst of incredulity and astonishment at my proposal, she folded her arms on her bosom, and, with the tears streaming like rain over her jacket, listened in silence and with averted eyes. I concluded with representing to her, in rather strong colours, the feelings with which she might be received by my friends, and the difficulty she would find in accommodating herself to the customs of people, to whom not only she must be inferior in the accomplishments of a woman, but who might find, even in the colour of that loveliest cheek, a reason to despise her.

Her lip curled for an instant, but the grief in her heart was stronger than the scorn for an imaginary wrong, and she bowed her head again, and her tears flowed on.

I was silent at last, and she looked up into my face.

"I am a burthen to you," she said.

"No, dearest Maimuna! no! but if I were to see you wretched hereafter, you would become so. Tell me! the chief will make you his wife; will you rejoin your people?"

She flung herself upon the ground, and wept as if her heart would break. I thought it best to let her feelings have way, and walking apart with the young gipsy, I gave him more of the particulars of her history, and exacted a promise that, if she should finally be left with the troop, he would return with her to the tribe of her mother, at Sardis.

Maimuna stood gazing fixedly into the ravine when we turned back, and there was an erectness in her attitude, and a *fiercé* in the air of her head, that, I must acknowledge, promised more for my fears than my wishes. Her pride was roused, it was easy with half a glance to see.

With the suddenness of Oriental passion, the young chief had become already enamoured of her, and, with a feeling of jealousy which, even though I wished him success, I could not control, I saw him kneel at her feet and plead with her in an inaudible tone. She had been less than woman if she had been insensible to that passionate cadence, and the imploring earnestness of the noble countenance on which she looked. It was evident that she was interested, though she began with scarce deigning to lift her eyes from the ground.

I felt a sinking of the heart which I cannot describe when he rose to his feet and left her standing alone. The troop had withdrawn at his command, and Job, to whom the scene was too painful, had re-crossed the parapet, and stood by his horse's head waiting the result. The twi-

light had deepened, the forest looked black around us, and a single star sprang into the sky, while the west was still glowing in a fast purpling gold and crimson.

"Signore!" said Maimuna, walking calmly to my hand, which I stretched instinctively to receive her, "I am breaking my heart; I know not what to do."

At this instant a faint meteor shot over the sky, and drew its reflection across the calm mirror whose verge we were approaching.

"Stay!" she cried; "the next shall decide the fate of Maimuna! If it cross to the East, the will of Allah be done! I will leave you!"

I called to the gipsy, and we stood on the verge of the parapet in breathless expectation. The darkness deepened around us, the abyss grew black and indistinguishable, and the night-birds flitted past like audible shadows. I drew Maimuna to my bosom, and with my hands buried in her long hair, pressed her to my heart, that beat as painfully and as heavily as her own.

A sudden shriek! She started from my bosom, and as she fell upon the earth, my eye caught, on the face of the mirror from which I had forgetfully withdrawn my gaze, the vanishing pencil of a meteor, drawn like a beam of the sunset, from west to east!

I lifted the insensible child, impressed one long kiss on her lips, and flinging her into the arms of the gipsy, crossed the parapet, and rode, with a speed that tried in vain to outrun my anguish, to Constantinople.

SLINGSBY.

## WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

No. II.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

### A SUDDEN CONVERSION.

*(A Banquet-room—Guests entering. The Countess is seen at a distance.)*

*1st Guest.* Now, who comes here?

*Juan (apart).* O painted queen of hearts!

Who comes? Why Ruin comes: all arm'd, all crown'd  
With beauty, as the Spirit left flaming Hell  
And flew to prey on Eden.

*2nd Guest (aside).* Who's this rough fellow?

*Juan.* Methinks I see the modest moon grow sick,  
As at a tempest. Look, how sin survives  
Pale Chastity, whilst Innocence—look, oh, look!  
Though Virtue hath scarce a rose leaf on her cheek,  
The devil goes mask'd in brass.

*[The Countess enters.]*

*1st Guest.* The Lady comes.

*2nd Guest.* We'll pay our court betimes. *[They address her.]*

*Juan.* O scorn! O hate!

Have ye no tongue? no sting? How is't I stand

Dumb by these fawners? Yet, she is most lofty,—  
Most queenlike, most commanding.—Now she smiles,  
Bows—beckons—ha! her hand? Jove! I forgive 'em.

*Countess.* What! Señor Juan?

*Juan.* Now, who calls on me?

*Countess.* Your friend, Sir.

*Juan.* Madam—Countess—

*Countess.* I have err'd  
Against the dignity of a noble soul,  
And come to pray forgiveness.

*Juan.* Am I mad?

Awake? alive? who speaks?

*Countess.* Octavia.

*Juan.* Gods!

Close not your gates! Such music comes but once  
From your rich viols and cerulean shells.  
Let the sound live—until I hear no more.  
Oh! hast thou hoarded up all grace till now?  
Hast damm'd the current of thy soul, and now  
Wilt drown me with its sweetness? Speak, divine one!  
Speak—lest great Love and I go dead together,  
And thou be left unmated! . . . .

A SONG FOR ANY SEASON.

Softly—softly—softly  
The bright stream falleth;  
Sweetly—sweetly—sweetly  
The lone bird calleth:  
Peace, peace! That song no more  
Will suit our times;  
December's beard is hoar,  
And chills our rhymes.

*Yet what care we, my love?  
Whate'er betide,  
We'll sing our Christmas songs  
By the fire-side.*

Gaily—gaily—gaily  
The torrent boundeth,  
Loudly—loudly—loudly  
The wild wind soundeth;  
Yet man, on war's waves tost,  
Leaves life for death,  
And Nature's words are lost  
In the trumpet's breath.

*Yet what care we, my love,  
Whate'er betide,  
Since we can sing old songs  
By the fire-side?*

Our rival swells with pride,  
Our foe revileth;  
Our old friend stands aside,  
Our false friend smileth:

Yet we have *still* the love  
Which warmed our youth,  
Have still bright hopes above,  
And a song of truth.

*Need we then care, my love,  
Whate'er betide,  
Since we can sing old songs  
By the fire-side ?*

3. CARPE DIEM.

- Ant.* Think, noble Juan. There are double ties  
Which bind thee down to virtue. Diego's wife  
Is a gem, but not thine own. Another claims her—
- Juan.* I loved her *first*,—before this monster lord  
Fetter'd her falsehood with a golden ring.  
Oh, *how* I loved her, then !
- Ant.* Would'st be her slave ?
- Juan.* I would, by burning Cupid. Look ! I have  
A blood as rich as ever run in Spain,  
And yet I droop my proud Castilian knee,  
To do her worship.
- Ant.* She is half a Moor—
- Juan.* And I am a Duke ; rich, by my brother's will.
- Ant.* That brother proudly loved to trace his line,  
Through stainless generations, all renown'd,  
Unto that shining hero of the cross,  
Godfrey of Bulloigne. Was it fear that bade him  
Chain to thy vast inheritance—*a wife*,  
Whom he knew poor but noble ?
- Juan.* I am struck.
- Ant.* She whom your brother's will—
- Juan.* Away ! I'll wear  
My rags again. O brother, brother !  
Whom Death has kiss'd to stone, was it for *this*  
That thou hast mock'd me from thy ghastly tomb  
Dost thou rain riches on me, but to show  
How heavy the storm may be ?  
. . . . . Should I refuse  
My brother's wish—command—what follows, Sir ?
- Ant.* Save one estate, which will be Helena's,  
All goes unto the monks.
- Juan.* Let it go. I'll raise  
A hectic blush upon his marble cheek  
Shall shame him in his shroud. What ! shall I sell  
Freedom, my birthright, for some dusty dross ?  
Shall I bow down before that breathless thing  
That *was* my brother, but is now dust—dust,  
Like this I trample on ? I do refuse.
- Ant.* Forbear, Sir. There are laws which must make vain  
All cavil. You must forfeit, or obey.
- Juan.* The forfeit, then, be mine. Heaven ! why am I  
Thrust out a beggar from thy bosom ? Why  
Am I alone, of all my noble house,  
Cursed like a Cain ?  
. . . . . Ferrand is dead, you say ?

Why, that were well. But from his ashes springs  
 A blast that blows me from my father's home,  
 And sends me, Irus-like, about the world,  
 Seeking for food and shelter. Must I be  
 Again a beggar on a stranger's hearth?  
 Or kiss a cheek I loathe, and swear I love it?  
 I will not do 't.

*Ant.* You have a year to choose  
 'Tween poverty and power. Meanwhile, you are  
 A duke, with mighty revenues.

*Juan.* What! a year?  
 A large, long year?—and I a Duke? Enough!  
 I'll spend it, as the Roman triumvir  
 Compress'd life's pleasures into one sweet span,  
 And gave 't to Cleopatra. Yet he fell;—  
 She, too. But then they had their last great day,  
 And kept all night their Alexandrian feast,  
 Scaring the reedy echoes of the Nile  
 With laughter, until dawn. For one bright year  
 I'll hang the ducal crown upon my brows,  
 And frown the master of a thousand slaves.  
 Afterwards—what Fate wills.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Where is gone the bubble—Life?  
 Upwards—soaring—flying;  
 With the wrack and winds at strife,  
 Yet soaring—Ah! and dying  
 In the Heaven's absorbing light,  
 As the dark and solemn night  
 Dies, drowned in the morning bright.

Is it lost?—Then, what remains  
 (Tell us, Angels!) on this earth  
 Now to soothe us through our pains?  
 To make us prouder of our birth?  
 What to imparadise our lot,  
 On this bleak and sullen spot,  
 Where Power is crown'd, and Love—forgot?

Why, *Peace*, who e'er hath some sweet haunt,  
 Shelter'd from the war and wind;  
 Sage *Content*, who hath no want;  
 And the inward *Mind*,  
 Whose thoughts are borne on Seraph's wings,  
 Beyond where orb or planet sings,  
 Around the Universe of things.

## THE MODERN NOVELISTS.

## " THE DISOWNED."

A SHREW old friend of ours used to say, "Recommend whatever else you please, but never recommend a husband or novel,—they are a matter of taste." Now, like all other opinions, we are not disposed to allow but one half of their truth. We will allow that it is well not to interfere with the choice of another person's husband: but a novel,—no; we must advise the reading of our favourites. We must say why they are favourites, bring forth their merits, and show good cause for our liking. Literary love is a social passion; we desire to share our pleasure; it has also something of a chivalric feeling: we like the beauty of our book to be universally admitted. Thus it is, not content with enjoying "The Disowned" ourselves, we must canvass "golden opinions from all sorts of men" for its dear sake. We do not say that it is the best, but we like it the best of Mr. Bulwer's works. It has an interest which every succeeding volume of his will increase,—it is, as it were, the early picture of his mind wherewith to contrast all after ones. The author's youth is in "The Disowned," with all its romance, its generous enthusiasm, and its poetry, all "the golden exhalations of the dawn." There is much in it that we are persuaded he could not write now. We deny that ever "the beautiful has vanished" to return not; but our keen feeling of it has. We no longer welcome it with fancies. No more (to use a pretty love-conceit in these very pages) do we believe that the butterfly bears on his painted wings a message from Oberon. Such pleasant dreamings relieve not twice the commonplace of life. "The Disowned" is redolent of first love,—of first hope,—beneath whose fairy feet flowers spring up, destined by their very nature soon to perish, but whose sweetness never wholly passes away. A life without youth would be like a year without spring; there would be no music to remember,—no fragrance to recall. We know of no tree that brings forth fruit without blossom. The necessity of the lovely is felt throughout nature. There are some books that do, some that do not, interest you personally in the writer. "Pelham" belonged to the last, and "The Disowned" to the first class. Much of the enthusiastic admiration which Mr. Bulwer has inspired belongs to the volume now before us. It spoke of the heart within, and such a manifestation is the bond between the writer and the reader. We delight to trace the individual in his compositions, because it shows their reality. It has been truly said, we take but feeble joy in the merely transitory, and only truth can give duration. In "The Disowned" were first felt the energy, the benevolence, and the depth that characterise all Mr. Bulwer's writings, but with more of poetry. We never knew a young person who did not delight in this work; it gave them back all their better impulses and higher aspirations with a "diviner shape." This power of exciting the enthusiasm of the young is the first stepping-stone to an author's fame. Their opinion will in time be that of the old, and in the meanwhile its warmth gradually diffuses itself.

A singular variety of talent was shown in the four volumes, now reduced to two of the prettiest tomes that ever carried in their personal appearance what Lord Chesterfield calls "a letter of universal

recommendation.” The young artist was conceived in the finest spirit of poetry—at once ideal and true. It called attention to distress little known, and too little pitied. No career has more positive suffering, than that devoted to any imaginative pursuit. It has the difficulties, the privations, that harass all who have to make their own way in the world, and it brings to endure them a temperament, the least fitted for such endurance—feverish, irritable, and sensitive—feeling everything keenly, and exaggerating everything. The most unremitting labour is required. The popular fallacy of genius and idleness being constant companions has long been exploded. The artist or the literary man must, and do work far harder than any clerk in any office; look at all our principal names, whether in literature or in art, and then remember how much work they have done, and to how large a portion of toil the mere manual exercise of writing has amounted.

Labour, too, the worst required of all in a worldly sense. Half the exertion, and half the energy as a tradesman, would have realised immense fortunes. The Rothschilds of the mind rarely secure even independence; still we deny not that “verily they have their reward.” The triumphs of genius are the noblest that mortality can achieve; and the smallest sharer of such spoil may not complain that the wind has been rough, and the strife has been hard. We are all ready enough to sympathise with the success, but we are all too apt to forget the struggle. It is that struggle which is painted so forcibly in Werner, the youthful artist. He goes down to the grave unguarded and ungarlanded; and such is the lot of many. Go through the minor streets of our vast metropolis—how many dim lights will you see in the upper windows burning through the melancholy midnight! We know no more touching associations than surround the single candle, gleaming hour after hour. Either it speaks of the vigil by the sick pillow, where the faint breath is made doubly precious by the danger of its atmosphere; or else it tells of the page which, though loved, is dwelt upon even to weariness; the drawing contemplated till its outlines become confused to the over-taxed sight: a pale and hectic world is around that lonely light. What a general and human feeling is given to the ethereal and dreaming life of Werner, by the strong love felt for the wayward child by his old and devoted grandmother. There is something singularly touching in the few lines that close the poem, for such it is, of the artist’s existence. “There are two tombs close to each other in the stranger’s burial-place at Rome; they cover those for whom life, unequally long, terminated in the same month. The one is of a woman, bowed with the burden of many years; the other darkens over the humble dust of the ambitious artist.”

Perhaps characters were never more finely analyzed than in “*The Disowned.*” The vanity of Talbot—the fierce partisan spirit of Wolfe—the mean, fraudulent, and weakly-cunning Crauford, are drawn with a master’s hand; but Algernon Mordaunt is the triumph—we feel the better for dwelling on such nobleness of nature. Mr. Bulwer has, however, somewhat idealised the poverty. He writes as one who has never experienced it. We doubt whether it be possible to give an interest beyond painful pity to a real picture of poverty. Its want—though that brings out all that is most animal in our nature—is its least suffering. It is the moral debasement which we hold to be inevitable—the shrinking misery with which first one wretched expedient

is adopted and then another—the horror of the first loan—the craving for the second—the hatred against our kind, which takes the place of all the once-ready affections—the grudging eye which we turn upon the blessings of others—the fierce vindictive joy which finds comfort in their misfortunes—the departure of shame, of gentleness, even of common civility—the meanness, the coarseness, that come in their place; all these are the attributes of those who, from better days, sink down into abject want. But these Mr. Bulwer has not painted. We must, however, admit, that in Algernon Mordaunt he has drawn the exception—not the rule. By-the-bye, we cannot but advert to the rare beauty of the love-letters—love-letters, generally speaking, the most luckless compositions, that ever made the false step that merges the sublime in the ridiculous. But here they are exquisite—tender, simple, and passionate. Another grace are the delicious touches of description that lie scattered through the pages. There are one or two bits of London, as real as a painting, and as imaginative as a poem.

A very clever essay on fiction is prefixed, full of acute and fine observation. There is one striking remark which we do not ever remember to have seen before—the surmise that when Shakspeare described his characters, he described not so much his own conception as the person of the actor. The parallel between Shakspeare and Scott is drawn with admirable acumen; but not even Plutarch himself ever reconciled us to parallels. Opposition is the essence of genius—he were no great poet who resembled a predecessor. There is, however, one distinction too true to be past over, viz., we are most familiar with the appearance of Scott's heroes, and with the hidden heart of those in Shakspeare. The bodily presence of Romeo or Hamlet are not imaged to the fancy as those of "the stately Leicester and the swart Templar." This is partly from the narrative giving scope for description not allowed by the drama—partly because the one was master of the internal, as the other was of the external world. No one ever described like Scott; you do not see the scene, you act in it. He himself tells a story of a Scotch country gentleman who broke in upon the description of the hunt in the "Lady of the Lake," by exclaiming, when the hounds swim after the boat in which Ellen and the knight seek "the enchanted hall," "By God, Sir, it will kill the dogs to take the water after such a day's work!" Who among us has not been equally carried away? But Shakspeare was as true and more profound; we know not the human emotion that might not find in him some most fitting expression. Scott delights in oddities, and he is more national than individual. But this is digressing. We cannot do more than allude to the notices of other writers scattered through this preface; they are as liberal as they are nicely discriminating. The fine mind delights in generous appreciation, and Mr. Bulwer never misses an opportunity of pointing out a merit or evincing a kindly interest in his cotemporaries. He concludes the exposition of his views in "The Disowned" by saying, "I was too young when I wrote it." Is not this rather an excellence? Every succeeding work will make us turn with a deeper interest to that which embodies the youth—the first, fresh, and enthusiastic feelings of Mr. Bulwer.

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## THE BLUNDERS OF THE REMARKABLY SKILFUL ;

*With a little Praise of the Press, and a Word on  
behalf of the World.*

If it be true that a little learning is a dangerous thing, it follows that a little more may be a little more dangerous ; and that human liability to perpetrate blunders increases in the ratio of a capability to avoid them. We want a new version of the song of "Common Sense and Genius," which is good, as far as it goes—that is, just half-way towards truth. Its accomplished author, whose lively fancy is still exercising itself in new songs, ought to bestow upon this favourite among his old ones another catastrophe, which should do justice to Common Sense as well as to Genius, by making *both* heroes of the ballad walk into the river arm in arm. The truth would be doubled by doubling the tragedy. The only difference between the two—their fate being the same—consists in the place where, and the manner how. Genius, scrambling up Vesuvius, for the sake of saying that he had flung a "summerset" at the top, makes a magnificent exit down the crater. Common Sense, whose circuit is bounded by Temple-bar, Oxford-street, Hyde-park-corner, and the House of Commons, on the east, north, west, and south,—crosses the Regent-circus, and, with all his eyes fixed inquiringly upon Piccadilly, is run over by an omnibus suddenly emerging from the Quadrant. Genius acquires an ague in the Hellespont ; while Common Sense takes the cramp in the Serpentine. "His genius was astonishing !" we all exclaim, when a man contrives to hang by the neck a few minutes too many in a slack-rope performance. "He was remarkable for his common sense !" is the invariable verdict, when a person achieves the distinction of setting fire to his house while reading the last "penny magazine" of useful knowledge in bed, with the candle rather near the curtain, on account of the small print.

Certain it is that exceeding skill is the prolific parent of exceedingly woful failures. The newspapers "teem," all the year round, with shocking accidents and calamitous occurrences, that would seem to have no origin on earth but the uncommon caution and peculiar ability of the parties who suffer by them. If we hear of a disaster above the average scale of calamity, we are sure to hear also that the ill-starred victim to it had a natural turn for averting danger, and a particular knack at keeping on the safe side of things. If a heavy waggon come in contact with a frailer vehicle, the waggoner is sure to be on his own side of the road, and not on the shafts ; and if a gentleman happen to overturn his cab, and dash it to pieces, we know that he must be a driver of no ordinary skill and experience. If we are told of a horse galloping over a few people in a crowded thoroughfare, we are sure to be informed at the same time that the rider is celebrated among his acquaintance for his equestrian accomplishments. In like manner, if a boat be run down by a craft, or carried away by the tide and upset, the feat is infallibly achieved under the auspices of somebody who had sounded all the depths and shoals of the river, and left no aquatic mystery unmastered.

Would it not seem—(we beseech the reader to lay down his Magazine

for a moment, and refer to any newspaper that may be near him)—would it not seem that all the carriages which are demolished are driven by the more expert and cautious professors of the art, and that all the boats which are lost are managed by crack watermen? From this we must necessarily conclude, either that a character for excessive prudence and ability is only to be gained through the medium of a glaring mistake, and a fearful calamity as its consequence, or else that there is no danger so great as that of committing our destinies to hands best adapted to ensure our safety and keep us out of harm's way. Indeed, we may come to both conclusions. To the last we are led by the fact, that nine-tenths of the damage we have sustained in rubs against the sharp edges of the world; we owe to nothing else than the amazing cleverness and profound experience of our pastors and masters. The prodigiously-accomplished pilot by repute, is he who in practice brings you in safety almost to the very shore. Cunning people are admirable hands at an almost. Such knowledge as theirs supersedes the necessity of watchfulness, and they consequently fall fast asleep just as they arrive in the vicinity of a sand-bank. The greater the trust in our guide, the deeper the pit we walk into. If we would come to the other conclusion, we have only to open our eyes to the truth, that the world is abundantly beneficent to error, and waits only for a due exhibition of our vices, to give us credit for a prodigious degree of virtue. A man should make a fool of himself now and then, if he would attract attention to his wisdom. The "soberest creature alive" is a creature whom nobody notices or knows anything about; but let him parody the poet's celebrated maxim about error and forgiveness, and take for his motto—

"To drink is human; to get drunk, divine;

and the world, immediately discovering all his previous sobriety, attributes his little falling-off to a natural generosity and liveliness of disposition, acted upon by a virtuous abhorrence of the cant of those Temperance Societies. A speculation suddenly fails. "Well, who would have guessed that?" cries everybody. "Such an admirable scheme!" says No. 1; "So ingenious and so original!" observes No. 2; "It was managed throughout with wonderful skill and knowledge of business!" remarks No. 3; "Especially that last movement which has so unluckily ended in ruin!" insinuates No. 4; "He is decidedly the most practical man in Europe!" asserts No. 5; "His judgment, it must be owned, is *infallible!*" pronounces No. 6. People never obtain a reputation for being infallible until they have undeniably failed; your bankrupt is worth two solvent men; he seldom wants backers when he has once fairly broken down. The road to success lies through defeat, as prophets flourish by the non-fulfilment of their predictions. To be the victim of an "unforeseen" accident is the surest way to procure a reputation for forethought. Who would think of placing implicit reliance on the construction of a safety-lamp that has not been celebrated by an explosion? Those safety-coaches that are renowned for the regularity of their upsets exactly opposite every twentieth milestone, are always inquired for with peculiar avidity by the knowing passenger. "Book me for the 'Safety' that overturned yesterday," is the demand most common among the various enterprising speculators by whom the stability of affairs is sustained. It tells the story of most of our fellow-passengers to the land's end of life.

“ You talk of the world, Sir; the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony——” We know what you were about to observe, Mr. Jenkinson; we do talk of the world, and however much it may have puzzled the philosophers of all ages, the said philosophers have puzzled *it* still more. Our greatest moralists have indited the greatest libels upon its character. Commentators upon mundane matters have ever been ready enough to tell us, and we have been as apt to believe, that if a man makes but one false step—errs egregiously only once—discovers ignorance or infirmity upon a single point—the world never fails to cry out, “ Just like him; we always said so; we told him how it would be!” If this were the cry our fathers heard, it has changed. It is manifest that a more generous system of injustice has come into fashion, for the good-natured world appears now to see in its votary’s grandest blunder only the signal for recognising his consummate capacity; and in his most palpable failing, the cue for acknowledging his exemplary character.

We have just said—our self-complacency must be pardoned—we have just said something that smacks of originality. We have applied an epithet where it never was applied before, by writer in verse, or writer in prose, or writers who write in neither. The term “ good-natured ” was never before connected with the “ world,” save in the sense intended by *Sir Fretful* in his association of the phrase with friendship. Yet have we, as we hope we have partly shown, applied it justly; and we once more appeal, for the rest of our proofs, to the press. It is thought by some that there is a disposition in high quarters to take the duty off newspapers; let us hope that the duty will never be taken off editors, for it is to them and theirs that we must attribute much of the influence which has already worked this improvement in the character of the world. Yes, even with the fear—and deep and most reverential it is—of the Member for Bath before our eyes, we scruple not to attribute the more charitable and generous feeling which has already diffused itself over society, to the working of that engine of corruption—that instrument of atrocity—that weapon of the most cowardly wickedness—that dagger in the dark—that black thing without a white spot upon it, the press. Yes, though it hurl stones at us, still there are sermons in them. Let us own the truth. It is in the newspaper that we find the most kindly and beneficent views of the daily calamities it records; it is the newspaper that applies itself to bind up the wounds of society with the smallest amount of suffering and the largest degree of sympathy; it is the newspaper that, after relating a melancholy occurrence in terms more expressive of the harrowed feelings of a friend than of a mere looker-on and chronicler, takes the wider view of justice, and vindicates humanity, by intimating that “ no blame is attributable to the coachman,” and that “ the conductor of the steam-carriage did all he could to prevent the mischief.” According to the virtuous deplorers of the iniquity of the press, the newspaper should, in these cases, gratify its insatiable malice by imputing the utmost possible blame to all parties implicated, and by holding up each separate criminal to public reprobation as “ a monster in the human form.”

The newspaper is more generous than its assailants. If we admit the bitterness of its censure, we must also own the sweetness of its praise; for one drop of gall, it gives us fifty of honey. It is easy to say

that it traduces public men and stabs at private character; but you shall count up these its offences in an hour, and not find a year long enough to enumerate its voluntary laudations and spontaneous defences of mankind. Say what we will, it is in the main a peace-maker; it is the best adjudicator we can have, for rather than condemn rashly, it acquits both parties. Do we want evidence of the fact? every day furnishes it. We have a paragraph or two before us which we shall put into the witness-box. The other day, a steam-packet, while chasing another, was met by a third of larger size. They struck—the concussion was tremendous—the smaller vessel was partly destroyed, and a hundred persons, thankful for the preservation of their lives, were put on shore. Here there seemed to be something really wrong; no. “It is but right,” says the account, “to state that both captains are very old conductors of steam-vessels, and are considered to be two of the most *skilful* men in the trade.” Does not this help our argument? Had these captains never come into disastrous collision, should we have ever heard of their skill? What appeared to be their misconduct has procured them a character for ability. Two or three days after this, a similarly creditable freak occurred; a schooner coming in contact with a steamer, and certain shoulders were dislocated. What says the narrative? “No blame is attached to the captain of the schooner.” Is any imputable to the other party? no; “The captain of the steamer is a very persevering and steady man.” We quote the very words of the account; and ask, would our captain ever have been, as he now is, celebrated for steadiness, had he not played off a prank that rendered his possession of that respectable quality particularly problematical?

It would be a little curious, under these circumstances, if the world were to fail of growing considerate and merciful—even overmuch, if that be possible. At any rate, let us leave off the old-fashioned habit of assertion, that society, receiving these impressions, is unindulgent and uncharitable, and that the papers it patronises are fond of construing harshly and dealing in libel. All that is to be feared is, that, as this good-nature is the product of the small tree of knowledge which is already planted among us, the considerateness for human error may by-and-by reach to an inconvenient pitch; as a man may be tempted to transgress for the sake of acquiring a certificate of innocence—to blunder outrageously, by way of distinguishing himself for his infallibility. We are yet in our infancy of intelligence, and, like infants, must be fed through the medium of a quill for some time longer. But the day is fast approaching when we shall no longer buy other people’s papers, but write them ourselves—when every family will produce its own journal, and every man will be his own editor. Then what a rivalry will there be in the race of generosity! Society will be one virtue, and the world will be an “entire and perfect chrysolite.” So may we prophesy from the fact, that every one of us can already reckon up a dozen acquaintances whom we might suppose to be really vulgar people, if the world had not decreed them to be persons of high breeding; and as many more whom we should be apt enough to mistake for dull dogs, if the world were not in raptures with their brilliant gifts and incredible accomplishments.

## MY MARRIED DAUGHTER COULD YOU SEE!

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

My married daughter could you see,  
 I'm sure you would be struck ;—  
 My daughters *all* are charming girls,  
 Few mothers have such luck.  
 My married one—my eldest child—  
 All hearts by magic wins ;  
 And my *second* so resembles her,  
 Most people think them twins !

## II.

My married daughter spoils her spouse,—  
 She's quite a pattern-wife ;  
 And he adores her—well he may—  
 Few men lead such a life !  
 She ne'er had married mortal man  
 Till he had won her heart ;  
 And my *second* darling's just the same,—  
 They're seldom known apart.

## III.

Her husband oft has press'd my hand,  
 While tears were in his eyes,  
 And said, " *You* brought my Susan up—  
 With *you* the credit lies."  
 To make her a domestic wife,  
 I own was all my aim ;  
 And my *second* is domestic too,—  
 My system was the same.

## IV.

Now, do you know, I've often thought  
 The *eldest* of the two  
 (*She's* married, so I *may* speak out)  
 Would just have suited *you* !  
 You never saw her?—how shall I  
 My eldest girl portray ?  
 Oh ! my *second* is her counterpart,  
 And *her* you'll meet to-day.

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## THE PRISON INQUEST.

BY THE "CLERGYMAN IN DEBT."

I HAD always a passion for the survey of external and universal nature. I have been a far traveller; my shadow has deepened among the gloomier shades of the forests of the New World, and I have seen it play at evening, lengthened by the moon, over the snows of an Apennine or an Alp; fire-flies have lighted me along my tropic path, and the mute stars have shone listening on the oars that rowed my gondola over Venetian waters; the sunny vineyards of Italy—the fair fields of France—the bright radiance of the sparkling sands in the Arabian desert—the brighter pomp of the Indian city—the faded glories of the Alhambra—and the embrowned richness of the Spanish grove—on all these have I feasted my sight and soul, gathering up the living beauties of one landscape and the everlasting wonders of another, as food and manna for the worship and adoration of the God who made them all! In the pursuit of nature in other lands, and in the fond contemplation of "wonders that lead to piety," I fancied, as a young man, that I was laying in a store of proper knowledge for the heart, losing myself rashly, but perhaps pardonably, in the loveliness of the natural world, and forgetting that from my very calling—MAN, in the image of his Maker, should have been my study—not as he is studied by the physician, for his bodily advantage—but in the pulses of his heart—in the promptings of his spirit—in the fiery impetus of his passions—the milder suggestions of his reason—and the busy workings of his brain! that I should watch all in short—not severely, but in all benevolence—for the sake of the salvation of a few!

It is a confession that may not perhaps tell much to my advantage, that this truth first flashed upon me within the walls of a prison—that it was when I had been merged as it were into the pressing difficulties of poverty, and learned 'how hard a thing it is to want'—when I had seen man fallen more in credit than humanity—a father wondering how his children should live—a mother dreading lest they should die:—yes, it was when I had seen different ages—different grades—different degrees of poverty, of sorrow, and of shame—that I began for the first time to feel that I should centre and concentrate all my energies in the study of the human mind—

"That vast unbounded thing,  
That liveth in no space!  
That hath a soul upon its wing!  
A glory in its face!"

\* \* \* \* \*

In a prison! Yes, reader, in a dangerous and detestable prison, I, as a young man, fond of truth—fond of philosophy—fond of religion—gained an insight into the human heart—saw it in its various shades and phases—like a many-coloured glass, that being broken in a thousand pieces, was shaping forth its hues and fashions in the great kaleidoscope of the world!

All prisons are dreadful, but a debtor's prison is the most dreadful of all. There men who have committed no crime are criminals—for their

punishment is the punishment of the dishonest. The poor man sits down by the side of the swindler, and yet both pay to justice the same retribution. Oh, Goldsmith! you who first sent your pious vicar into the heart of a prison where the debtor and the thief mixed in the same circle—where the horse-stealer, prating of the “Cosmogony of the World,” spouted his spurious learning to the parson, who was rich in the revelation of the Gospel; you, Johnson, who proposed to hunt from society the harsh despoiler of a peaceful home, and to cover with obloquy the man who prevented another from earning the bread with which his children should be fed; why were not your humane doctrines as extensively practised as they were universally read, and your wisdom followed as much as it was loved?

Well-a-day! but it was in a gaol that my poor experience of what man is capable of enduring, both bodily and mentally, has been gained and garnered.

\* \* \* \* \*

Towards the end of summer, or rather the beginning of autumn, in the last year, I was a prisoner in the King’s Bench. My incarceration took its rise out of a bill which I had signed for a friend; the amount was considerable—he *had* not paid it—I *could* not—he gained time—I a prison! Upon me imprisonment would have pressed sadly and severely, but for my occupation; in the field before me the duties of the clergyman overcame the selfishness of the man. *Labor omnia vincit*—and what I had to perform conquered what I had to bear! Sometimes I had to cheer the honest—sometimes to endeavour to reform the unworthy—often to administer consolation to affliction—oftener to reprove the levity of youth—more than once too I waited and watched by the bed of sickness, and registered in my own heart the last prayer of men whose spirits, as I hoped, were fleeing above sorrow and

“Beyond the reach of sin.”

Well might I exclaim, with Byron,

“Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape—in any mood.”

And add to this,

“I’ve seen it rushing forth in blood—  
I’ve seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion.”

And then

“I’ve seen the sick and ghastly bed  
Of sin—delirious with its dread.”

This, reader, is the worst of all; and this was what I saw, and sorrowed over, in a debtors’ gaol.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have said that I had a passion for the study of external nature. It was a bright night, and towards the end of August, that I left my dreary and desolate chamber to imbibe the air of Heaven upon the racquet-ground within the walls of the King’s Bench. I knew that the leaves had fallen from the trees, although I could not roam upon the paths where they were scattered. Neither woods nor waters, cities nor fields, were before me or around me, or on either side, but above—yes, *above*

me there was a glorious and cloudless Heaven, radiant with moonlight and studded with stars, and upon that I could gaze, and wonder, and rejoice—gaze on the great glory of Providence—wonder at the marvellousness of its mystery—and rejoice in those shining emblems of its mercy and its love! I began to speculate—not less upon the promises and marvels which I fancied I saw recorded in the sky, than upon those bright figures and parables in revelation—each in itself as much a beacon to the human spirit as particular stars are signals to the mariner upon the deep! And I am not the only one who has drawn a moral from the stars within a prison walls—De Berenger watched them in France, through his grated bars.

Ay, and now, reflected I, in the words of the French lyricist,

“And now, what other star is that,  
That shoots, and shoots, and disappears?”

Perhaps it is emblematic of some poor fellow who, even to-day, may have been taken from a bright station in society to be thrust into this gloomy gaol; or perhaps it is indeed a type of death, and “*un mortel expire!*”

It was a quiet autumn night—I had ventured out because I found a greater stillness prevailed than was usual within the walls of the prison—the hour was late, and I must have been perambulating a ‘weary while’ from one end to the other of the racquet-ground and back, when a shooting star called to my mind the fanciful supposition of Berenger’s “*un mortel expire.*” “If so be that a mortal dies,” said I, musingly, “peace follow him to the grave.”

Several times I continued to pace backwards and forwards, dreaming awake, as it were, of death—its fit preparation and its appalling presence. Men often familiarize with the lips a sentence that has struck suddenly upon the mind, and I, as I strode over the prison-ground, in thought kept repeating to myself the words which the shooting star had awakened in my memory—“*Un mortel expire—un mortel expire.*”

“My husband is dying,” cried a woman who had approached me unnoticed and laid her hand upon my arm; “for God’s sake come—come and administer to him the last consolations of religion!”

“*Un mortel expire*—there is a man dying,” said I, almost mechanically, surprised in the very tenor of my thought; “Heaven save his soul.”

“Holy Virgin!” exclaimed the woman, “the clergyman is mad, and my poor husband ’ll die widout a sacrament!” and she bounded away from me with the speed of despair.

Her words brought me to my senses, and I soon arrested her progress.

“Stop, stop,” said I, “is your husband really dying?”

“I fear so.”

“Is he a Catholic?”

“No, no, I am a Catholic, but my poor William is a Protestant. Och, for God’s sake, come and save his soul! come,” said she, “come!”

I followed her up two flights of stone steps in one of the front stair-cases of the King’s Bench. The door of her room, as she opened it, creaked gently upon its hinges, and was answered by a quiet groan.

“Hush,” whispered she, as if in addressing the patient she were drowning the noise of the door; “Hush, dear William, are ye in pain?”

"No, I'm in no pain now, but I hav'n't long to live; don't cry now, Ellen, you've been always a kind creature to me, and be sure I'll love ye to the last."

"Papa's not well," hisped a child who lay dreaming on the floor in one corner of the apartment. I tapped gently at the door.

"Come in, Sir; Och, come in for the love of God!" sobbed the distracted wife.

I entered; the husband, exhausted with the few words he had spoken, dozed half insensibly, and I sat myself down by his bed.

"He had better not be disturbed," whispered I.

"No, Sir, not now," said the wife; "but the docther'll be here directly, and ather he's done wid him, ye'd better talk to him, Sir. Nothing can save him now."

I continued sitting by the bed; and in the interval which elapsed before the doctor's arrival, I took note of the interior of the room. Like all the apartments of the prison, it was small in its dimensions, about twelve feet square; the walls were green, here and there darkened with a spot of damp; there was no carpet on the floor, and either the fire was extinguished, or the embers were the wreck of some former day's warmth. A rushlight, twisted round with paper, and stuck in a bottle—there was no candlestick—threw a faint sad flicker over the chamber, like a meteor through mist, shedding mingled light and gloom. The bed on which the patient lay was of French make, but its curtains had long been pledged for food; the counterpane was gone too, and the upper sheet, so that the dingy and worn blankets were the invalid's only coverings. In one corner of the room, upon a mattress on the floor, lay two children—a boy and girl; the girl, about eight years of age, slept soundly—the boy, younger by three years, had just wakened, and seeing a stranger in the room, lay with his bright blue eyes fixed upon my figure in a wide inquisitive stare. The eldest daughter of the dying man, a pretty slim girl some three years older than either of the other children, nursed an infant by the window, while the mother stood near the foot of the invalid's bed, and watched his pale lips as he lay breathing away the last moments of his life.

For about ten minutes after I had sat down by the bed-side there was a silent stillness in the room. The man continued dozing, and the poor wife, who seemed to fancy that in that short sleep her husband's suffering was lulled, controlled her sobs and tears in her intense anxiety that he should rest peacefully.

A gentle opening of the door, and a repetition of the same slight creak which I before noticed, announced the arrival of the doctor, but the patient did not move. The medical attendant stood as he had entered, and the wife did not change her earnest listening posture; she stood like a frail vessel between the Scylla and Charybdis of human destiny—her own heart vibrating betwixt hope and fear. The patient too dozed in a sort of doubt, whether he should wake to woo the fair spirit of existence, or sleep on till he became united with the darker angel of death. So pondered the Lord Thomas of the olden ballad between his two brides!

For about two minutes, this sort of awful quiet prevailed in the room; it was interrupted, and the prisoner awakened, by the faint cry of the child whom his eldest daughter was nursing. The patient, who had

evidently been dreaming, seeing me as he awoke, suddenly started and inquired, "Are you the man?"

"What man, William, dear? who do you mean?" said the wife, bending over him; "this is our good clergyman, and as you were ill, I thought you might like to talk to him."

"Thank you, Ellen," said the prisoner faintly, "I thought it was your——"

"What, William?" asked the wife gaspingly, as if fearful of what was coming.

"Oh, I must have been dreaming, dear," was the evasive answer. "Ellen, did you not say this gentleman was a clergyman?"

"Yes, and happy if he can afford you consolation in your sad illness," rejoined I.

"Thank you, Sir, thank you, I know I must die soon, and I *do* stand in need of consolation. Oh, that horrid dream!"

The prisoner paused.

"Ellen, dear," resumed he, "I should like to take the sacrament? will you receive it with me?"

"I am a Catholic, William," said the wife with a faint smile.

"Ah! I forgot; then, Sir, I will take it alone," said he, turning to me; "but, Ellen, bring our children to my bed-side, and do you sit by me; I would have you all see that I trusted in Christ to the last."

The woman turned away her head—the tears rolled rapidly over her cheeks—and she for a moment hid her face in her handkerchief. Then she bent over the mattress on which her children lay, and the little boy smiled, and asked "What is it mother?"

The poor woman now uttered a sob, and the girl woke. She then motioned her to approach with the infant.

The girl advanced. The doctor sat himself in her vacant chair. The prisoner watched me as I opened a small pocket Prayer-book; moved towards the cupboard for the fragment of bread upon its shelf—poured into a glass some wine which had been sent to him medicinally, and consecrated both in the customary solemn manner.

During this time the mother had taken the infant from her daughter's hands, and laid it by the side of its father. She had placed the young boy kneeling at the foot of the bed (on it); and the child, as all children are taught, closed together the palms of his little hands, and held them up towards Heaven. The wife herself knelt down by the bed, with one daughter on either side of her,—and the doctor raised his hat from his head, and held it over his face. With a tone, as solemn as I could command, I commenced the sacred duty which I had to perform, with a short, but earnest exhortation to the dying man. I then chose from the service a few of those passages which I thought would apply most consolingly. "Godliness is great riches, if a man be content with that he hath: for we brought nothing into the world, neither may we carry anything out."—1 Tim. vi.

There were one or two sentences which I avoided, fearful of raising in his mind an angry feeling towards those who had imprisoned him. Such as,—"*Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*"—1 St. John, iii.

\* During the time I went through the service, there was not the slightest

interruption,—from the unsleeping smiling infant by the sufferer's side, to the agonized mother by his bed, all were mute listeners; and when the Sacrament was administered, the prisoner took the bread, and drank of the wine, with the fervent earnestness of a Christian, who put all trust in God, and who hoped to be redeemed by his Son!

When it was all over, he seemed much comforted, but his serenity was suddenly disturbed, and by an incident the most affecting I ever beheld. His little boy, who had remained kneeling with his hands clasped in most lamb-like innocence at the foot of his bed, as if glad to be released from his cramped position, let fall his arms upon the couch, and crawling over to his father, kissed him on the cheek, and asked, "Father, are you going to die?"

The poor man pressed the boy to his bosom, and sobbed out "Yes!"

The effect was electric,—the young half-conscious child burst into tears,—the mother buried her face in the bed-clothes,—the younger girl ran to her mattress on the floor, and flung herself upon it in hysteric grief. I found my own fortitude failing, and the doctor, unable to control his emotions, ran out of the room.

I followed hastily, and called him back. "What can you do for him?" said I.

"Nothing! he is dying gradually, and is beyond the reach of medicine. I would help him if I could, but he is *your* patient now, not mine, and such scenes I cannot stand."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a clap of thunder, the loudest I ever heard in *this* country, burst over the prison,—and went roaring round the walls with the strange strong echoes which they return to all loud sounds. A shriek followed, and we both ran back into the room. Wild fulfilment of a fearful destiny! Strange closing of a sad career! The prisoner was in loud, strong, screaming hysterics. The wife snatched the children from the bed, and laid them upon the ground—and they all huddled together upon their mattress—in silent, but deep terror.

"Oh, dear! Oh, mercy! It's all me," cried the woman despairingly, as she hurried to the water-jug, for the usual remedy for hysterics.

The doctor held her back,—"Water will not do now," said he, "you must let nature take its course."

"Oh, God! oh, God! I fear I have killed my husband. Oh, my poor William!" She turned back to the couch.

Meanwhile some dozen prisoners, men and women, alarmed by the shrieks, had gathered in the room, and now stood round the bed. The thunder without continued rolling over the building—growing more appalling as its echoes grew fainter, and its sounds diminished, until they likened the groaning away of the human spirit. More than one start and shudder and scream did it awaken in the chamber; but none screamed like the dying man. He still remained in convulsive hysterics; his shrieks shrill and loud at first, seemed to exhaust themselves—growing fainter and fainter, until they died away in a sort of gurgle, which brought the white foam to the sufferer's lips. Then it frothed for a moment, and its bubbles burst and disappeared; and at the same time the pulse stopped in his heart; and the sense left his spirit; and light was extinguished in the prisoner's brain. His wife stood there a lonely

widow, while his children were left orphans to the protection of the Lord.

When the room was cleared of its idle guests, and the poor woman who had long been prepared for her husband's death, although not for its coming in so awful a form, had in some measure regained her composure, I inquired of her why she had charged herself with being the cause of the prisoner's last strong fit.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "it was very unfortunate, and quite furthest from my heart to think he would have been so strangely affected; but you know, sir, he said he had had a dream, and it seemed to hang upon his mind, so when you left the room with the docther, I just asked him what it was, and he told me. 'Ellep, dear,' said he, 'I dreamt that old Wentworth Stokes was not dead, but that he had come home from over the seas and'—'My own dream, William! My very own dream last night;' said I hastily; 'and then the loud clap of thunder came; and my poor husband, who was, like all sailors, superstitious, took it, I think, as some fearful confirmation of his vision—for he started, and shrieked, and fell into those wild dreadful hysterics, which took him out of the world.'"

The poor woman's tears flowed afresh; and I left her for a time, telling her that I would return in an hour or two—and first bidding her pray to God, according to the dictates of her own heart and conscience, to calm for her the troubled waters of affliction, and enable her to support her trials!

I then sent the nurse from the Prison Infirmary, to pay the requisite attentions to the dead, directing her to leave the room as soon as she should have performed her sad duty. I deemed it well that the sacred sorrows of the widow and the orphans' first tears of mourning should be suffered to flow undisturbed. Still was my curiosity unsatisfied as to the cause of the prisoner's hysteric shock, and it had been little enlightened by the dream that "Old Wentworth Stokes had come home from over the seas." The mystery enveloped in this sentence was afterwards cleared up; and I shall unfold it to the reader in the following narrative.

The father of Ellen Maurice (the widow's maiden name) had been many years back a clothes-salesman in a respectable way of business in Dublin; and much of his trade consisted in the outfit of sailors leaving or coming into port. He was a widower, and Ellen being his only child he did not suffer her to be much away from him. In young girlhood she used to play about the shop; and when she began to ripen into the woman, it was part of her occupation to wait behind the counter. Old Maurice was doubtless fond of her, so far as his notions of affection went; but he was by nature a fierce, harsh man, and his daughter lived more in fear of him than love.

But young warm spirits do not long endure loneliness of heart; there is a well of sympathy in the human soul, that in youth does not remain long unstirred; feelings fresh and early, spring up in the fervour and loveliness of affection;—feelings—

"that bind

The plain community of guileless hearts  
In love and union."

Ellen Maurice could not love her father as she longed to love, but she soon felt that she *must* love somebody. She could not endure to live, and think, and feel, in the selfishness of the heart's solitude. Moreover she was not without opportunities of choice, if in truth she had not been rather fastidious.

Many a joyful and jolly tar would buy a jacket or a neckcloth at her father's shop, for the sake of being served and smiled upon by Ellen;—but then a common sailor was below her in station; and as yet none of them had made what is called “an impression.” But by-and-by her heart had to undergo a regular course of siege from the attacks made upon it, not by a common sailor, but by William Moystyn, the handsome and good-tempered *mate* of one of the government transports in the bay. He was of good courage too, and he reduced the fortress so, that poor Ellen yielded at, or rather without discretion. And so William Moystyn and Ellen Maurice were now fairly betrothed to each other by their own promises, and in their own hearts; but the poor girl feared her father too much to ask his consent; and their innocent wooing was carried on in secret. At last troops were ordered for embarkation on board the transport, and the vessel herself was put under sailing orders for the West Indies. William sailed in her, having first bought his outfit of Ellen, and promised to return a captain, and ask her father's consent to their marriage. And in this I suppose there would have been no difficulty; old Maurice would have allowed his daughter to marry a captain; but he would have been enraged at the thought of her being in love with a mate. Ellen could not see the wisdom of this. And so Ellen continued in *her* love—though somewhat in sorrow—on account of the absence of its object; a sort of memory of fondness once indulged; flowers of affection which it was the duty of constancy to keep in bloom.

“Dai bei rami scendea,  
Dolce ne la memoria.”

Soon after Moystyn's departure, an accession of fortune accrued to Ellen and her parent. A relative in England had died and left between father and daughter a neat independent income; whereupon the pride of old Maurice became mightily raised, and he sold off his old clothes, packed up his traps, and, with characteristic patriotism, left his country the moment he found himself in a condition to live comfortably in it. Away he started in the first steamer, without bothering himself to bid good-bye to his friends; and having passed the ordeal of a rough sea and a longish journey through Holyhead, &c. (every Irishman knows the route,) he found himself, one fine evening, just in time to dine with his daughter at the Swan-with-two-Necks in Lad-lane.

Once in London, old Maurice set himself down in peace, as he said, to enjoy his prosperity; and, having nothing else to do, he thought of busying himself in finding a husband for Ellen, whom he now considered an heiress. The first requisite for his daughter's spouse, in his idea, would be money,—the next, a sociable power of companionship; in short, a person who had wherewith to pay for his grog,—the will to drink,—and the wit to relish it in evening conversations with old Maurice.

Maurice had brought with him an introduction to a person who was to him described as a “respectable merchant,” residing in the borough of Southwark, and by name Mr. Wentworth Stokes. This Mr. Went-

worth Stokes was a gentleman who might have said to his forty-ninth year what Kennedy the poet said to the year 1833—

“Thou art gone, old year, to thy fathers,  
In the stormy time of snow,”

It was near Christmas, and Mr. Stokes was fifty! So much for his age: in other respects he was such a man as Maurice wanted for his daughter. He *said* he had money; he proved he had a pleasant, plausible tongue; and all that Christmas he drank gin-and-water with old Maurice during the long evenings. Poor Ellen! as her heart was not much engaged in these proceedings, I have not forced her to make a frequent personal appearance; but when New Year's-day came, she was united in the bands of matrimony to Mr. Wentworth Stokes, in St. George's church in the Borough first, and afterwards by a priest of her own religion.

Almost immediately after her marriage her father died; and Mr. Wentworth Stokes, having at his disposal the property both of parent and child, and being, as before described, “a respectable merchant,” immediately applied it to the purpose of freighting a ship to the West Indies, of which he determined to be supercargo himself. Either there must have been something wrong in Mr. Stokes' character, or else a merchant of fifty feels less compunction in leaving a newly-married bride than would a young high-born gentleman. Certain it is, that, as soon as he had engaged an active and intelligent captain to take charge of his vessel, he conveyed Mrs. Stokes to Herne Bay, and having procured her a first floor in a row of houses facing the sea, bade her farewell, and proceeded to Gravesend, there to embark on board his own ship for a tropic clime.

Strangely indeed runs the current of human destiny. Poor Ellen was now alone in the world; left as no other young and attractive child of nature was ever, perhaps, forsaken in her inexperience before. She felt no grief for her husband's absence; her heart was too often artlessly—and, as she believed, almost innocently—wandering after her early love: but she found herself desolate,—a flower with no shelter from the storm,—a reed that might be shaken in the wind.

For the first few days after her husband's departure, she whiled away her time in watching, from the window of her apartment, the vessels that were continually passing the bay. It was an occupation that more than any other filled her mind with thoughts in which she ought not to have indulged, but it seemed thrown in her way, and she could not resist. Often it awakened tears for the love and memory of a being for whom they should no longer have dared to flow. One morning, after a fitful night, in which poor Ellen's dreams had been hardly less stormy than the bellowing waves that ever and anon wakened her as they dashed under the windows, the lonely and unhappy girl approached her casement and gazed upon the ocean before her raging like an angry lion, with a sudden and mysterious foreboding that those turbulent billows had been working out a passage in her destiny, and were by some wild agency commingled with her future fate. As she cast her eye over the waters, all unstilled as they tossed, and ever bristling with their white foam, she saw numerous vestiges of wreck, and knew that more than one noble fabric of human industry had been shattered, and that many lives must have been lost. One vessel had been within sight totally wrecked, and boats of such as dared venture were now putting

off with a view of rendering assistance while there was yet a chance. But, with the exception of one person who had been brought on shore, all the crew of that vessel had perished. Ellen's curiosity now prompted her to inquire the name of the ship that had been so totally destroyed. The answer was, it was the "ELLEN;" all the crew were drowned along with the owner; the captain was the only person saved,—he was at the— But Ellen did not hear the rest: her wild delirious sensations overpowered her, and she had fainted away. Her presentiment was surely fulfilled—"She was a widow!"

As soon as they had recovered her, she sent for the captain of her husband's ship, who was at the neighbouring inn, and who, on learning that she was the owner's wife, immediately attended her summons. A few minutes and his knock was heard at the door: a strange foreboding tremor pervaded her frame as he ascended the stairs. The door opened,—Ellen raised her eyes and started to see before her the figure of WILLIAM MOYSTYN!

\* \* \* \* \*

William Moystyn and Ellen had been married some years, meeting with occasional reverses, but industriously working their way through the world. William was religiously inclined, and a man of much faith in the mercy of his Redeemer: what he suffered, he endured patiently; when he was blessed, he returned his blessing unto God. He lived happily, though sometimes hardly, with his wife; and he rejoiced in the affections of a parent for his children. He was of that very numerous English class of "poor but honest." Ellen's property was all gone,—gone with her former worthless husband (for it turned out that he was worthless) and his ship,—and Moystyn had nothing but what he earned. One day at the end of a hard quarter he was arrested,—he could not tell for what;—he did not even know by whom. On the back of the writ upon which he was taken was the name of Miller, but he knew nobody of that name. The attorney who had issued the writ was not to be found, and, as far as that action went, Moystyn to the day of his death never discovered who was the plaintiff. It took him, however, in the first instance, to Horse-monger-lane gaol, and as soon as he could get money enough he moved upon it to the King's Bench prison through the form of a *habeas*. When there, one or two fresh suits were commenced against him by real creditors; detainers were sent down, and he became sadly embarrassed. Long time he tried to battle against misfortune; but, after his furniture was sold, and his wife and family turned into the streets, he almost despaired in his penniless condition, and gave himself up for lost. Ellen—fate-persecuted as she was—joined him with her children in his gaol, and there they subsisted upon a sum of five shillings per week, allowed Moystyn from some seaman's society, three and sixpence of county-money, and whatever little pittance his wife and his eldest daughter could earn by their needle. The family, however, suffered a great deal from illness: the prison at one time became full, and they had to pay five shillings per week to a *chum*; and at last their indigence and destitution became excessive and miserable. Moystyn could never raise money enough to go through the Insolvent Court, and his imprisonment dragged on year after year, wasting his constitution and consuming his frame, so that Ellen, who nursed him with affection to the last, might truly be said to have joined him in a prison like an

angel of kind comfort to tend him on his journey to the grave. How he died it was my fate sorrowfully to witness; but the *denouement* to Ellen's history did not transpire till the next day.

The day after my last visit to him, Moystyn was carried out in a coffin. Poor fellow! death had released him from his creditors. An inquest was held upon his body, as is customary when men die in prison. The jury in such cases invariably consists of prisoners, some of them taken from inside the walls, others chosen from the rules: On the melancholy occasion in question I was called in to give evidence, and to witness, as it turned out, one of the strangest and most terror-striking events that ever occurred, perhaps, within the charmed pale of coincidence. In the course of the inquiry, I detailed to the jury the leading features of the story I have just narrated, and it commanded the most earnest attention from all present. When I had concluded it, with the sad portrayal of the scene in the deceased's room where I administered the sacrament to him the evening before, there was a momentary silence,—a stillness the effect of mingled sympathy, excitement, and surprise. It was broken by the fall of one of the jury from his chair in a fit of paralysis. He was an old man, and had attended from the rules.

"He had better be taken home," said the coroner. "Who knows where he lives?"

"I know who he is," said one of the turnkeys; "but I must look in the books to see where he lives." He turned into the lobby and brought the book back.

"John Miller, *alias* Wentworth Stokes, Melina-place."

"Wentworth Stokes!" cried the whole room in astonishment. "Wentworth Stokes!" shrieked Ellen, (who had been dismissed after her evidence, but was then standing in the lobby,) "where, where?—let me see." And, as they pointed to the door, she rushed in, and identified the body of her first husband!

"Poor William! then," exclaimed she, "our dreams are both fulfilled. He had, indeed, come home from over the seas!" But how he had come—or whence—or in what manner he had escaped from the wreck of his vessel, still remains untold, for Wentworth Stokes never spoke again.

It appeared that he had been for some years a prisoner in the rules under his right name of John Miller, living upon a small income which he had preferred remaining in prison to giving up; and this (when the facts were stated) his creditors, instead of dividing amongst themselves, generously consented to assign to the hapless Ellen and orphan family. It will keep them from a recurrence of the poverty they have so long patiently endured.

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## RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.—NO. VI.

*A Coalition.*—When Cooke and Kemble met to arrange what characters they should perform together, George Frederic was determined to be as courtierlike as his more polished rival. Iago and Othello, Iachimo and Posthumus, were easily agreed upon, being equal parts; the conversation then proceeded:—

*Kemble.*—I will with pleasure play Richmond to your Richard, Mr. Cooke; will you in return, play Pizarro to my Rolla?

*Cooke.*—With great pleasure, I assure you, Mr. Kemble.

*Kemble.*—If I do Bassanio to your Shylock, you will do Macduff to my Macbeth?

*Cooke.*—Most undoubtedly, my dear Sir.

*Kemble.*—I will act Wellborn to your Overreach, if you will perform Horatio to my Hamlet?

*Cooke.*—What! Horatio! I'll see Covent Garden in h—'s flames first! George Frederic Cooke play Horatio to your Hamlet—yours!

John perceived that the

“ Storm was up, and all was on the hazard,”  
and wisely waived the point.

Cooke having failed in London when two-and-twenty, returned to the provinces, and was not again summoned to the great dramatic arena until after a probation of twenty-three years. This might have soured a greater philosopher than poor George Frederic.

*Vandenhoff.*—This gentleman's theatrical history has been a singular one; I believe he, like John Kemble, was originally intended for the Catholic church. I remember seeing him (Vandenhoff), for the first time, in the company of Lee, the Taunton manager, at that town in 1808. He was then, I suppose, just of age; acted Achmet and Norval, and, I think, Iago and Othello. He then impressed me with the notion of his possessing a mature judgment, but lacking energy. He afterwards went to Bath, where he was not very successful, and from thence to Liverpool, where, in a short time, he became the idol of all classes; came to London in 1820, and was but coldly received; returned to Lancashire, and regained his provincial celebrity, and ultimately came again to town as a leading tragedian. It is fatal to an actor's *greatness* that he should have been a favourite for any number of years in any *one* province. All our metropolitan actors who attained *great* fame were rather birds of passage in their early days: take for instances, Garrick, Kemble, Cooke, Kean, Henderson, Mathews, Munden, Dowton, &c. The idols of particular provincial towns have attained a respectable station in London, seldom more: for instance, Miss Jarman, Miss Huddart, Mr. Balls, Mr. Egerton, &c. There are some exceptions to this rule, but they are rare.

*The Dublin Audience.*—The visitors of the galleries in the Dublin, and indeed all the Irish theatres, differ in conduct from the natives of any other country. They single out individuals whom they know in pit or boxes, and keep up a fire of interrogatories by no means pleasant and not always decorous. On one occasion a Mr. C—, a wine-merchant, about whom some delicate affair was then murmured, was in the pit: a lad in the gallery began to inquire of Mr. C—, “ How 's Mrs. So-and-so, Mr. C—? Why wouldn't you bring her along wid you, Mr. C—?” &c. &c. Mr. C— bore this for some time with great good humour, but at last rose, and said, “ As the gentleman wishes to have a chat with me, will

some of ye just throw him over to the pit, and then we shall be able to converse at our ease?"

On another occasion when there was a cry of "Sit down in front," a gentleman at the back of the gallery immediately replied, "Wid all my heart, only let me get there, I'll sit down fast enough."

When Tom Cooke was leader of the band, they used to call to him whenever any body in the course of the scene had to make love to Mrs. Cooke (who played the chambermaids); and a song of "When I'm a widow" was commonly honoured with a double *encore*, that the gods might reiterate again and again, "D'ye hear to that, Tom Cooke?"

I am speaking of Dublin Theatre twenty years since, when they were, if they took to an actor, the most liberal auditors in the world; but woe betide the unhappy wight to whom they did *not* take.

*Holman and Miles Peter Andrews.*—Holman having been annoyed by some anonymous criticism, wrote on a pane of glass at the Booth Hall Inn, Gloucester—

My life is like the glass I mark, at best,  
Shining but brittle—easily impress'd;  
The missile of a wanton, unseen foe  
Can smash a glass or actor at a blow.—J. G. H.

Miles Andrews, who was travelling with him, wrote under it before they left—

Your life like to this glass! Not so, my lad:  
*This* has reflection, which you never had.—M. P. A.

*Building Theatres.*—In 1585 the Rose (on Bankside, near the foot of London Bridge) was built at the expense of 103*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.* In 1812 Drury Lane Theatre was built at an expense of 100,000*l.*, and the interior has since been altered at an additional cost of 15,000*l.*

*Suett's Landlady.*—Suett had at one time a landlady who exhibited an inordinate love for the vulgar fluid yclept gin, a beverage which Suett himself by no means held in abhorrence. She would order her servant to get the supplies after the following fashion:—"Betty, go and get a quarter loaf and half a quarter of gin." Off started Betty: she was speedily recalled. "Betty, make it *half* a quarter loaf and a quarter of gin:" but Betty had never got fairly across the threshold on the mission ere the voice was again heard—"Betty, on second thoughts, you may as well make it all gin."

*Kemble and Liston.*—When Liston was in the Newcastle company, he had a strong bias in favour of tragedy, and having been in the scholastic profession, it suited his notions of the dignity of the drama. In some case of emergency he was sent on for David in the "Rivals." C. Kemble, who was in Newcastle for practice and improvement, saw him play this one part, and advised Liston to stick to the country boys, and recommended him to the London managers, but the advice was not listened to until five years afterwards. Liston, during his tragedizing, applied to Stephen Kemble, the manager, for an increase of salary. "Pooh! pooh!" said Stephen, "such actors as you are to be found in every hedge." The insult struck deep, but Liston's mode of revenging it was peculiar. Some days afterwards, as the manager was driving from Newcastle to Sunderland, to his horror, he saw his perpetrator of kings and courtiers stuck up to his middle in a quickset hedge. "Good heavens, Mr. Liston!" he exclaimed: "what is the matter? what are you doing there?" "Looking for some of the actors you told me of the other day," replied the comedian.

When Liston came to the Haymarket, he lived in a neighbourhood where the mixture administered to him by the name of milk was of a very

dubious quality. He complained to his landlady, but this brought no redress, the proportions still remaining three parts milk to seventeen of water: at last, he came to the door himself, and, holding forth two jugs, said, "Give it me separate, I'll mix for myself:" the hint was taken.

Those who are unacquainted with the routine of provincial theatres will naturally look upon a man who plays Macbeth, Harlequin, Crack, and Captain Macheath, as a prodigy of versatility; but the initiated know that where there is a strong dramatic bias in any individual, he generally is "at all in the ring" during his noviciate. Elliston played every line of the drama in Swansea. Mrs. Sloman (now of Drury) was a few years ago known only as a singing chambermaid in the Canterbury theatre; and, four years since, I saw a performer in Glasgow, named \*\*\*\*\*, who played Richard, Rover, Paul Pry, Harlequin, Clown, danced clog-hornpipes, represented the "Grecian Statues" à la Ducrow, sang serious and comic songs, was stage-manager, enacted every line of the drama, and officiated as principal dancing and ballet master for a weekly salary of 40s. Within twenty-five years T. P. Cooke danced in the figure at the Royalty theatre at a weekly stipend of 15s. Pearman was at Sadler's Wells, delivering messages, &c. &c. at a similar salary.

*Lewis, the great light Comedian.*—Lewis is rapidly whirling away from the recollection of the present generation: he blended the gracefulness of Barry with the energy of Garrick, and superadded to these acquirements his own unceasing activity, and amazing rapidity both of utterance and motion. In his early days he had been a tragedian, and retained enough of his serious powers to deliver sentiment gracefully: but his great qualification was of Nature's giving—his animal spirits. No greyhound ever bounded—no kitten ever gambolled—no jay ever chattered (sing neither the bird nor man in question can or could) with more apparent recklessness of mirth than Lewis acted. All was sunshine with him; he jumped over the stage properties as if his leapfrog-days had just commenced,—danced the hay with chairs, tables, and settees, and a shade never was upon his face, except that of the descending green curtain at the end of the comedy. A glare of light is the only thing to compare with his acting: it was too strong, too incessant, and *now* would appear much more so. But the tone of society forty years since excused and encouraged eccentricities, and Lewis was "fooled to the top of his bent."

*Murphy (the Dramatist) and Lewis.*—Murphy in his early life acted Othello, Archer, Jaffier, and other parts at Covent-garden, where he was engaged for a season or two; but as his success was not great, he left the stage for the bar, and, in after life, became a commissioner of bankrupts. He made some remarks on Lewis's acting that displeased the latter, who said, "Tell Mr. Murphy if justice instead of law had been consulted, he would not have gone to the bar, but have been sent to it." This, as it impugned Murphy's character, called for explanation. "Murdering a Moor" was the crime imputed to him by Lewis. The mutual friend who gossiped between the parties, unacquainted with Murphy's early life, was obtuse enough to look upon this as a serious accusation, and repeated it to Murphy, who merely said, "It is true in my youth I committed that crime, and have repented it ever since; but it is cruelly ungrateful of him to name it after my endeavour to get him made a baronet" (alluding to his having persuaded the manager to let Lewis, then a young actor, play Sir Charles Rackett in his "Three Weeks after Marriage").

[The actors who commenced their career about Garrick's retirement, amongst whom were Quick, Palmer, Wewitzer, Edwin, and Bannister, were all subsequently accused of having degenerated from the purity of the

school in which they were bred to mere mummers and farce actors. Macklin published two or three accusatory letters against Quick on this score, and Murphy complained of Lewis; but, be it remembered, both of these dramatists were verging towards, if not in, their dotage when they vented their angry fulminations. Murphy died at the age of 76, leaving Macklin, who was a quarter of a century older, his survivor.]

*Rehearsals.*—When Macklin “got up” “Macbeth” in Dublin, in 1780, it was rehearsed daily for six weeks previous to its production. A new play is now frequently read on Thursday, and acted (after a fashion) on the following Monday. Nay, sometimes the author’s labours and all are commenced and completed within that space: yet persons wonder at the deterioration of the drama!

*Gag.*—This term implies the *ad libitum* introductions which favourites embellish or destroy characters intrusted to them by making. Gagger, properly speaking, is additional matter of the actor’s own: in the present day it has degenerated into language substituted at the moment for that of the author, which the comedian has not taken the trouble to commit to memory. Shakspeare’s “Let your clowns,” &c. proves the antiquity of gag; but the substitutory system originated with Theophilus Cibber, and his mantle has certainly fallen on the shoulders of Mr. John Reeve. F\*\*\* had written a drama, which was accepted and put into rehearsal. Reeve, who had absented himself from the reading, and the first and second rehearsals, hustled in on the morning of the third, found his scene on, and, for the first time, looked at his part.

“Enter Ruddilaw, R. H. (meaning right hand.)

“Ruddilaw.—Ah! my dear Marion. I’ve been, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.”

“Marion. Ah! indeed. [This is the way the cue of the opposite character is written.]

“Ruddilaw.—Well, and after that, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.”

“Marion. Ha, ha, ha.”

“Ruddilaw.—Don’t laugh, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.”

John got thus far amid an ill-suppressed titter, and then stepped up to the dramatist with—“I beg ten thousand pardons,—wasn’t at the reading, and I don’t quite understand these *et ceteras*.” “Oh!” said F\*\*\*, with his peculiar drawl, “as you never say what is written for you, I did it to save trouble to both of us; so where you see &c. &c., you can put in any thing you please.”

*Mathews and his Namesake.*—A man, well known through the provinces as Irish Mathews, travelled from about 1815 until within a year or two, with an entertainment entitled “Mathews at Home.” He was of course continually mistaken for the real Simon Pure, but as Mathews was his genuine patronymic, he replied to all remonstrances—“Get out of that entirely; why will I change it? Wasn’t it my father’s name? let t’other chap (meaning the renowned Charles) change *his*.” To all requests to omit the words “At Home,” he replied with similar ingenuity. Irish Mathews was a man of great muscular power, and amid his “other vocal performances,” lifted an anvil from the ground by fastening it to the hair of his head by whippcord. He had shoulders of ample dimensions, and was altogether a handsome fellow, as the ladies would say, which is equivalent to an “ugly customer,” in the less polished phraseology of the ring. On one occasion the Mathews arrived at Norwich, and, to his great dismay, saw the Irish jontleman’s bills stuck all over the town. “D—n this impostor,” said Charles; “I’ll kiek him, sure as he’s born I will—I’ll kiek him out of the place.” The more Mathews thought of it, the more resolved he became to perform the aforesaid operation upon the person of

his namesake. Y—, who was with him, thinking to make the impostor's shame more certain, advised him to go to the performance at night, and declaring himself, then and there kick out the intruder. "The justice of it pleases me," quoth and quoted Mathews: and together they went, paid for admission, and entered the place; the hero of a thousand at homes reiterating to his companion—"I'll kick him—don't try to prevent me—I will kick him." At the moment they came into the exhibition-room, the Irish jontleman had just concluded his feat of strength, and was putting away the anvil with as much apparent ease as Mathews could lift a chair. This, to say nothing of the "brawny shoulders four feet square" of the exhibitor, was enough. "Come along, my dear fellow," exclaimed Mathews; "it isn't worth while to make a disturbance; he's a low fellow, you see, beneath my notice."

*Dr. Johnson* I never saw but once, if it be certain, as I have heard many of my contemporaries declare, that at or about 1780 he did *not* go on crutches; but if he did, then it was he I saw, many a time and oft. The once I have alluded to was some two or three years previously. I remember his "looming large" through Temple Bar, looking like a model of a giant made in Indian rubber: if the reader knows a Jew bruiser, called Bifton, who has perambulated London for the last twenty years, and can recall his appearance, they have a *short* copy of the great lexicographer. In my youth I heard of the Doctor, as I heard of St. Paul's Cathedral, as a something great that everybody saw once. Then a thousand anecdotes were rife about him, and I know that I was bred in the belief that his Dictionary was the most wonderful (uninspired) book in existence. At the age of fourteen I should no more have dared to speak to the Doctor, had the opportunity presented itself, than I should have dreamt of walking into the House of Lords, and commencing a confab. with the Chancellor. I remember he had list bound over his shoes to prevent him from slipping (it was a hard frost), and he coughed and spat a great deal. I thought it was something to see the author of *Rasselas* spit.

*Mathews and Curran.*—The mimic was introduced to the orator as he has pleasantly narrated in his youthful days. When Mathews went from Dublin to the provinces, some one asked Curran why he had gone: "Och! the fellow's gone on a mimicking excursion," replied Curran, "and wants to catch the *stray brogues* of the barefooted pisantry."

*Hecate.*—When Incedon was in the zenith of his fame, he did almost as he pleased. Kemble sent to him to ask his aid in "Hecate." This Charles was inclined to consider *infra dig.* "The national singer,—d— me, play this he-cat! The fact is,—d— me, you may tell Mr. Kemble,—d— me, that if he'll play one of the thieves to my Macheath,—d— me, I will play a He cat, or any cat he likes, to his Macbeth,—d— me!"

## THE FLYING ISLAND.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

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“ ‘ I tell thee, an island thou shalt have,’ said the knight, ‘ round and regular, and as fine a bit of earth as ever the salt sea washed.’

“ ‘ I thank your worship for nothing,’ replied Sancho. ‘ The worst of it is, this same island can never be got at.’—*Don Quixote*.

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THOUGH the New World cannot boast her moss-grown towers and nodding temples, her crumbling arches and “ chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells,” yet she is not without antiquities and antiquaries, —relics of bygone times—to stir up dreamy thoughts of eld, and men who delight to muse over them. There is a certain spot on the sea-coast of New England which has always been specially dear to me, from its associations with the poetry of the past. To a mind truly alive to the influence of poetry, the past is ever poetical; and in this spot I find materials for no ordinary excitement of that feeling—“ most musical, most melancholy.” The place in question is one of the few remaining records of the existence, decay, and extermination of one of the many kingdoms of men—an aboriginal nation of Indians. It is true these men were but painted savages, and the land of their dominion a howling wilderness; yet their history is not wanting in claims upon our regard, and their premature fate cannot but excite our sympathy. With a bold and striking originality of character, and qualities of unsurpassed heroism, it has been their lot to suffer a total extinction in a career tenfold more rapid than that of the ordinary generations of mankind. Everything in the character and institutions of this remarkable race bespeaks them a young people; and to what results their slow, but certain, progress toward self-civilization might have reached in a course of centuries, had they remained in undisturbed possession of their native soil, we can only conjecture; but they have perished even before their prime. The nations who reared the temples of Pæstum, and founded the Cyclopean walls on the rocky hills of Etruria, have perished, too, with all their history, literature, and language. Barbarism and civility seem thus destined, at times, to a common end by some strange caprice of fate. The philosopher and moralist may contemplate with different feelings these two races of men in their career; but the similarity of their catastrophe serves to impress upon the mind this simple truth,—that the course of nature is one unbroken chain of creation and destruction.

The locality to which I have alluded, is a pleasant and quiet green valley, at the mouth of one of the numerous rivers that wind in a thousand mazes among the hills, and dash in cataracts over the rocky ledges of this rough and romantic land. On a lofty eminence, rising gently from the river’s margin, a few miles from the sea, you may take your stand on a bright summer day, and behold a scene which, if you be either a lover of natural beauty, or a New England antiquary, will not fail to delight your eyes, or set you pondering in a reverie on the days

and deeds of the olden time. The heights on both sides of the valley above, open here and there, and show you glimpses of a chain of blue mountains far off in the interior; below, the landscape lies stretched out at your feet, fresh and verdant—masses of thick forest, dark rocky dells, bright patches of smooth grassy pasture, and fields waving with tall green maize. Here and there rises a rocky peak, covered with a thick mantle of dark pines, or a smoothly-swelling hill lifts its sunny head amid clumps of wood, and the scored, chequered, and dotted variations of the farmer's garden and orchard. The river, in its meanderings, bursts upon you at once, seeming to spring out of the earth at the foot of a rocky promontory, a mile or two distant; and, winding indistinctly among the trees, sweeps round a long tongue of flat meadow, and then glides, in a smooth and clear current, along the base of the hill at your feet. Your eye follows the bright course of the stream down the valley, till it rests upon the spire of a little town near its mouth. Here it makes an abrupt turn; and the view is terminated by the white sand-hills of the shore, and the blue rim of the distant ocean.

This, I have said, is a very quiet place; it is an out-of-the-way spot—a nook-and-corner seclusion, which nobody ever visits who does not belong there. No traveller has told tales about it; no railroad or canal has made it mart or thoroughfare; there is not even the modern improvement of a turnpike within the precincts of the town, whose jurisdiction extends over the greater part of the territory I have described. The inhabitants have a rustical and primitive simplicity of character, well agreeing with the place of their residence, and breathing a strong relish of the days of three-cornered hats. They keep Saturday night in the strict old pilgrim way; think a great deal of deacons; sing psalms in the genuine New England read-a-line-and-sing-a-line fashion; and make it a point to plant their potatoes in the same holes where their fathers, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers did the same before them.

A traveller who should suddenly come upon this spot in his rambles through the land, would be convinced at first sight that he had got into a genuine old-times community—something that smacked of the very classical age of New England antiquity. Nothing meets the eye that does not show somewhat of the calm of long-standing habits and the rust of years. The town is nothing like its neighbours, which are clusters of snug, smart edifices, as bright as paint and whitewash can make them. The houses here look quaint, dingy, and pathetic withal—such sprawling old structures as have been out of fashion a hundred years: they are venerably black with time; and the most of them so rickety, as to be saved from falling only by the enormous chimney in the centre, which is commonly half as big as the house itself. They all front to the south—for the old settlers were fond of sunshine; and the roofs come sloping down in the rear almost to the ground, as a means of avoiding the full brunt and direct force of the northerly storms of winter, that blew so terribly in ancient times, before winds, like everything else, had degenerated. Clumps of tall sunflowers grow under the windows; the old Scandinavian well-sweep stretches out its long arms before the door; and enormous elms overshadow house and yard, and swing their pendulous branches across the road that passes by.

The road, too, has nothing of the direct, straightforward, hurrying character of these stage-driving times; it goes winding and zigzagging up and down the land, as if it meant never to lead you out of it. The fields and pastures exhibit nought of the thrifty trimness of modern agriculture; their stone walls are dilapidated and moss-grown; and the foot-paths run among thickets and tangling vines. The old grave-yard shows you stones whose ancient date and mossy covering carry your thoughts back to the venerable past; the cattle seem to go to pasture with a more leisurely and quiet air than quadrupeds elsewhere; the geese that straggle over the green have a decided *pocourante* look; and the very smoke appears to curl up from the chimney-tops with a slower and easier motion than in the towns round about;—in short, everything breathes an uncommon air of stillness and repose,—

“ It is, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
 And there a season atween June and May,  
 Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half imbrown'd,  
 A listless climate makes, where, sooth to say,  
 Ne living wight can work, ne careth e'en for play.”

I never cast my eyes over this “pleasing land of drowsyhed” without imagining myself transported a century and a half backward, like Corporal Trim’s giants, out of all harm’s way of modern matter of fact. The red-bird waves his brilliant wing among the green boughs in as undisturbed a possession of his leafy solitude as in the quiet times of yore; the crickets and catadeds chirp, methinks, in a cadence marvelously resembling the tune of Old Hundred; I see in the demure countenances and quaint homespun attire of the plodding villagers a living and breathing image of the old Puritans; and I know nothing in nature which can produce a stronger impression of the peaceful repose of patriarchal times, than to stand upon a sunny height, overlooking the little dell that embosoms the village, on a Sunday morning, and hear the Sabbath bell, as its clear tones come swinging slowly through the still air. There is, in fact, hardly such another place in the country; and many people are puzzled to account for the quiet, stationary life led by the noiseless race who vegetate in this queer corner of the land, while all around them are in a bustle of thriving improvement, chopping down the trees, building enormous new houses, damming the rivers for factories, founding lyceums and colleges, and going a-head with steam-engines and the march of intellect. True antiquaries, however, are of opinion that this is owing to the *genius loci*: there is a spell about the spot—a hallowing charm—which dooms it to remain a special remembrance of the days of the Red Men. This valley was once the seat of empire of a powerful tribe of aborigines: here they lingered to the last man; and here a remarkable circumstance, peculiar to the place, had given rise to one of the strangest superstitions of their religion. It is this circumstance to which allusion is made in the title of this paper; and which, though it may be called in question by matter-of-fact people, yet I make no hesitation in setting forth in my narrative, just as I received it, my informant being a genuine Indian antiquary, which is saying enough to guarantee his correctness.

The dwellers upon this spot have been from time to time, and at uncertain intervals of many years, greeted with the apparition of a strange

sight in the sky. On a clear and serene day in autumn, late in the afternoon, there has appeared in the east the figure of a bright green island, with its woods and mountains resting upon the blue waters of the distant horizon. Whether this phenomenon was caused by that sort of oceanic mirage with which seamen are familiar, and which elevates into view objects far distant and out of sight, beyond the curvature of the earth's surface, or whether it owed its existence to some reflection or shadow from the mountains in the interior, is not known; but the appearance of the island was so distinct, that no one could doubt, on beholding it, that it could be anything but veritable *terra firma*. It is said that, on its first appearance after the settlers from Boston had taken up their abode here, the inhabitants put off in their boats to explore the newly-discovered land, imagining that it had been hitherto concealed by clouds and fog; that a thunder-storm arose, and sunk the whole embarkation, just as they found themselves fairly out at sea. To add to the marvel of this incident, it is affirmed that, at the time of its occurrence, the Indians were holding a grand *powow*, or religious festival, on one of the hills looking toward the sea; and the belief was very strong among the settlers that the thunder-storm was raised in consequence of their invocations to the devil at this diabolical assemblage, for the express purpose of drowning their Christian neighbours. Certain it is that no white man was ever able, either on that or on any subsequent occasion, to approach near the island in question. Sometimes the land would appear to fly before them as fast as they approached it; sometimes it remained stationary, till they had arrived so near that they began to sound for bottom with their boat-hooks, when suddenly the sun would sink, and leave them in darkness, so that they immediately lost sight of the island. But on all occasions when they embarked on this voyage, they were sure to encounter storms and violent gusts of wind, which hindered their return, and threw them into great danger. At last, nobody thought of venturing forth when it made its appearance; and this magical spot of land, which stood still enough to a spectator, yet fled from all pursuers, got the name of the *Flying Island*.

But though this phenomenon was contemplated with a sort of terror and aversion by the white men, who believed it to be a piece of pagan witchcraft, got up by the joint machinations of Hobbamocko and Beelzebub, for the purpose of decoying Christian folks into the dangers of the deep, by the tempting show of a fool's paradise, yet it was looked upon by the natives with far different feelings. The Flying Island was, in their belief, the abode of the blessed—the Elysian spot to which the brave and heroic were transported after death,—that

“Happier island in the watery waste”

in which unending joys were to be the reward of the toils and privations and sufferings that attend the career of all who demean themselves nobly and courageously in this life. The occasional apparition of this favoured spot was an act of beneficence on the part of the Great Spirit, who greeted his faithful children from time to time with a glimpse of the golden land, in earnest of the reality of the enjoyments in store for them, and as an incitement to prompt them to great deeds. This belief formed the strongest article in their creed; and the most unwearied

efforts of the missionaries could never in the least unsettle it. This was too pleasant a persuasion to be parted with easily; and how could the untutored savage be reasoned out of it, when he had so visible a proof in its favour before his own eyes?

Rough and ferocious as these people were in real life, their system of ideal happiness embraced nought but scenes of peace and gentleness. The Indian paradise was a picture of almost Arcadian felicity. To chase the deer over the verdant lawn, to fish in golden streams, to repose on beds of ever-blooming flowers, to bathe in the sparkling waters among groves of coral,—these were the fervent aspirations of a people whose life was passed in acts of carnage and rapine. Do not the natural tendencies of all men, however violent and sanguinary their manners may become, lie towards harmony? and is it to the mere force of circumstances that all human depravities are owing? The savage, in the midst of his plundering and devastation, sighs for an Eden where each one may tranquilly enjoy his own. He riots in the slaughter of his enemies here; but looks only for the calm delights of peace and sociality in a blessed hereafter. He does deeds of bloody vengeance; but the fairy land of his imagination and desire breathes only the spirit of innocence. He is a brutal barbarian when entangled among the obstinate perversities of real life; but a gentle and beneficent being when he dreams of shell-bright bowers beyond the sun. Hence the appearance of the Flying Island was welcomed with unbounded acclamations by all the red men; and this part of the coast being the only portion of the country from which it had ever been seen, it became their favourite abode. Year after year, as their various communities disappeared from other parts of the land before the gradual encroachment of the whites, they still lurked in great numbers in this hallowed spot; and there are eyes yet looking upon the light that have seen the smoke curling up from a score of wigwams on the bank of the river, directly opposite the modern town. Somewhat fortunately for the savages, the settlers in this part were of a less active and pushing character than most of their contemporaries; so that this decaying remnant of the ancient lords of the soil experienced less molestation than would have been the case had their “longing, lingering looks” been cast upon some other parts of their father-land. But nothing could avert their ultimate fate;—their numbers became small; their ancient hunting-grounds, back in the country, were occupied by the whites; the red deer had fled from the shores into the lofty mountains of the interior; their ancient and powerful allies in the neighbourhood had been exterminated; and they found themselves reduced to a mere handful, with the certain prospect of a speedy and utter extinction.

In spite of all this, nothing could wean them from their old habits and their old superstitions. All practicable efforts were made to improve their moral and social condition; but in vain. No schemes nor inducements could make them thrifty cultivators or reasonable Christians. “As our fathers were, so will we be,” was their invariable reply to all such as exhorted them to abandon their pagan and vagabond life. They continued to dwell in rude wigwams of bark, to wear mocassins and blankets, to paint their faces and stick feathers in their heads, to paddle about in birch-canoes, and to spear salmon and dig clams for their food

from day to day. As their numbers thinned off, they removed farther down the valley, apparently with a view to get as far as possible out of the sight of the race of men who had expelled them from their ancient strongholds and pleasant hunting-grounds. They could no longer hunt the moose and the red deer; but they could still chase the sea-bird as he skimmed along the sparkling sand-beach; toss their light canoes among the foam of the leaping breakers; bathe in the glassy brine of the creeks and rocky coves: and behold the "deep's untrampled floor," sparkling with bright pearl-shells and silken sea-grass. Here, also, they were nearer the locality of that bright and alluring vision which all panted once more to behold. The several stages of their progress in making these removals from the interior to the coast may still be remarked, from the heaps of shells which gather around them at every encampment. One seems to be reading so many pages in their history as he contemplates these piles, now whitening in the sun, and marking a line from the great falls at the upper end of the valley, where they caught the fat salmon, and tilled the maize-fields in their high and palmy state, down to the bleak and barren shore of the sea that swallows up the last record of their existence.

Now and then, one of them might be encountered at a distance from home, gliding like a ghost among the dark woods, "making night hideous," or frightening the children of some lonely farm-house, who were not familiar with the appearance of the "horrible tawnys." Indeed, the sight of one of these people was enough to startle any man at the first glance;—his livid copper complexion—his long elf-locks of raven-black hair—his intensely-dark, piercing eye—his bony, sinister-looking countenance—his uncouth gait—his strange, slovenly attire of tawdry finery,—all were calculated to produce the momentary impression that such a being could not belong to this world. These prowlings, however, were rare; they gave no molestation to the white people, and seldom entered their houses, except to light their pipes on their way-faring. Gradually they ceased to wander from home; all their habitations clustered about the main encampment on the river; and the whole race became as much forgotten out of this immediate neighbourhood as the black bears and catamounts, who used to lurk about these parts in company with the tawny heathen, till the old settlers drove them from the land. Fire after fire went out among them—man by man dropped off—till at length but a single one was left alive.

If before it had excited the sympathy and commiseration of all spectators to witness the thinning away of this small remnant of an ancient and powerful tribe, how much was added to the intensity of this feeling when all had perished, save one! and that individual centred in himself, in his lonely desolation, all the glory and history of his tribe. Samoset (for that was his name) was a descendant of the ancient Sachems; he had a memory full of old traditions, and cherished a fond and vivid remembrance of the deeds of old, and the days of the red men's glory, when the smoke of a thousand wigwams rose up from the dark woods of the valley, and his chieftain ancestor suffered not the grass to grow upon the war-path. He had ever been of a sober and taciturn cast, like all his race; but after being thus left alone in the world, he became more shy and reserved than ever. He was very old—of an age at which

other men would be utterly infirm and helpless ; yet he refused to seek the help due to his declining years by dwelling with the white people. Great solicitations were practised to induce him to accept of food and lodging with his neighbours ; but he declined all association with them, and removed his wigwam down to the seaside. Here, on a flat, sandy point at the mouth of the river, far from any human habitation, was the last abiding place of the lonely red man—the last of all his line.

The scenery around this spot was of the most wild and desolate character, and exactly befitting the frame of mind in which a person of his strange fate would naturally repose. For many miles around nothing could be seen but a dreary waste of sand, without so much as a green sod, or a tree, or even a rock, to relieve the eternal monotony of the scene. The sand was everywhere thrown up by the wind into heaps and furrows, whose tops were crowned with a growth of meagre, stunted bushes, or tufts of long, coarse grass. The hollows between these low hills and ridges were yet deep enough to hide a person from sight ; and as they ran in a thousand intricate mazes over the surface, no one could traverse them for many minutes without losing himself. In the midst of this dreary desert had the lone Indian pitched his last encampment ; and visitors, of whom there were many at this most interesting period of his existence, generally found him sitting in moody abstraction at the top of a sand-hill, and gazing upon the sea. His hut consisted of a few rude stakes, covered with grass and dried sea-weed ; his canoe lay by the side of his dwelling, though it was observed he never launched it ; his ancient tomahawk, too, and scalping-knife hung over his bed, as remembrances of what had been most strikingly characteristic of his race. Now and then, he would be encountered strolling out upon a sand-bar that had been left dry by the tide, where he was accustomed to pick up the clams and mussels on which he subsisted. All sorts of food were offered him by his visitors, yet he would accept of nothing, except occasionally a few ears of maize : indeed, he ate hardly anything ; and ere long his flesh wasted away so as to leave him little besides a mere skeleton. How he survived the cold and snow-storms of winter in this lonely and exposed situation was a matter of astonishment to every one, in spite of the proverbial saying, that “ an Indian is as tough as a pine-knot.” Year after year he continued to live and dwindle away thinner and thinner, till most people began to cast about for some supernatural cause for this wonderful longevity ; and the story at length ran that the last Indian could never be made to die like common mortals, but would dry up and blow away.

At last old Samoset was remarked to grow somewhat wild in his looks. His eyes shone with unwonted brightness ; a sort of hectic glow was perceptible upon the sallow, shrivelled, parchment covering of his bony visage ; he grew talkative—a strange, very strange thing for an Indian ; and he talked in a flighty and cloudy style concerning a voyage he was about to make at sea ;—in short, people came to the belief that he was going mad. A number of men were therefore stationed constantly near him, lest he should do some harm to himself. Some persons proposed to remove him by force to town : but the interest which most people felt in humouring the whims of this strange old creature prevailed, in allowing him still to live in the Indian style ; and every one was per-

sued that, in spite of his wonderful powers of physical endurance, he was now going in some way or other. It was towards the end of summer; and many years had passed since old Samoset had taken up his residence among the sand-hills. Crowds of visitors resorted hither to gaze at the venerable savage; so that he was constantly surrounded during most of the day, and spent the time in making long talks about unintelligible Indian lore to his astonished auditors.

• One morning his cabin was found empty: Samoset was not to be seen; the canoe was gone; the tomahawk, knife, bow and arrows, gourd-bottle, and tobacco-pipe, which constituted the whole of his movables, were likewise missing. Hastening down to the shore, the visitors discovered Samoset sitting quietly a few yards from the beach. His canoe was drawn down nearly to the water's edge; and the old Indian was gravely puffing his great pipe—an act which he had not been known to perform more than two or three times before within the memory of man. He was dressed out in red feathers, and beads, and shells, as if for a gala day. It was plain that some uncommon doings were at hand.

The report of this circumstance brought all the people of the town about him: every one plied him with questions; but he continued to puff his pipe, look upon the blue sea before him, and answered them never a word. It was a hot, cloudless, calm day: the sun threw fiery, scorching beams through the still air upon the land; and multitudes continued to linger upon the beach, to enjoy the cooling of a slight sea-breeze that fanned the sparkling surf upon the sand-bars. As the sun began to decline in the west, three or four bright specks were observed shooting up above the blue rim of the distant waters; gradually they spread out right and left, began to glow with more distinct colours, and in a few moments a cluster of green hills and flowery trees seemed to be floating lightly on the calm ocean. Every eye was now turned seaward, and they beheld the Flying Island in all its glory.

Old Samoset had been sitting for hours with his looks fixed upon this precise spot. At the sight of the apparition, he started upon his feet and broke silence. "Brothers," he exclaimed, "behold my home! The spirits on the bright island call me to its shores; I hear their voices; I behold the smoke of the wigwam they have built for me in the blessed land; I see the hills on which I shall chase the red deer again. Brothers, my time is come! Last night the spirit of my father stood over me, and bade me smoke the calumet for the last time, and leave the land of the whites. 'Tis finished; and now I go."

A most unearthly gleam shot from his eyes as he uttered this harangue, and the tones of his voice were strangely solemn. All the hearers were struck with emotion, while the inspired savage proceeded deliberately to launch his canoe. A dozen men immediately sprang forward to prevent this act of madness; but the withered and decrepit Indian, whose tottering limbs seemed a moment previous barely able to keep him erect, now appeared to have become suddenly endowed with more than human strength. Grasping and hurling them aside, one after another, with as much ease as he would have broken down the blades of springing corn, he thrust the canoe into the surf, and leaping into it, seized his paddle, and pushed off in an instant beyond all pursuit.

All eyes were fixed upon him as the light birchen skiff was seen to dance over the long lines of surf that came swelling and foaming over the sand-bars. Some ran off in quest of a boat, with the purpose of following him out to sea, and bringing him back; but in a few moments a great pile of snow-white clouds rose up in the west, and swept quickly over the face of the sun: presently the great mass of the clouds grew leaden-coloured, lurid, and then inky black; while their upper edges shot out fold after fold of a deep brassy hue. This heavy thunder-cloud came stretching over the whole valley, and sweeping onward with a speed that denoted a fearful conflict of the elements. The sea-breeze fell into a dead calm; the whole atmosphere became for the moment utterly stagnant. White, ragged, spongy masses of vapour were seen floating low in the valley; a bright stream of forked lightning darted from the bosom of the black cloud; a low rumble of distant thunder was heard; and the next moment a breath of cool wind began to stir the air. One minute more, and a bolt of lightning, like a river of fire, shot over the face of heaven, succeeded by a crash of thunder that shook the solid earth: the wind swept in a hurricane over the land; and the whole sky seemed to be falling in a deluge of rain.

A thunder-storm more violent or disastrous than this was not remembered by the oldest inhabitant of the town. The number of chimneys blown down, houses unroofed, barns struck with lightning, and trees torn up by the roots, surpassed all former enumerations of the like calamities. When the storm had passed, the whole valley was found to be strewn with ruins. Such was the tragical departure of old Samoset from the land of his forefathers. He had paddled off to some distance from the land, but was not entirely out of sight, when the hurricane overtook him. To lend him assistance was out of the question; for no boat could have lived among the waves which the fury of the wind lashed up when it burst from the land upon the deep. The spectators continued to gaze upon him with a most fearful and harrowing interest, as long as he could be discerned tossing over the foaming billows; but he quickly disappeared. After the storm, and for many days following, the most diligent researches were made to discover some tidings, trace, or relic of the unfortunate voyager; but nothing more was ever seen either of Samoset or the Flying Island.

Q. Q.

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### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

LINES ADDRESSED TO DOCTOR PARIS ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Namesake of Helen's favourite boy  
 Who shunn'd the martial fray,  
 May all your days be days of joy,  
 Like this, your natal day.  
 My votive glass—not pledg'd by stealth,  
 I fill at Bacchus' shrine;  
 And thus, convivial, drink your health,  
 Whose skill establish'd mine.

## THE CONFESSIONS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

## CHAPTER IV.

SHAKSPEARE'S CONSCIOUSNESS OF GENIUS, AND OF THE WORTH OF  
POSTHUMOUS FAME.

THE man of genius who becomes an actor sacrifices the future to the present. His share of the after gains of immortality is willingly surrendered for a larger share of the fame that is mortal; his claims upon the interest and applause of posterity are forfeited to the intense delight of feeling that, during life, his being has more completely projected itself into the very being of those with whom, or among whom, he lives. The goal he aims at is within sight; the persons he desires to please or to instruct are ranged on either side; and the applause he seeks is their living shout, and not the echo "that doth applaud again." With him the glad success attends the high endeavour, and enjoyment supersedes hope. His payments are prompt—his claims instantly attended to. He is out of the reach of the satire of Voltaire, against the poet who had addressed an Epistle to Posterity. His letters are addressed to his contemporaries, and are delivered according to their direction.

And when I use the words "his payments are prompt," it will be understood that I confine them strictly to the sense metaphorical. The actor is in the position I have described, whether successful in a pecuniary way or not. The most substantial part of his enjoyment is independent of the amount of his salary. It is more than doubtful, indeed, whether Mr. Hazlitt's supposition is not the correct one, that if the most admired actor on the London stage could be brought to confession on this point, "he would acknowledge that all the applause he had received from 'brilliant and overflowing audiences' was nothing to the light-headed intoxication of unlooked-for success in a barn. In town, actors are criticised; in country places, they are wondered at or hooted at." But, to the latter, it is truly to be added that 'tis of little consequence which, so that the interval is not too long between. Contrast is the secret of the intensest enjoyments. "Hurried from fierce extremes, by contrast made more fierce," it is rags and a flock-bed which give their splendour to a plume of feathers and a throne. It is obvious besides, on other grounds, that the playhouse must be equally a school of humanity to the spectator, and a scene of present glory to the actor, whether in a palace or a common outhouse. Still the mirror is held up to nature, and the actor has his reward. *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*—nothing can be indifferent to him that affects any portion of humanity. Still smiles or tears are spread from face to face, and hearts beat high in unison, and applauses rush forth—and the shout of living fame is in his ear!

But is this a reasonable substitute for what is called a love of fame? Fame, we shall be told, is

"no plant that grows in mortal soil,  
Nor in the glistering foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove—"

—as that great poet has described it, whose works are a perpetual invocation before its altar. Shall we commit such injustice as to confound, by any analogy, the immediate and personal with the ideal and abstract? Fame, so considered, can never be the recompense of the living, but reserves itself for the dead. It is the soul of a man of genius surviving himself in the minds and thoughts of other men—unperishing and imperishable. It is the sound, which the stream of high thoughts carried down to future ages makes as it flows, “deep, distant, murmuring ever more, like the waters of the mighty ocean.”—This I may admit, in the highest sense of that word, yet attempt to show, by his confessions, that in the case of Shakspeare the two feelings became strangely mingled, and acted and reacted on each other.

Let us come to the question, then, whether Shakspeare, in the consciousness of his wonderful genius, built at all upon the hope of an immortal fame?

The question has been asked before, and very variously answered, and none have thought of appealing to the poet himself, except to those parts of his writings where his identity is sought in vain. It has been said, indeed, that there is not the slightest trace of any such feeling in all his writings—that no appearance is betrayed of anxiety for their fate, or of a desire to perfect them, or make them worthy of that immortality to which they were destined. And this indifference is accounted for from the very circumstance that Shakspeare was almost entirely a man of genius, or that in him this faculty bore sway over every other; that he was either not intimately conversant with the productions of the great writers who had gone before him, or at least was not indebted to them; that he revelled exclusively in the world of observation and of fancy; and that perhaps his mind was of too prolific and active a kind to dwell with intense and continued interest on the images of beauty or of grandeur presented to it by the genius of others. For, according to the eminent writer who has argued thus, “the love of fame is a species of emulation; or, in other words, the love of admiration is in proportion to the admiration with which the works of the highest genius have inspired us, to the delight we have received from their habitual contemplation, and to our participation in the general enthusiasm with which they have been regarded by mankind.” This may be, in part, very true, and yet lead to a false deduction. For we think that a writer may have all the intense consciousness of his own genius, and the love of fame as of its natural inheritance necessarily joined to it, without its being also necessary that the immortality previously won by others should be ever present to his mind, as it were the reward, the object, and the animating spring of his efforts. The “love of emulation” in a poet may be awakened, as I believe, not by the direct and gross admiration of, and desire of the homage won by, others; but it may in itself be the indirect and most pure homage which he pays to, and with which he would emulate, those external forms of truth and everlasting beauty, which he feels reflected in his own mind. The Greek poets illustrate this. In them this feeling of fame is intense. I may be contradicted here by the question, is there not the least possible expression of the desire of posthumous fame in their writings? True, but there is, on the other hand, the strongest feeling that they had within themselves the power of conferring

fame on others: and this includes the consciousness, and the love, of their own fame, existing before they had it in their power to measure the long trail of glory they were destined to leave behind them, by any straining through the gloom of the ignorance and barbarism that had gone before. I could instance, indeed, some passages from the very earliest writings of Greece, in which the love of fame is expressed with a more immediate and personal reference, but yet most touchingly apart from any vanity of desire. What can possibly be more simple and deeply affecting than the noble and beautiful lines which Thucydides quotes in the third book of his history, in illustration of the usages of Delos? They are immediately opposed to Mr. Hazlitt's inference, that the love of fame must necessarily be associated with the knowledge of its existence; nor yet do they contradict the more ideal and abstracted definition of the sources of the passion, which I have preferred to attribute, as a more general rule, to the great Greek authors. They appear to me to occupy precisely that middle ground between the personal and present, the ideal and future, which will assist us in determining the question with reference to Shakspeare. They moderate the sublimity of fame by conceiving it possible during life; they humanize it, by associating with it emotions of thankfulness and gratitude; they test it, in a word, by a principle of sympathy with the feelings of others, which, personal as it is, is yet capable of the sublimest exaltation. They occur in the Homeric hymn to Apollo:—

ἀλλ' ἄγεθ', ἰλῆυσι μὲν Ἀπόλλων Ἀρτίμιδι ξὺν,  
 χαίρειτε δ' ὑμῖς πᾶσαι. ἰμῖο δὲ καὶ μετόπισθε  
 μήσεσθ', ὁσπίοι κίεν τις ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων  
 ἐνθάδ' ἀνείρηται κατακλίριος ἄλλος ἐπιλήθων  
 "ὦ κοῦραι, τίς δ' ὑμῖν ἀνὴρ ἠδίστος αἰδῶν  
 "ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται, καὶ τίη τέρεσθε μάλαστα;"  
 ὑμῖς δ' εὖ μάλα πᾶσαι ὑπεκρίνασθε ὑψηλῶς  
 "τυφλὸς ἀνὴρ, οἷός τε Χίω ἐνὶ καικαλοῖσσιν,  
 τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθε ἀριστιότατον αἰδαί."\*

The charm of these lines\* is extreme; and if the unwelcome researches of the commentators since the Greek historian are indeed to be received †, we should be glad that they could carry them further, and produce more productions of this Cynæthus of Chios, who writes with such truly Homeric simplicity. It was reserved for the Romans to common-place the love of fame, by indulging it purely in the vainest sense of their own existence, and with the commonest emulation of the glory of the Greeks. Here, indeed, as in every other thing, though they polished their own language and pitched their instruments with admirable skill, they could only poorly imitate the spirit of the more illustrious nation. It is with eloquent and characteristic truth that Mr. Walter Savage Landor ‡ accuses them of having always glared over their thin and

\* We have supplied the last from the hymn itself; Thucydides does not quote it.

† Ἦν δὲ ὁ Κύναιθος Χίος ἦε καὶ τῶν ἐπι-αφθόνων Ὀμήρου ποιημάτων τῶν εἰς Ἀπόλλωνα γεγραμμένων ὕμνον λέγειναι πιστοποιῶμαι.—Scholiast to Pindar.

‡ I cannot resist the opportunity which is afforded me by the mention of this admired name in connexion with the subject of Greek and Roman letters, to quote a passage in illustration of this superiority of the Greeks, from one of his "Imaginary Conversations," hitherto, I believe, privately circulated. I have been favoured with a sight of it by my friend Mr. Leigh Hunt, who sympathizes with Mr. Landor,

flimsy gaberlines with "bright feathers from the wide-spread downs of Ionia and the richly-cultivated rocks of Attica." I may quit this part of the subject with a passage I have had called to my recollection from Hesiod, who, in lamenting its hard achievement and uncertain continuance,—

ἔτην γὰρ τι πάρα πειλάται· κούφη μὲν αἰεὶς  
 ῥίπῃ μάλ', ἀργαλίῃ δὲ φέρειν,

recognizes emphatically the existence of a desire for fame.

It is clear, then, that the reasons which have been advanced in explanation of Shakspeare's having entertained no such feeling in his writings, fail in this analogy. It would have been better to have found out exactly the sentiments he entertained on the point, than to have speculated with endless ingenuity. Shakspeare confesses them distinctly more than once in the course of his sonnets. His feelings are extremely curious and interesting, and can be only perhaps justly appreciated by keeping in view what I have said respecting the tendencies of the personal triumphs of actors, and the exalted and ideal character of a true poet's worship of fame. But I reserve any further remark until

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because he enjoys, with that truly fine writer, the rare advantage of being, on matters of this sort, himself a Greek—that is, of entertaining them in a truly Greek spirit. Panteius and Polybius are speaking with Scipio; Panetius describes the condition of his country:—

"Our ancient institutions in part exist; we lost the rest when we lost the simplicity of our forefathers. Let it be our glory that we have resisted the most populous and wealthy nations, and that, having been conquered, we have been conquered by the most virtuous; that every one of our cities hath produced a greater number of illustrious men than all the remainder of the earth around us; that no man can anywhere enter his hall or portico, and see the countenances of his ancestors from their marble columels, without a commemorative and grateful sense of obligation to us; that neither his solemn feasts nor his cultivated fields are silent on it; that not the lamp which shows him the glad faces of his children, and prolongs his studies, and watches by his rest; that not the ceremonies whereby he hopes to avert the vengeance of the gods, nor the tenderer ones whereon are founded the affinities of domestic life, nor finally those which lead toward another, would have existed in his country, if Greece had not conveyed them. Bethink thee, Scipio, how little hath been done by any other nation to promote the moral dignity, or enlarge the social pleasures, of the human race. What parties ever met, in their most populous cities, for the enjoyment of liberal and speculative conversation? What Alcibiades, elated with war and glory, turned his youthful mind from general admiration, and from the cheers and caresses of coeval friends, to strengthen and purify it under the cold reproofs of the aged? What Aspasia led Philosophy to smile on Love, or taught Love to reverence Philosophy? These, as thou knowest, are not the safest guides for either sex to follow; yet in these were united the gravity and the graces of wisdom, never seen, never imagined, out of Athens.

"I would not offend thee by comparing the genius of the Roman people with ours: the offence is removable, and in part removed already, by thy hand. The little of sound learning, the little of pure wit, that hath appeared in Rome from her foundation, hath been concentrated under thy roof; one tile would cover it. Have we not walked together, O Scipio! by starlight, on the shores of Surrentum and Baiæ, of Ischia and Caprea, and hath it not occurred to thee that the heavens themselves, both what we see of them and what lieth above our vision, are peopled with our heroes and heroines? The ocean, that roars so heavily in the ears of other men, hath for us its tuneful shells, its placid nymphs, and its beneficent ruler. The trees of the forest, the flowers, the plants, are passed indiscriminately elsewhere; they waken and warm our affections; they mingle with the objects of our worship; they breathe the spirit of our ancestors; they lived in our form; they spoke in our language; they suffered as our daughters may suffer; the deities revisit them with pity; and some (we think) dwell among them."

I shall have placed the reader in distinct possession of the passages alluded to.

Nothing can exceed the impressiveness with which he conveys at all times a consciousness of his own genius. On this score he has neither doubt nor fear. In one of those delicious effusions to his young friend which are to be found in the sonnets (I have already remarked upon them), and which in their exquisite sensibility and touching abandonment of manner always remind me of Catullus, (as indeed they bear a still more striking likeness to much of the poetry of that beautiful writer in the reception they have hitherto received, in the unaccountable construction—unaccountable both in feeling and scholarship—which scholars have put upon them;) he asks—

“ Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
*Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,*  
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.”

and at the close exclaims with proud but unselfish consciousness—

“ But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,  
When in *eternal lines* to time thou growest;  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
*So long lives this, and this gives life to thee!*” \*

So in the following sonnet. † Again, with no idle vanity, but in the confidence of surpassing genius—

“ Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.” ‡

The same feeling is expressed in the sixtieth, the sixty-third, the sixty-fifth, and other sonnets.§ In none of these, however, is the slightest personal association mingled with the consciousness of genius. When he suffers the idea of himself to intrude, it is by subduing within the range of a more touching unselfishness the feeling of the Homeric hymn I have quoted, where the poor blind poet desires to be remembered by the virgins of Delos—

“When that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away,  
My life hath in this line some interest,  
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.” ||

This is merely the satisfaction of a private emotion. And so where he writes what he calls some “ poor rude lines,” simply that “ though they be outstripped by every pen,” they should still be reserved “ for my love, not for their rhyme.” ¶ It is expressed variously, but always with the same submissive feeling.

In the eighty-first sonnet he explicitly excepts the world from any share in these hopes of his sympathy and tenderness. Here is the detailed expression of his sentiments on the subject of public fame. It is in this sonnet he has unburdened himself so clearly on that subject, that his words cannot be misunderstood. I shall lay them before the reader entire.

\* Sonnet 18. † Sonnet 19. ‡ Sonnet 55.  
§ Sonnets 100, 101, 107. &c. &c. || Sonnet 74. ¶ Sonnet 32.

“ Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten,  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have,  
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must die.  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men’s eyes shall lie.  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o’er read;  
 And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead;  
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
 Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths of men\*.”

That is—for so I believe this sonnet will be universally read—Shakspeare, intensely conscious of his genius, conscious with the first Greek writers of the power he had of conferring immortality on others, was ignorant or careless of the personal glory it would associate with his own name. Secure of the eternal life of his writings, he was content that

“ His name be buried where his body is †.”

He worshipped the love of fame, as a writer, with the purest possible worship,—such as I have already described the homage paid to the ideal and abstracted life of thoughts which once born can never die, but must run down in a never-ending course to distant ages. As a man, it may be, he was content with fame as the actor seeks it, in the present triumph of one glorious hour. He may have felt that it was a dangerous thing to trust to posterity the payment of such a huge debt of fame as would be due on his wonderful writings. He preferred to cancel the debt as a personal matter in favour of the great spirit of humanity of which these writings seemed the pure emanation. His personal pretensions were really nothing, in the vastness and splendour of the works his imagination had given to the world. Not that he valued fame little, or loved it less. There is no blessing we have deserved, and yet failed to set a just value on. But, as I have argued, he loved it, in reference to his writings, in its purest and most abstracted shape. Through his life he had been doomed to feel that it was the very glory of his genius, its wonderful universality, which prevented his own entire appreciation among his contemporaries. When Falstaff followed Lear, and Hamlet succeeded Falstaff, no one seems to have thought of *him*. They thought of nature, not of one of nature’s children, “a man of our infirmity.” This was a lesson for himself, and he thought it wiser therefore to fling his love of personal fame during life into the immediate applauses of the actor’s hour, and to leave the fame of his works to be an enduring “monument without a tomb,”—associate with no sense of mortality.

And this *was* wisdom. The world has taken care that he lost nothing by such noble carelessness and proud modesty. Let us turn for an instant to a picture of a different description drawn by the hand of a first-rate master. “Fancy,” says Doctor Johnson, in one of the very finest specimens of his style—“fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current

\* Sonnet 81.

† Sonnet 72.

through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation." The result in both cases has been sanctioned by an admiring, a wondering, and most grateful posterity.

- And the course in each case was wisely ordered and tempered. For a patient reliance on posterity was necessary to the sustainment of Milton's works, encompassed as they were with danger and present darkness; necessary, too, to the sustainment of himself, devoted to the work of imagination as to the work of duty—a poet, a patriot, and a prophet—who had chosen in this world "labour and intense study" as his portion of life, in the ardent hope that with their assistance, and "by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases," he might "perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let die." This was the religious zeal of the poetical faith of Milton; this made a far posterity the present listeners to his work; and brought to his ear from a yet remoter time, the applauses of his own "Perfect Commonwealth." (Is that anticipation to be fulfilled with the rest?

"Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum  
Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo !"

But be that as it may, the hope was not denied to Milton.) His lot seemed cast like that of the old sages and poets of Greece and Rome, and he sought the glory of personal association with them—with

"Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresius, and Phineus, prophets old."

Shakspeare was, in all respects, the reverse of this. He was a player and a writer of plays. His desire of fame as a man (for without this, in some shape, it would be perhaps impossible to exist) was satisfied by the nature of his profession, by the triumphs which acting showers down upon the greatest actors and does not altogether withhold from the worst,—while, his personal hopes of after fame having merged into the more exalted sense of the unconfined universality of his genius, he carelessly left his works to the mercies of his friends the players, to the criticisms of Voltaire, and Rymer, and Chateaubriand, or to any other of the accidents that might be waiting for them in their sure voyage down the stream of everlasting time. He did not care to voyage with them. If it is probable that the bad jokes in his plays were the passages most applauded by Queen Elizabeth and her maids of honour, this easy and personally indifferent conclusion he had come to, must have saved him many a heartache. In a word, the character of his life and habits—in all respects the reverse of those of Milton—were precisely of that description which forbade him to care to embody his personal identity in a reputation after death, of which he saw so much reason to be little tenacious while living—beyond the glory of an hour. And has he not in this bequeathed, in addition to his works, the great lesson to his fellow men—that they who desire to stand greatest in the eyes of others, must learn first "to be nothing in their own?"

Intensely conscious of his genius, he pays to it only the purest homage. He scorns to console himself for the sneers or insults of fools while living, by fancying he might be the idol of wiser men to come; and he is the more sensible of the power those men *would* worship, in proportion as he is careless whether they worship *him*. This, after all, I take to be the truest realization of fame, rejecting personal desire. In that, it rejects also every sort of applause which may still, even in remote time, be mingled with it, and accepts only the flattery which is identified with the source of genius itself—with truth and nature. Shakspeare never thought he would be the better for the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, that have been eaten in his personal commemoration since his death, and he is not the better for them. Shakspeare Clubs and Shakspeare Jubilees have, I verily believe, diminished the number of Shakspeare's readers. All they do is to save people the trouble of thinking precisely why and how they should admire him. They substitute literary coxcombray for a true appreciation of letters. They vulgarize genius by reducing it to the level of the stomach, and can only propose to ascend the highest heaven of a wonderful imagination by help of eating and drinking, by legs of mutton, and dainty viands. The only thing they would really care to know about Shakspeare personally, I believe to be simply whether he ever stole a buck from Sir Thos. Lucy—because that is a circumstance which falls in amazingly with their peculiar notions. But why should I do more on this subject than give Foote's inimitable description of a Shakspeare Jubilee? I quote it from one of his farces—"A jubilee, as it hath lately appeared (Foote is referring to that of 1769, but these things are all of the same sort), is a public invitation circulated and urged by puffing, to go post without horses, to an obscure borough without representatives, governed by a mayor and aldermen who are no magistrates, to celebrate a great poet whose own works have made him immortal—by an ode without poetry, music without melody, dinners without victuals, and lodging without beds—a masquerade where half the people are without masks, a horse-race knee deep in water—fireworks that stubbornly refuse to emit a spark—and a gingerbread amphitheatre that tumbles to pieces, like a house of card, as soon as it is finished." Such are the personal rewards with which we moderns acknowledge the glory of fame, and so we apotheosize Shakspeare!

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## CHAPTER V.

### THE MELANCHOLY, DISCONTENT, AND SELF-ACCUSINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.

When Dante, in his sublime PURGATORIO, discovered an exact portrait of his own sufferings by exhibiting with a terrible and designed obscurity the misery of a man who, stripping his visage of all shame, and trembling in his very vitals, places himself in the public way and stretches out his hand for charity,—he bequeathed an awful lesson to humanity. When, in the PARADISO, he meets the shade of his ancestor, and is told that he shall prove how salt is the taste of the bread of others, and how hard the road is going up and down the stairs of others,—he predicted the lot of hundreds of men of genius that were to succeed him, and behold in that shape of mighty want only a terrible shadowing forth of their own.

It is out of such sufferings indeed that the "medicinal gums" of poetry have been most frequently distilled. The muse gives what men deny. If she is the bane, she has the antidote—if she exaggerates the actual chances of poverty, she can annihilate at least its ideal evils. A great poet has said that men are cradled into poetry by wrong, and it is certain that, as Francis Beaumont sings, no more

" than the man  
That travels through the burning deserts, can,  
When he is beaten with the raging sun,  
Half-smothered in the dust, have power to run  
From a cool river, which himself doth find,  
Ere he be slaked"—

can the true poet, who is afflicted by poverty or wrong, withhold himself from venting his emotions in the highest strains of poetry. Thus are the noxious particles of evil in such hard destinies completely carried off from the world, and the forked shafts of misery played with unhurt!

Shakspeare was not exempted from this ordinary fate of poets. His struggles with poverty, so far as they are actually known to us, I have already traced in these papers. To these I may add some illustrative passages from his own confessions. In one sonnet he exhibits to his friend the picture of his life, in hours of labour "hastening to their end"—

" Each changing place with that which goes before  
In *sequent* toil all forwards do contend\*."

and on another occasion he affectingly complains of being "debarr'd the benefit of rest," for that

" day's oppression is not eas'd by night,  
But day by night and night by day oppress'd;  
And each, though enemies to either's reign,  
Do in consent shake hands to torture *me*,  
The one by toil, the other to complain  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee†."

Struggle as he may, he cannot throw off the heavy weight of this,—

" —day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger!"

But yet it is not poverty and the necessities of toil that enter into the soul of the poet, so much as what he sees outside, and beyond, that "working-day world" that is immediately around him. Observe the following sonnet. It is a proof to me that there is, perhaps, more of Shakspeare's personal feeling disguised in "Hamlet" than in all the rest of his plays together:—

" TIRED WITH ALL THESE, FOR RESTFUL DEATH I CRY,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,

\* Sonnet 60.

† Sonnet 28.

And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And felly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
 And captive Good attending captain Ill ;—

TIRED WITH ALL THESE, FROM THESE WOULD I BE GONE\* !"

But fate denies him this ; and he acquiesces in her award as cheerfully as he may. There is a peculiar charm to me in the view of Shakspeare's character which these private memorials unfold. We never find that his personal regrets withhold him from his public duties. These he still performs. The offices of life are, to the conscientious man, more than life, and these the poet neglects not. If the world is bad, it is only by active exertion we can make it better. "What, man ! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow !" It is only in the solitude of his spirit, in the private recesses of his home and friendship, that his spirit falls back upon itself, and we discover the immortal poet pouring forth his mortal sorrows. He never confounded his KNOWLEDGE with his immediate feelings and thoughts, and his griefs he kept for private circulation. It was a better mode than the poet Ovid's, who was not content with being querulous in his banishment, but must make his readers so, by giving them volumes of *Tristia*.

Augustus Schlegel has said that he thinks Shakspeare considered the situation of a player as a degradation at first only, "because he was seduced by the example of his comrades to participate in their wild and irregular manner of life. It is extremely probable;" proceeds that great critic, "that, by the poetical fame which he acquired in the progress of his career, he was the principal means of ennobling the stage, and bringing the situation of a player into better repute." This is an ingenious suggestion, but in the remarks which have already fallen from me in the course of these papers it has been sufficiently answered. Schlegel, in support of his opinion, quotes one sonnet which bears quite a different reference, and does not quote that one which characterizes the intrinsically humiliating tendency of acting, apart from any ill deservings of its professors. Although I have treated of this subject in a former paper, this chapter of the Confessions would be incomplete without the quotation of a portion of these sonnets I have not hitherto given. The following is that affecting passage, which I take to have been written before he had thrown off any of his great works, (it was published in Jaggard's first surreptitious collection, and must have been written early,) and when, suddenly, he seems to have been startled with the thought, that, as a mere task-worker, he might cease to think his own thoughts, become subdued to the thoughts of others by daily working in them, and be at last unable to give forth those wonderful creations, with the throes of which his breast was heaving then :—

" Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide  
 The guilty Goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds ;  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,  
 And almost thence my nature is subdued  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand !  
 Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd.†

\* Sonnet 66.

† Sonnet 111.

In this, addressed, as all the sonnets of this description are, to his young friend, there is an evident allusion to the laxity of habits and manners which his profession had suffered him to indulge. The following is not quoted by Schlegel, but it is a curious and emphatic testimony, as I have before taken occasion to remark, that, whatever may have been his success as an actor with the audience in impressing *them* with the cunning of the scene, he most assuredly went for his acting to the only true source—his own heart. Well might he say that “he sold cheap what is most dear,” since he “coined his heart for drachmas.” His “own thoughts he gored” that he might express the thoughts of others,—his own affections, newly reaped, he turned into a harvest of profit—for all but for himself!

“Alas! ’tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view;  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new!  
Most true it is that I have looked on truth  
Askaunce and strangely\*.”

It is not my purpose to occupy the reader further with a question I have already discussed, but I may be permitted to subjoin an extract in illustration of the manners of the audiences of those days at a new play (they have not greatly altered since), which were certainly not of a nature to subdue, at a later period of his life when he acted in plays he had written, this tendency of dislike to a profession which, in the jealous self-watchfulness of his fine character, Shakspeare had feared, from the first, might hurt his mind. Fancy the poet playing in one of his own tragedies, to such an audience as is described in the following extract! “But the sport is *at a new play* to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing; and sometimes a fellow that comes not there past once in five years, at a Parliament time or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by *God’s foot* he would never stir *his foot* to see a hundred such as that is!” Such is criticism still, and so

“For eighteenpence *we sit*  
The lord and judge of all fresh wit!”

With his profession, then, notwithstanding its momentary triumphs, it is clear that Shakspeare was at heart discontented. I have before shown, that as soon as the opportunity came within his reach, by accession to considerable shares in the theatre, he removed his name from the list of the company. His affection for his brother actors continued nevertheless, and his last will showed he had not forgotten them. He never vented his discontent on others. The very source of his weary sadness was the strength of his charity. The genius which made him feel more intensely, and suffer more strongly than other men, gave him more noble means of complaint and of endurance.

And truly they were tested to the uttermost. In one of his sonnets he speaks of the impression which “vulgar scandal†” had stamped upon his brow. His “friends” had not been so considerate as he. With

\* Sonnet 110.

† Sonnet 112.

what measure he meted, it was not meted to him again. The ill-fated passion which I have in former papers described, and the irregularities into which it betrayed him, would seem to have been turned, by every engine of gossip and slander, into the means of charging him with gross imputations of vice. Stung to the quick by these reports, he breaks forth at last into the following. A nobler lesson of rebuke to the mean baseness of slander was never written:—

“Tis better to be vile, than ~~the~~ <sup>to</sup> be esteem'd,  
 When not to be receiv'd <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>approach</sup> of being;  
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by other's seeing.  
*For why should others' false adulterate eyes*  
*Give salutation to my sportive blood?*  
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?  
 No—I am that I am; and they that level  
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:  
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;  
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown\*.”

And not the less conscious of his weaknesses was the divine poet, though the world's exaggerated slanders wrung from him this self-vindication. The contrast in his manner of turning from these scandals of the multitude, to repose, as it were, in the very strength of weakness, upon the bosom of his friend, bears with it a most affecting instructiveness. “When *thou* shalt be disposed,” he says,

“to set me light,  
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,  
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight †.”

It is the fashion with many to confess their failings with an ostentatious air, as if they were as good as other people's virtues. Contrast this with the modesty of Shakspeare!

In a subsequent sonnet to his friend, he expresses with peculiar tenderness a feeling of deep melancholy, which it is easy to see has had its origin in some injustice on the part of the world:—

“No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 When you shall hear the surly, sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this *vile world*, with vilest worms to dwell!  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 Or if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay,—  
 Lest the *wise world* should look into your moan,  
 And *mock you with me* after I am gone ‡.”

In another he says,—

“Let those *who are in favour with their stars*,  
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
*Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars*,” &c. §

\* Sonnet 121.

† Sonnet 88.

‡ Sonnet 71.

§ Sonnet 25.

And the feeling has a still more striking illustration (many could be adduced besides) in the ninetieth sonnet :—

“ Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now,—  
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after loss ;—  
Ah ! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,  
To linger out a purposed overthrow !  
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste  
At first the very worst of Fortune's might ;  
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so\*.”

It is impossible now to trace to their origin these complaints of wrong, but that serious cause existed for them there can be little doubt. But observe how little they influenced his greater writings, unless to temper them with more benignant charity ! It is a delightful matter of contemplation. He—the “ so potent master,” the absolute governor of laughter and of tears, the creator of passion and of thought, who strung the very chords of the human heart upon his lyre—is here exhibited wrestling like an ordinary man with the mean wrongs and petty accidents of the world, and yet leaving, in the record of those human sufferings, a lesson not less glorious or instructive than in the most godlike of his intellectual triumphs. He does not attempt to bear away opposition or injury, however unjust, by self-sufficiency or intolerance. He has obviously his wisdom still, his strength, his power over others and himself. Baffled by the unkindness of his fellow-men, he will not use his genius to baffle the hopes of others. Feeling the wrongs of the world, he feels the allowances that may be made for them. “ Beautiful usages are remaining still, ardent hopes, radiant aspirations !” When Dante was injured by his fellow-citizens, he worked terrible vengeance on them in one of the sublimest of poems,—for the memory of his injuries pursued him even into the immensity of eternal light, and his unforgiving spirit, in the company of saints and angels, “ darkened at the name of Florence.” Shakspeare, suffering from the sense of wrong (not perhaps so deeply, but in these cases the effect is ever in a great degree independent of the amount of grievance), simply utters to his friend an involuntary sonnet of complaint, which is felt, as we read it, not as a declaration published to the world, but as a secret whispered to a chosen ear ; and after heaving this sigh, as it were, from the fulness of his heart, proceeds to lay upon himself cheerfully the duties of life ; to dream no more of the excesses of sorrow ; but to teach us in immortal comedies and tragedies, that if every good quality and every good blessing were distributed in equal portions through the world, there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of hope, less even of contentment ; and that it is well for us that the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together ; for that our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our vices would despair if they were not che-

\* Sonnet 90.

ished by our virtues. This is the moral teaching of Shakspeare's melancholy and discontentment. Whatever may have been his private losses and sufferings, he used them simply for the purposes of wisdom. He scorned to make the public a party to them, or to bring the *evil thing* near them. If the yoke of life presses heavily on us, we may use that very experience to make it light and supportable to others. Shakspeare kept his personal emotions to himself, and gave the world his knowledge. There is not one of his deepest tragedies from which we do not feel after reading it better disposed to be happy ourselves and kind to others. In proportion to the greatness of the evil, is our sense and desire of the opposite good excited. Even his "Timon of Athens," which we may suppose the effusion of his mind when smarting most severely from recollected baseness and ingratitude, leaves with us equally the effect of a noble satire against vice, or of an impassioned invocation of virtue. It is anything but an argument for spleen.

Nor, be sure, did Shakspeare go unrewarded for this magnanimity of sorrow. It was his fortune, while he strove thus to alleviate the sorrows of others, to have his own lightened also. He felt his very calamity

"Sweeten in the suffering pangs it bears;"

and after the wholesome exercise of his imagination and genius,

"return rebuked to my content,

And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent\*."

Thus, the sonnet I am now about to quote is perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic picture that was ever painted, both of the afflictions by which life is embittered, and of the affections by which life is endeared; of the weary trials to which it is exposed, and of the pure and peaceful enjoyments with which its trials may be yet subdued:—

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone bewcep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in lope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
*Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,*  
With that I most enjoy contented least:  
*Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,*  
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I scorn to change my state with kings†."

What manner of man might that be whose art or scope Shakspeare needed to desire! But this is a modesty inimitable as his wonderful writings, and conveying to the heart, as I have already said, a lesson of equal truth and beauty. Perhaps of greater. For in his writings the man, Shakspeare, soars above humanity like a god; whereas, here we meet him on the common ground of suffering and necessity, which may be far more profitable to our moral sense, if, as the poet has said so beautifully, the human heart by which we live is kept in a sound and healthful state, not so much by gazing on the everlasting stars that are

\* Sonnet 119.

† Sonnet 29.

above and at a distance from it, as by feeding on the humble roots that grow in the common path which we are destined to pass over, and inhaling the breath of those frail flowers of a day that spring up by its side. Such, so fragrant and so frail, are the sufferings of the man, compared with the glorious achievements of the poet! How refreshing it is even to feel that this divine poet *had* his actual sufferings, when, as in the sonnet we have just read, we see also that even from them his natural affections derived an impulse in which suffering, for the time, was lost. Besides, it is permitted us to trace through all these personal confessions a man of irresistible fineness and gentleness of nature; and this circumstance may add as much to the wisdom we derive from love, as the exhibition of Shakspeare's intellect in his plays adds to the wisdom we confess in admiration. For love is not due to intellect alone. Intellectual powers are the leaders of the world (as Mr. Hunt remarked the other day in one of his delightful essays,) but only for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and amiableness, or of showing them encouraging pictures of it by the way. They are no more the things to live with, or repose with, apart from the qualities of the heart and temper, than the means are without the end; or than "a guide to a pleasant spot is to be taken for the spot itself, with its trees, health, and quiet."

These remarks on the melancholy of Shakspeare may be appropriately closed with the following sonnet. It must have been written in the meridian of his life, while he was about forty, and before some of his great plays were written. Yet it is not the only one in which he anticipates for himself a "confined doom."\* Here he would seem to have been immediately influenced by some distrust of the continuance of his intellectual strength; some dread that that which had nourished might consume him; some fear that the muse might desert him, and leave tenantless a "bare, ruin'd choir." Vain fears!—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
*Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.*  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day,  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which, by and by, black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by!]  
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long."†

What inexpressibly touching images this fine sonnet conjures up before us! What a noble comparison that is, of an avenue of trees with its upper branches leafless, to the vaulting of a gothic aisle with its roof shattered,—and of both to the poet silenced by sickness or age, the husk of what he was, the empty image of his former beauty and glory!

The "confined doom" which Shakspeare anticipated was fated to be realized. Having lived long enough to realize an independence, as well

\* Sonnet 107.

† Sonnet 73.

as an immortal name, his life was suddenly closed. At the comparatively early age of fifty-two, while, with his own sweet Avon running gently near him, he may have contemplated years of quiet rest, on the 23rd of April, the anniversary of the day of his birth, he died !

“ So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,  
All that this World is proud of. • From their spheres  
The stars of human glory are cast down ;  
Perish the roses and the flowers of Kings,  
Princes, and Emperors, and the crowns and palms  
Of all the Mighty, wither'd and consumed !”

And so the life of the poet of eternal nature passed away, but *his* crown and palm are destined to endure for ever !

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## CHAPTER VI.

### SOME PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKSPEARE.

It has been remarked with truth that there is no species of composition, perhaps, so delightful, as that which presents us with personal characteristics, or personal anecdotes, of eminent men. And if its chief charm be in the gratification of our curiosity, it is a curiosity at least that has its origin in enthusiasm. We are anxious to know all that is possible to be learnt of those who have at any rate so honoured a place in our remembrance. “ Intellectual discoveries, or heroic deeds, though they shed a broad and lasting lustre round the memory of those that have achieved them, yet occupy but a small part of the life of any individual ; and we are not unwilling to penetrate the dazzling glory, and to see how the remaining intervals are filled up ; to look into the minute details, to detect incidental foibles, and to be satisfied what qualities they have in common with ourselves, as well as distinct from us, entitled to our pity, or raised above our imitation.”

A few such anecdotes and characteristics I shall now select from among those Shakspeare has himself confessed to, and present to the reader. They will need little note or comment. Did our personal knowledge of him even end with these, we should be safe from the laborious satire of Malone, who has written a long life of Shakspeare to show us that we know nothing about him, and can know nothing, except that he was born and died. The two latter circumstances indeed would have been by no means clear to Mr. Malone, had he not fortunately got hold of the parish register of Stratford. Most unfortunately he got hold of the curious painted monument of the poet at the same time, and, with the assistance of the clerk or sexton, daubed it over with white paint ! “ Methinks I see them at their work, the sapient trouble-tombs.” I wonder some voice did not arrest them—

“ For Jesu’s sake forbear !”

in the words of the solemn and awful adjuration on the grave-stone beneath :

“ Blest be the man that spares these stones !”

That “ monumental bust,” now so whitewashed and bedaubed, once represented the poet in his habit as he lived, and fully bore out the report of Aubrey, that he was a “ handsome, well-shaped man.” Thought and intellectual exertion, however, would seem before his death to have

done the work of years upon him. When he was little past forty, he says to his friend, in evident allusion to himself—

“When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty’s field\*.”

—in another he speaks of his mistress—

“Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,  
Although she knows my days are past the best †.”

—in a third he tells us of his looking into his glass and finding himself

“Bated and chopp’d with tann’d antiquity ‡.”

and in a subsequent allusion to his friend, he speaks with a touching self-reference—

“Against my love shall be, as I am now,  
With time’s injurious hand crush’d and o’erworn;  
When hours have drain’d his blood, and fill’d his brow  
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn  
Hath travell’d on to age’s steepy night §.”—

We have no mention in all these, however, of any change in his auburn hair and beard, which were given so strikingly in the coloured bust. It is most probable indeed that *they* remained to the last—full, luxuriant, and unchanged—for Shakspeare hated wigs! scorning to

“Make a summer of another’s green,  
Robbing the old to dress his beauty new.”

On this point indeed he speaks more earnestly, and with a slight mixture of scorn,—in referring to former days,

“Before these bastard signs of fair were born,  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;  
Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
To live a second life on second head,—  
Ere beauty’s dead fleece made another gay ||”

And that Shakspeare was so sensible of the beauties of his person (in common with many eminent poets whom I cannot stop to name), as to seek to set them off to the utmost possible advantage, may be detected in the illustration of the following sonnet. The same feeling is observable, moreover, in the sensitiveness with which we have seen him view the effects of thought or time in planting his brow “with lines and wrinkles:”—

“Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge ¶?”

That the poet besides was not only costly, but tasteful in his dress, I think is intimated in another passage, when he gives us a good-humoured sneer at those who glory in their

“Garments, though new-fangled ill\*\*.”

\* Sonnet 2. † Sonnet 138. ‡ Sonnet 62. § Sonnet 63.

|| Sonnet 68. The same feeling is expressed more than once in his plays—in the “Merchant of Venice,” and “Timon of Athens,” for instance.

¶ Sonnet 146.

\*\* Sonnet 91.

It would not be difficult perhaps to associate with another circumstance the feeling I have here illustrated. Shakspeare was lame. He was, like him who, of all since, has alone approached him in point of invention—dear and ever-honoured Sir Walter Scott—a “halting fellow.” Upon these personal defects of poets, with reference to their action both upon the public and personal character, Mr. Moore has some excellent remarks in his life of Lord Byron which may be found applicable here. The lameness of Shakspeare is clearly made out, I think, by his sonnets, though perhaps less clearly in those where it is distinctly mentioned than in others where it is implied. These lines, for instance :—

“ As a decrepit father takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
*So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,*  
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth,”\*—

may be taken simply (though I do not think them so), as a metaphorical allusion. He is more unequivocal where he subsequently exclaims, in the triumph of the heart over circumstances of disadvantage—

“ So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised !”

—though, in another passage, he again uses the word in a sense which might certainly be urged as merely metaphorical—

“ Say that thou did'st forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence ;  
*Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;*  
Against thy reasons making no defence !”†

The slight uncertainty in which the question remains, however, is, to my mind, set at rest by the frequent allusions that are made in these confessions of the poet to his habit of riding on horseback. I will quote one passage, in which he tells us a somewhat startling anecdote of himself, which is relieved, however, at the close, by a beautiful and tender self-rebuke—

“ The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know  
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee :  
*The bloody spur cannot provoke him on,*  
*That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,*  
*Which heavily he answers with a groan,*  
*More sharp to me than spurring to his side.”‡*

Other passages might be quoted, as when he says—

“ O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?”§

—but enough has been advanced to establish the fact I have mentioned as corroborative of the supposition of Shakspeare's infirmity.

The seventy-seventh Sonnet presents to us a pleasing and characteristic anecdote. Shakspeare sends his young friend a blank table-book, with a few lines of excellent advice. The reader will be reminded of Lord Orrery's similar gift and verses to Swift on his birth-day :—

“ Look, what thy memory cannot contain  
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find  
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,  
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.  
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,  
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.”\*

His friend, we learn, (from the hundred and twenty-second Sonnet) returned the gift in kind. It is delightful to be allowed to follow the poet thus into the private graces and courtesies of life.

The following passage in the Confessions startled me not a little. Could Shakspeare have seen the vision of a future Rymer abusing the “tragedies of the last age,” and spying out a commonplace want of originality in *Hamlet* and *Othello*?

“ If there be nothing new, but that, which is,  
Hath been before, *how are our brains beguiled,*  
*Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss*  
*The second burthen of a former child!*” †

In a subsequent sonnet he shows how deeply he felt that the duty of a poet was to universalize, and not to—

“ Keep invention in a noted weed.” ‡

Shakspeare occasionally alludes to his birth as humble—

“ Thy love is better than high birth to me.” §

I shall close this mention of a few of the personal thoughts and characteristics of Shakspeare with two passages from his Confessions, of inimitable beauty. I should have placed the first in the preceding chapter, but that it illustrates a feeling, which, in its calm and sweet indulgence of sorrow, is far removed from melancholy. Who is there, among the gayest of the gay, that has not often experienced it?

“ *When to the sessions of sweet silent thought*  
*I summon up remembrance of things past,*  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe!” ¶

The other, a compliment to his mistress, indicates most interestingly the chivalrous turn of Shakspeare's taste and reading—

“ When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,—  
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now!” ¶¶

Shakspeare was ever beautifully unenvious. He alludes more than once to one or two of his contemporaries, whom he calls “better spirits” than he: he was passionately fond of Spenser; and passionately fond, too, of music, as is evident from the charming eighth sonnet, and many

\* Sonnet 77.

† Sonnet 59.

‡ Sonnet 76.

§ Sonnet 91.

|| Sonnet 30.

¶¶ Sonnet 106.

others. But I have closed my quotations for the present. He was not the less great because he admitted the greatness of others. It is better to rise above rivalry than to trample it down.

## CHAPTER VII.

## SHAKSPEARE'S FRIEND.

The passages quoted in the last three chapters of these "Confessions," with one or two marked exceptions, are from Sonnets addressed to this nameless Immortal. They illustrate the view I have already taken of the peculiar circumstances under which the friendship was formed ("New Monthly Magazine," vol. xliii. p. 309)—of those individual sympathies for which it supplied an outlet, of that want of Shakspeare's heart it was destined to supply. It would be easy to show, further, that there was scarcely any of his emotions that were not poured forth to this youth; emotions the intensest and most profound—acute sometimes even to selfishness, but expressed at all times with unequalled tenderness, modesty, purity, and love. Here, as I have said, was the pillow his spirit reposed on: here too was the object to which he clung, as connecting him in actual life with the moral beauty and sweetness of the world. To his friend he might speak, in the words of a contemporary poet in a case not quite dissimilar—

"To you I have unclasp'd my burden'd soul,  
Emptied the store-house of my thoughts and heart,  
Made myself poor of secrets: have not left  
Another word untold, which hath not spoke  
All what I ever durst, or think, or know!"

Little remains for me now to add, except to notice some circumstances of a singular character that occurred in the course of this friendship. The silly imputations to which some of its expressions have given rise were disproved in a former paper. They recoil on the suggestors. Such expressions have become unfamiliar now, as such friendships, I fear, are less frequent, but they distinguished all the romantic intercourse of the time, and of that which succeeded. So spoke young Milton to his Deodati, Cowley to his Hervey, Suckling to his Carcw, Davenant to his Endymion Porter and Henry Jermyn. The personal love of Shakspeare for the youth was indeed increased and exalted by the peculiar circumstances of their connexion, and partook of something which, in the very depth and subtlety of its refinement, the most romantic of other friendships have wanted. A sense of personal beauty was unquestionably mixed up with it, but it is the feeling in its highest abstraction, and, in the very depth of its purity, voluptuously refined. It acted, indeed, simply as the conductor to his imagination. And the friendship with which it was connected did a similar service to his heart, in giving satisfaction to those individual yearnings and sympathies which, with all his power above the earth, kept him bound a prisoner upon it, and which, in all the intellectual triumphs to which they served to contribute, had found no outlet for themselves. It is a sovereign law of the imagination,

"That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy,"

and this has forcible illustration here. Finally, I will warn the suspicious reader of what a very honest old writer, Webbe, has said of suspicious readers, in a discourse of poetry. "Their nyce opinion overshooteth the poet's meaning: it is their foolysh construction, not hys writing, that is blameable. We must prescrybe to no wryters (much lesse to poets) in what sorte they should viter their conceyts."

• The personal beauty of the youth had an effeminate grace—

- "A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,  
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;  
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted  
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion!"\*

These allusions, however, it is clear, owe their immediate origin to that distracting conflict of passion in which his mistress held him. He turns for relief to—

"Where I may not remove nor be removed;"+

and is urged to a contrast which would not otherwise suggest itself. Observe how beautifully, in a subsequent passage, he strives to console himself in the truth of his friend's love for the falsehood of his mistress—

"— it is builded far from accident,  
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls  
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent :":‡

—and in another sonnet we find him expressing the peculiar nature of this love in terms of inexpressible sweetness, the secret of its calm superiority over the turbulence of passion, the companionship of its sympathy, the angelic source of its consolations—

"Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;  
That due of many now is thine alone,  
Their images I loved I view in thee."§

What a triumphant vindication of his friendship, of his "dear religious love," is this!

Three years of uninterrupted intercourse certainly passed between them; it is probable, many more—

"To me, fair friend, you never can be old,  
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;  
In process of the seasons have I seen  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,  
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived,||  
So your sweet hue—"

\* Sonnet 20. † Sonnet 25. ‡ Sonnet 124. § Sonnet 31.

|| Sonnet 104. This passage of the "dial-hand" seems to me to explain the exact reference of the much-contested lines in *Othello*:—

"But, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow, unmoving finger at!"

Some interruptions, however, occurred shortly after this, and the youth complained to his friend. Shakspeare prays him to believe that, though absent, he has not been "false of heart." Still he says, referring to their friendship—

"That is my *home* of love, if I have ranged,  
Like him that travels, I return again!\*"

—and then, alluding to the reports of his bewildering passion which had reached the youth, he tenderly subjoins—

"Never believe, though in my nature reigned  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stained,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good ;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all!"

These reports increase, nevertheless, and with them the slanders under which the poet so deeply suffered. He will not have his friend share them—

"Those blots that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone,"

adding with a charming and generous tenderness—

"I may not evermore acknowledge thee,  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame ;  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name†."

But the effect of these reports upon the youth? What must he not have been thinking meanwhile of that "brow of Egypt" which could so fascinate his friend, and be "the love, the spell, the bane of Antony?" Misery for the poet! In proportion as his tender apologies came thickening to his friend, curiosity to witness the object of them was exaggerated to a disease. These are what Shakspeare himself has called the "toys of desperation:" such as have made people sometimes, as they stand looking over a cauldron of boiling water, feel a strong propensity to throw themselves into it! The youth saw her at last, and he was beautiful, and she imperious to be loved! The poet swiftly suspected,—

"To win me soon to hell, my female evil  
Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,  
Wooing his purity with her foul pride!

\* \* \* \* \*

I guess one angel in another's hell‡."

It was so, and still the poet struggled with his love in vain; still his friendship strove to outlive its ruin, and to impose on his imagination

The last word, "hue," which occurs more than once in the sonnets, taken with the following line from the twentieth—

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling ;"

and with the circumstance of their dedication by the bookseller to one "W. H.," has raised the supposition that the youth's name was probably HUGHES. I am by no means certain, however, as I said in a former paper, that this W. H. was not merely the person who carried the sonnets to the bookseller, and so won the gratitude of their dedication.

\* Sonnet 109.

† Sonnet 36.

‡ Sonnet 144.

by all the attractions of a sympathy not yet unrepelled. The Roman poet had suffered the same before him:—

“ Odi et amor ; quare id faciam fortasse requiris,  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior ;”

and it was the fortune of a genuine poet who succeeded him, and who concealed under his gaiety the truest and most trembling sentiment, to realize a fate almost precisely the same. I allude to Sir John Suckling, whose copies of verses *to his Rival* can be relished only by those who appreciate the subtleties and inner depths of the passions of love and friendship. To such I now leave the passages of Shakspeare's life and thoughts which followed this last discovery. They are fully described and illustrated in the fortieth, forty-first, forty-second, hundred and thirty-third, hundred and thirty-fourth, hundred and forty-second Sonnets, and that commencing “ Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye.” Some of the latter will be found to bear upon the views I have in a former paper expressed, of the circumstances of Shakspeare's connexion with Anne Hathaway, and the light in which he continued to view his broken vow of marriage. It is curious to know that the similarity in the fortunes of Lope de Vega and Shakspeare, which I have already noticed, continued to the close of their respective lives, and that after a long estrangement from home, they both returned, and both died there. The wife of Shakspeare, still bound to him in all his estrangements by those “ threads of his own life” (his beloved daughters) which she had presented to him in youth, and still the calmly-beloved object of his hopes towards the decline and quiet of life, was suffered to watch over him when his great spirit departed. Believe that in all those estrangements Anne Hathaway still loved him ! She knew that it was not for her to hope any longer for an entire sympathy and unconditional return to her affection, but still her affection endured !

“ *Love is not love,  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove :  
O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;  
It is the star to every wandering bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom\* !”*

[I have now concluded this series of papers, and fear I have to thank the reader for much endurance. The subject indeed required a much abler handling than I have been equal to ; but the length of time in which Shakspeare's Sonnets have been suffered to remain comparatively neglected will plead in excuse for any presumption. If a future critic should be fortunate enough to discover in certain portions of these poems a more perfect meaning than I have been able to assign to them, I shall be the first to hail the discovery with delight and gratitude.]

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\* Sonnet 116.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE AT LITTLE-PEDDLINGTON\*.

*Tuesday, June 16th.* Found the "Little-Peddlington Weekly Observer" on my breakfast-table. Surely that Emperor of Russia must be an obstinate, pig-headed fellow, and the editor of the paper the most enduring of men! Were I the latter, I would at once abandon the poor infatuated creature to his unhappy fate, for advice and remonstrance seem to be utterly lost upon him. For my own part, I declare that there is nothing I can imagine in the power of the world to bestow, which would induce me to undertake the direction of the conduct of folks of that stamp, who, after all, *will* do just as they please. Yet here is Mr. Simcox Rummings, junior (the editor in question, and nephew to the great antiquary), sacrificing his time, temper, and patience, his health and his peace of mind—or, in that most expressive of old-woman's-phrases, "worrying his soul to fiddle-strings"—and all because an Emperor of Russia won't do as he bids him! As exhibiting at once the editor's temper, the power and the elegance of his style, and the practical utility of his labours, I extract the following passage from his leading article:—

"Once more we call the attention of His Imperial Majesty to what we have so often said, and what we have repeated above; shall we add, *for the last time?* But, no; for though patience, like the eagle, which wings its airy flight through the boundless realms of ether, must descend at length to rest its weary wing, yet shall ours still soar upwards whilst, with the piercing eye of hope, we behold a ray of expectation that our advice will not, like the sands of the desert, be eventually lost upon him. He may continue to *not* notice us in any of his decrees or manifestoes, and thus *affect* to be indifferent concerning what we say to him; but we have it on the best authority that he is frequently seen thoughtful and musing—not, indeed, in his moments of noisy revelry, when immersed in the vortex of pleasure and surrounded by flatterers, who, like locusts, would bar our honest counsel from his ear, but in the nocturnal solitude of his chamber. There it is that our warning voice, wafted on the wings of the viewless wind, pierces the perfumed precincts of the palace of Petersburg, and carries conviction, like the roaring of the rushing cataract, into his mind. And if the 'Little-Peddlington Observer' does sometimes address the Autocrat in terms of more than usual severity, let him remember that we do so 'more in friendship than in anger;' that we regret the necessity we are under of giving him pain, but that, 'like skilful surgeons, who,' &c. &c.

Decidedly I would not for the universe be the editor of the "Little-Peddlington Observer." What an anxious life must he lead! Upon reading on I find he takes just the same trouble to manage the King of the French, the King of the Belgians, the Emperor of China, &c. &c., not one of whom (if I may judge from his complaints of their indifference to his counsel) seems to mind him a whit more than he of Russia. Surely it must be a subject of ceaseless mortification to him, that, not-

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\* Continued from Vol. XLIV., page 453.

withstanding the infinite pains he is at to settle, or to reform, the government of every country in the known world, his advice is so little, if at all, attended to. O ye monarchs, and ye ministers of monarchs ! were I he, I would let you go to ruin your own way, nor raise a finger to save you.

Under the head of LITTLE-PEDLINGTON, I find the following :—

“ Yesterday, our peaceful town was thrown into a state of excitement, which it far transcends our feeble powers to describe, by one of those events, which, fortunately, as they do not often happen, so they do not frequently occur. Late on Sunday evening it was whispered about in the best-informed circles—though WE were in possession of positive information of the fact as early as a quarter-past nine—that our aimable and talented towns-woman, Miss Honoria Cripps, whose virtues are the theme of universal admiration, and whose numerous fugitive little offspring are the chief ornaments of our ‘ Foundling Hospital,’ which this day is again enriched with one of her charming effusions, had had the misfortune to lose her silk bag, containing many articles of no use to any one but the owner; and, ‘ though last not least,’ as Shakspeare hath it, a sum amounting nearly to three pounds! But whatever doubts might have existed in certain quarters as to the correctness of the report on Sunday night, the truth was placed beyond the remotest shadow of dispute yesterday morning, at eight o’clock, by a circumstance which, we will venture to say, must have convinced the most incredulous: the bag was cried about the town by the indefatigable Coggleshaw, whose accuracy in describing its contents was the theme of general approbation—though we must say that we object to his holding, at least in these times, the office of crier *and of sexton also*; especially if, as it is rumoured, any addition is to be made to his fees in the latter capacity, more particularly when a person, whom we can conscientiously recommend as fit for the employment, is willing to undertake it upon the existing terms. But, for more upon this subject, we refer our readers to an admirable letter, signed ‘ An Anti-Pluralitarian,’ in another part of this day’s paper, which, by a strange coincidence, recommends the very person we have alluded to; which expresses also the identical opinions we entertain on the subject; and must, therefore, carry conviction to every unprejudiced and reflecting mind.

“ The appeal of the crier was not attended with that success which every *honourable* and *feeling* mind desired. At twelve o’clock again was the same experiment repeated, but, alas! with the same much-to-be-lamented result. From that time till a late hour in the evening, groups of anxious inquirers might be seen in Market-square, in the Crescent, and at the public libraries, their countenances expressive of the deepest interest in the event. Judge, then, what must have been the feelings of the amiable lady herself! However, last night, at five minutes before twelve, the bag was *clandestinely* dropped down Miss Cripps’s area, when it was discovered that the lip-salve, the tooth, the false front, the carmine,—in short, that everything was restored to her, except—and we must add, to the everlasting disgrace of our town—except the money! But, indignant as we are at this act, we cannot, in the present excited state of our feelings, venture any remarks upon it; we shall, therefore, reserve them as the subject for the leading article in our next, when, as impartial journalists, we shall be happy to publish

any letters we may receive, free of postage, either *for* or *against*, an assertion we have heard in more quarters than one,—viz. that the money in the bag at the time it was lost *did not amount to anything like the sum stated by the fair lady herself*. Till then, as in fairness bound, we shall offer no opinion upon the subject.”

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The following extracts are from the miscellaneous department:—

“ On Thursday last this town was visited by a terrific hail-storm. Several of the stones were picked up of a size truly tremendous. The devastation it occasioned was awful. At Mrs. Stintum’s boarding-house five panes of glass were broken; four at Yawkins’s library; a like number at Mrs. Hobbleday’s in the Crescent, who had the misfortune, also, to have the top of a cucumber-frame *literally smashed to pieces!* But the greatest sufferer by the calamity is Mr. Snargate, the builder, twenty-nine panes of whose green-house are entirely destroyed, and fourteen others more or less injured. Many persons have visited the scene of destruction. Such is the irresistible power of the elements!”

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“ In a litter of pigs which we have lately seen at Mrs. Sniggerston’s, the keeper of the baths, there are actually two without tails! Such are the extraordinary freaks of Nature!”

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“ The last meeting of the ‘ Little-Pedlington Universal-Knowledge Society ’ was most particularly interesting. Our celebrated poet, Jubb, read a portion of his forthcoming ‘ Life and Times of Rummins,’ our well-known antiquary; and Rummins favoured the members by reading a portion of his forthcoming ‘ Life and Times of Jubb.’ Our eminent painter, Daubson, exhibited a very curious drawing which he has lately completed. It is a profile in black, which, looked at one way, represents a man’s head in a cocked hat, and with a large bow to his cravat; and, when turned topsy-turvy, shows the face of an old woman in a mob-cap! Who shall presume to set bounds to the ingenuity of art! But by far the most interesting was, what was stated by our learned antiquary, Mr. Rummins, to be a helmet of the time of King John. It was dug from the ruins of an old house lately pulled down in North-street, and is now the property of Mr. Rummins himself. It is corroded by the rust of ages; and, except that it has no handle, is in form not unlike a saucepan of our own days. Mr. R. read a learned memoir which he has drawn up upon the subject, (and which, together with a drawing, he intends to forward to the Society of Antiquaries,) wherein he states that, when he was in London, and saw the play of ‘ King John ’ acted, the principal actors wore helmets of *precisely that shape*. Its authenticity is thus proved beyond all manner of doubt. But, upon these points, who shall presume to question the judgment of a Rummins?”

“ The presentations to the library, and for the sole use of the members, were Goldsmith’s ‘ History of England,’ abridged for the use of schools, and Tooke’s ‘ Pantheon,’ (an account of *all* the heathen gods and goddesses, *with numerous cuts*,) both the gift of our munificent townsman, Mr. Yawkins, the banker.”

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“ To the lovers of Champagne we cannot too strongly recommend that admirable substitute, the gooseberry-wine made and sold by Hubkins,

the grocer, in Market-square. We speak from our own knowledge, as he has obligingly sent us six bottles as a sample. We can say nothing of his other home-made wines which he *mentions to us*, as we cannot, with a conscientious regard to our duty as impartial journalists, venture an opinion which we do not possess the means of *verifying by a trial*."

• This from the "Notice to Correspondents :"—

"The letter from a certain oilman in East-street, requesting us to give a favourable opinion of his pickles, anchovy paste, &c., must be paid for as an advertisement. We cannot compromise our independence by praising what we have not even had an opportunity of tasting."

"THE THEATRE.—We are at length enabled to state that Mr. Sniggerston (in consequence of the present amount of the subscription towards building a new theatre not being sufficient to warrant the undertaking), having again kindly consented to grant the use of one of his commodious out-houses, though at what seems to us to be a rather exorbitant rent, our liberal and spirited manager, Mr. Strut, from Dunstable, will positively open his campaign on the 15th of next month, though, in our opinion, it would answer his purpose much better did he delay the opening till the 18th. The preparations are on the most extensive scale; and a new drop-scene (of which we have been favoured with a private view) has been painted by our unrivalled Daubson. The subject is a view of the new pump, in Market-square, as seen from South-street; though it seems to us the painter would have done better had he represented it as seen from North-street, not but that we think South-street a very favourable point for viewing it; and no man has greater taste in these matters than Daubson, when he chooses to exercise it. The manager has done well in engaging all our old favourites, the most prominent of whom are 'the facetious Tippleton, the heart-rending Snuxell, and the versatile and incomparable Mrs. Biggleswade,' as they are aptly characterised by our tasteful master of the ceremonies in his 'Guide Book;' but why has he not also engaged Mrs. Croaks, the celebrated vocalist, who we understand is unemployed? This he must do. Yet if, as we are told, she requires twice as much as has ever been paid to any other performer for doing only half the usual work, we must say that Strut is right in resisting such a demand; though we admit that talent like hers cannot be too highly remunerated, and are of opinion she is perfectly justified in making her own terms. Nevertheless, we recommend her to follow the example of moderation set by the three eminent performers we have named, they having liberally consented to take each a fourth of the clear receipts, allowing the remaining fourth to be divided amongst the rest of the company *in any way the manager may think proper*, after deducting one-third of *that* for himself. Tippleton, with his usual disinterested zeal for the good of the concern, has consented to play any part whatever which may be likely to conduce to that end, provided, in the first place, it be a good part in itself; secondly, that it be the only good part in the piece; and lastly, that the part be, in every possible respect, to his own entire and perfect satisfaction. The only *particular* stipulations he has made are that no person shall have a clear benefit *but himself*; that no person shall be allowed to write as many orders,

nightly, *as himself*; that no person shall have their name printed in the play-bills in large letters *but himself*; and that he shall not at any time be expected to do anything to serve anybody—*but himself*. With such spirited exertions on the part of the management, and such liberality and zealous co-operation on that of the performers, the concern must succeed: though we would recommend the manager not to act so much himself as he did last season; though we admit that his assistance is usually indispensable. However, as far as we are concerned, Strut may rely on having our support, for, indeed, he deserves it; not that we altogether approve of the arrangements he has made, which, in our opinion, are in many respects faulty in the extreme; nevertheless, he is an enterprising manager, and ought to be patronised by the Little-Pedlingtonians; not that we should recommend them to go into a hot theatre to see plays sometimes, to say the truth, indifferently acted—nor indeed can he expect that they should.”

Admired the profoundness of the critic's reflections, the extent and minuteness of his information, the wisdom of his advice, and, above all, his beautiful consistency. Fancied I had somewhere occasionally read something in a similar style—could not recollect where.

These from the “Foundling Hospital for the Muses.”

“*To Doctors Drench and Drainum, on their grand Discovery of a Mineral Spring in the Vale of Health.*”

“Galen and Esculapius men may praise,  
 (Apothecaries great in by-gone days;)   
 But you, my friends, O, Drainum, and O, Drench!   
 At once the flambeaus of their merit quench.   
 They no chalybeate for our use e'er found   
 On Pedlingtonia's health-restoring ground:   
 That task the gods, to Pedlingtonia true,   
 Reserved, my Drainum and my Drench, for *you!*   
 So shall *your* names for aye *their* names outshine,   
 Immortal in the poet's deathless line!   
 That task, thrice-honour'd Jubb, that happy task be thine!

“JONATHAN JUBB.”

“*Charade.*”

A member of the feather'd race,  
 With half a certain well-known place,  
 If rightly you do guess, I ween,  
 You'll name the pretty thing I mean.

“ENAJ SBBURCS.”

“\* \* We are obliged to our valuable correspondent, *Philo-Sphynxius*, for the answer to the Charade in our last, which is *skittles*. Perhaps he will favour us by exercising his ingenuity on the above.—ED.”

“\* \* The following charming, pathetic little gem, composed several days ago, assumes a most peculiar feature of melancholy interest, when we consider the present distressing state of mind laboured under by the fair poetess, the full particulars of the loss of whose reticule (containing—besides a large sum in money of her own—a lump of orris-root, a pot of lip-salve, a new flaxen front, a new false tooth, and a paper of

carmine, belonging to a friend of hers,) we have given in another part of our this day's paper.—Ed.

“ O, gentle Strephon, cease to woo !  
 O spare poor Chloe's virgin heart !  
 O tempt me not ! but cease to sue ;—  
 In pity spare me, and depart.  
 O do not praise the roseate blush  
 On Chloe's grief-worn cheek display'd !  
 Alas ! 'tis but a hectic flush,  
 Which soon, too soon, in death must fade.  
 O speak not of the teeth that shine  
 Like pearls, 'twixt lips like cherries twain,  
 Tinted with Nature's pure carmine ;—  
 Alas ! fond youth, 'tis all in vain.  
 Nor praise no more the balmy breath  
 Thou dost to orris sweet compare,  
 When soon the icy arms of death  
 In the cold grave those sweets must share.  
 Urge not thy suit, but fly me now,  
 Fond youth ! nor praise those locks of flax  
 Thou say'st adorn my ivory brow—  
 Leave me to die—'tis all I ax.

“ HONORIA.”

A punctilious critic would perhaps raise an objection to the “locks of flax,” and (with greater show of right on his side) to the concluding word of Miss Cripps's “charming little gem.” But surely this would not be the case with a candid reader, inclined (as I own I always am) to be pleased. By the former, it is clear the Sappho of Little-Pedlington means *flaxen locks*, whatever may be the exact import of the words she uses ; and with respect to the other point, it is to be defended on the plea of necessity. “Any port in a storm,” says the sailor ; and, driven by stress of rhyme, I think the lady is fortunate in not having been forced into a less commodious haven : for the most fastidious ear must be satisfied with the rhyme, which is perfect ; whilst the only objection that can be made to the word *ax* (as a word), is that the Exclusives, the Almacks of the Dictionary, refuse to acknowledge it as a member of their super-refined Society. But I fear I entertain a dislike of the general tone of the poem, exquisite as it is in detail. Why need the lady be so confoundedly—I cannot help swearing at it—so confoundedly dismal ? Why should she everlastingly (as I perceive by a former number of the ‘Foundling Hospital’) be tampering with such disagreeable matters as “death” and “the grave,” and the “canker-worm,” and “the blighted hope,” “the withered heart,” “the scared soul,” and a thousand other such uncomfortable fancies ? If her woes be real, most sincerely do I pity the poor lady, and the sooner her gloomy aspirations after death and the grave are gratified, the better it will be for her ; if feigned, I shall say no more than that I wish that, for the pleasure of the readers of the “Little-Pedlington Observer,” she would exercise her imagination upon subjects of a more agreeable character. I am aware I may be told that Miss Cripps is, *par excellence*, the “Songstress of Woe ;” that she “strings her lyre with tears ;” and that much also will be said about “finer sensibilities,”

“poetical temperament,” “flow of feeling,” and “out-pourings of soul.” Fiddle-de-dee! the mere commonplace twaddle of criticism. Could the performances on this tear-strung lyre be restricted to the hand of Miss Cripps alone, the inventress of the instrument, and its mistress also, I should not so much object to an occasional movement *doloroso*; but her genius (as it is evinced in the effusion which has occasioned these passing remarks) might unhappily beget a brood of imitators, who, like imitators in general, would select only the worsser qualities of their model; and then we should have every young lady in Little-Pedlington whimpering about “blighted hopes” at fourteen; at fifteen invoking death, and sighing for the quiet of the cold, cold grave; and, at sixteen, running off with a tall footman, or a haberdasher’s mustachio’d “assistant.” Rather than that these things should occur, I would suggest—since extremes provoke extremes—an Act of Parliament to prohibit lady-poets from meddling with any other subjects than silver moons, radiant rainbows, blushing roses, modest violets, and the like; and to restrict them, in their gloomiest moods, to illustrations—of which the most sad and dismal should be—a cloudy night in summer.

Amongst the advertisements, the following is the most prominent. My attention was first caught by that portion which is printed in capital letters, and which I read independently of the context in humbler type. “Magnificent property, indeed!” thought I. As I have never met with anything of the kind at all comparable with it, I think it worth extracting:—

**CHATSWORTH AND BLENHEIM**

Are not likely either speedily or soon to be brought to the hammer, but a most desirable Freehold Property in the Vale of Health

**WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION,**

On the premises, on Monday next, at twelve o’clock precisely,

**BY MR. FUDGEFIELD.**

It seldom falls to the fortunate lot of an auctioneer to have to offer to the public a property to describe which puts to the utmost stretch of extension the most sublime and inexhaustible powers of description for to describe; and which, to convey an idea of sufficiently adequately, would be required to be described by the unequalled and not to be paralleled descriptive powers of a

**LORD BYRON.**

What then must be the feelings of Mr. Fudgefield on the present occasion, when he has to offer for sale that most desirable residence, situate in the Vale of Health, and known by a name as appropriate as it is befitting, and well merited as it is most richly deserved,

**PARADISE-HOUSE!**

The particulars of this most desirable and charming residence, which may truly be called  
*A PERFECT RUS IN URBE A LITTLE WAY OUT OF TOWN,*  
will in the course of this advertisement be stated fully and at length; and which Mr. Fudgefield owes it as a duty to his employers to state as circumstantially as he would if it were a

**MAGNIFICENT MANSION,**

*FIT FOR THE RESIDENCE OF*

**A NOBLEMAN’S FAMILY.**

Being near the town and in its immediate vicinity, where everything that Nature’s multitudinous desires can wish for can be obtained when wanted, it is not necessary, and scarcely requisite, that it should

**BOAST OF**

**THREE DOUBLE COACH-HOUSES AND ACCOMMODATION FOR TWENTY HORSES;**

nor indeed should it be expected, when the town can boast of two confectioners, that it should

possess a

**WELL-CONSTRUCTED ICE-HOUSE.**

It is also the opinion of many persons that, as it occasions great expense, outlay, and disbursement, to maintain and keep up

*ONE OF THE FINEST PINERIES IN THE KINGDOM,  
NUMEROUS GREEN-HOUSES AND CONSERVATORIES,  
A WELL-STOCKED FISH-POND,*

**AND AN AVIARY WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF ALL EUROPE,  
none but such as those whose fortunes are equal, and whose means are adequate to, such  
AND OTHER LUXURIES,**

ought to encumber themselves with them. From this rule is not to be excepted

*A CHOICE COLLECTION OF RARE BOOKS, ALL IN COSTLY BINDINGS,*

when from any of the circulating libraries in the town any book to convey pleasure to the understanding, instruction to the imagination, or information to the intellect, may be obtained at the cost of a moderate and not unreasonable subscription. The same observations would apply to a

**A SMALL BUT TRULY SELECT SELECTION OF**

**CHINA,**

**FROM THE FAR-FAMED AND WELL-KNOWN MANUFACTORIES OF  
SEVRES AND DRESDEN ;**

And one of the

**MOST SPLENDID COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES,**

**BY THE OLD MASTERS, EVER BROUGHT TO THE HAMMER :**

*INCLUDING SEVERAL BY*

*RAPHAEL ANGELLO, LUNARDI DE VINSY, PAUL VERUYNEASY, THE THREE STORACES,  
VANDYKI, RUBINI, PAUL POTTRER, SEBASTION PLUMPO, JULIET ROMANO,  
TITAN, JERRY DOW, GEORGE ONY, OLD PALMER, DON MYCHINO,  
AND OTHER SPANISH, ENGLISH, AND ITALIAN  
ANCIENT OLD MASTERS.*

For the reasons above adduced, and as Mr. Strut's unrivalled company are shortly to exhibit their well-known talents in a theatre of their own, a

**SMALL BUT ELEGANT PRIVATE THEATRE**

would be supererogatory and superfluous ; as also, considering the

**CHARMING DRIVES AND RURAL PROMENADES,**

Reminding the enchanted eye of the enraptured beholder of the

**ELYSIAN FIELDS,**

which are to be enjoyed at every turn in the neighbourhood of Little Pedlington, an

**EXTENSIVE PARK AND PLEASURE GROUNDS**

would hardly compensate the Purchaser for the immense cost which he must be at for planting and laying out perhaps as many as would

**COMPRISE 10,000 ACRES!!!**

It is only necessary further to add that

*PARADISE HOUSE*

consists of four rooms, small but commodious ; with wash-house and most convenient kitchen, detached ; with a garden of a quarter of an acre in extent, more or less ; from which (should they ever honour the Vale of Health with a visit) the fortunate purchaser of this most desirable Property would be enabled most distinctly to see the

**KING AND ALL THE ROYAL FAMILY.**

But Mr. Hobbleday is announced (" the greatest humbug in all Little-Pedlington," as he was described to me by Scorcwell) ; so down with my newspaper. As I am to dine with him to-day, in order to meet some of the worthies of the place, I trust that I shall return home in the evening full of interesting matter for the continuation of my Journal.

P\*.

*(To be continued.)*

## GIULIETTA GRISI.

Χαιρέ μοι ὦ κοῦρα  
Καλλιῖστα πολὺ παρθένω.

‘ Son vergine vezzosa.’

THE season which has recently closed at the King's Theatre was especially Grisi's—to her it should be inscribed in the *fasti* of the Italian Opera. It is true that the company which she led combined the greatest number of first-rate artists that we have perhaps ever had in this country for the same length of time; but it is also certain that we have known a greater than Grisi, with support not much inferior in efficiency, fail in sustaining an equally excited and protracted interest in our musical *beau monde*. Without disparagement to this very delightful singer, to whom we too have to confess ourselves debtors for no small amount of gratification, we should ascribe her extraordinary success, in part, to an auxiliary, which can aid even the most gifted individuals but once in a life's career—we mean novelty—*cet être suprême*. That her intrinsic merits are most highly attractive and capable of being permanently so, cannot be doubted; but when we consider, what seems a matter of unquestionable fact, that Pasta in 1831, having in her train Lablache, Rubini, Santini, and Lalande, to say nothing of a brilliant ballet, could not create a similar sensation upon town, we must look somewhat beyond those merits for houses crowded in the dog-days like the Calcutta black-hole. The Signora Grisi (we feel strongly inclined to use one of those endearing diminutives Signorina or Signorella) is but a *débutante* in her profession, and surely a young queen of song and the stage never commenced her reign under happier auspices—in the flower of life, with all its freshness in her heart, and its bloom upon her cheek—with a countenance combining considerable beauty and a most prepossessing expression of intelligence and *naïveté*—and a figure of, notwithstanding its being an inch or two too short, much luxuriant gracefulness. To these rich endowments, nature had also added a voice of the purest musical quality, taste of singular delicacy, and such an union of sense, sensibility, and energy, as were sufficient to attain the nearest approach that talent can make to genius. Education had found here its richest soil, and springing quickly to maturity, produced its fairest blossoms and most generous fruit. Grisi, when she made her first appearance in this country, towards the conclusion of the season of 1834, seemed to have learned all that could be taught in the best schools, both of acting and singing. But there was no symptom of originality in her style, in either art. Her singing was faultlessly refined—the essence, as it were, of Italian manner in the present day—with all its approved graces, powers, and general effects, set off by a voice deliciously toned, and faithful as an instrument to the simplest or most elaborate score. While, however, she brought us nothing novel in mode or expression, she was, on the other hand, above all ordinary imitation. To borrow an illustration from another art, her singing was like those charming works of some modern sculptors, which, unlike the sublime inventions of Michael Angelo, have been emanations from the antique—the result of an over-ruling sense of its beauty.

In her acting, Grisi took to herself the greatest of models—Pasta. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should have become in this department of her profession unequivocally an imitator. To emulate at once, however, and imitate the greatest genius of the modern Italian stage,

before whom the hearts of all Europe had knelt in homage, indicated no mean ambition.

“Hither as to their fountains, other stars  
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.”

And Grisi's imitation of La Pasta was worthy of both. It had no character of servility; it was not blind, but, on the contrary, minute from the very clearness of her perception and full appreciation of the excellence of her prototype. She conformed to the manner of her divine mistress with all the devotedness of a young vestal when first consecrating herself to the altar. Hence her Anna Bolena, in which she won her first garland in London, might be ranked amongst the most remarkable pieces of acting ever known. So faithful a copy was it, that every look, every motion of Pasta seemed to have been recollected and retained by her; and although such mimetic feats are, in general, subjects for laughter rather than serious admiration, yet this was hailed with a rage of applause which erred in quite the opposite direction. In the present performance of Grisi, people wholly forgot the absent Pasta, and some who did remember her were infatuated enough to make comparisons to her disadvantage. We should be mortified indeed if we could be supposed to approach, in our estimate of the young and fascinating prima donna, the monstrous extravagance of such critics. That would, indeed, be unpardonable *lese-majesté* towards that enthroned genius, which divinity doth truly hedge in. To say the truth, Grisi's Anna Bolena, although marvellously similar to its original, was yet but a miniature copy, in which the essential characteristics of great style were, in a considerable degree, lost. The same soul looked not through her eyes and Pasta's, nor could she sustain, in unfluctuating continuity, a display of emotion which had not originated in her own breast. So the closely critical eye could detect frequent momentary pauses in her most hurried course of passion, glances of cold self-possession, which betokened a mind not thoroughly absorbed in its theme. Pasta's conception of the part was all her own,—it could not have been anticipated by her author,—she rose above him,—above history,—and converted the weak victim of that licentious brute, Henry VIII., into a being more loftily tragic than even the Queen Catherine of Shakspeare and Siddons. Her simple and noble mind seems incapable of sympathizing with the familiar littlenesses of human character, and resolves all much-excited passion into a grand ideal. The soul of Judith Pasta in a modern sculptor would have revived and realized the creations of Phidias or Praxiteles. In Grisi we are not destined to see this great creative mind perpetuated, while it may be said that her Anna Bolena gains in *vraisemblance* from its absence. The character in her hands shrinks into truth, and if her eyes cannot look the sublime of Pasta's, they approach nearer to the gospel-beaming eyes of Bullen. That she can lose her reminiscent perceptions of her model, without supplying substitutes from her own imagination, there have, we regret to think, been many little evidences in her latest appearances in the part. We were particularly struck with this, in one instance, which occurred at that beautiful passage in the second act of the opera, where Anna, in her madness, fancying that she sees Percy once again in happy security, moves in the direction of the vision, and with hope, love, and fender supplication stealing over her pale cheek, sings the exquisite melody to the lines—

“Al' dolce guidami  
Castel natio,” &c. &c.

During the whole time that Pasta continued singing this aria, she seemed entirely under the delusion of her fancy—the *amabilis insania*. When we last saw Grisi in the part, just previous to the close of the season, she turned, after the first line of the air, to the audience, and gave it precisely

as if she had been in a concert-room. In estimating, however, the merits of this performance as a whole, it cannot but be admitted that a part so tragic, from first to last, was an over-severe trial for the capacity and endurance of a *débutante*, and conclude that, considering all its difficulties, it was sustained by Grisi with infinite credit to herself. As a display of her natural powers, we should be inclined to consider the Ninetta in *La Gazzza Ladra* as her most successful part. It is less exacting and more concentrated in its passionate distress than Anna Bolena. Few brief scenes on the Opera stage have been more touching than that where Ninetta is led to execution, yet even in it our young *artiste* showed rather a fine sense of beauty in a model, than drew on her own imagination, as the most affecting *point* in the passage was that where she sinks on the stage, into that attitude of perfect woe, immitigable affliction, which is familiarly known from Canova's Magdalene.

We have ascribed the excessive success of Grisi this season, in a great measure, to the natural effects of novelty; in this she was indebted, also, to the pieces in which she chiefly appeared. The new operas of Donizetti and Bellini were most successful; neither being works of very sterling merit, nor yet obnoxious to the contemptuous condemnation they have encountered in some quarters. They were dramatic in their effects, and contained some most agreeable melody. The "Puritani" was the favourite, not, indeed, in its concluding scenes of shallow tragedy, but in its first and second less sombre acts; and notwithstanding Grisi's former efforts during the season, it is probable that the strongest impression which she has left upon the minds of the habitual frequenters of the King's Theatre will prove to have been from her gay and graceful performance in the first act of this opera. She was there herself alone—Grisi—youthful and lovely-looking, glowing with excitement, *riante*, and, what was not least in importance, dressed with most felicitous elegance. We have seldom seen a group more beautifully, more strikingly pictorial, than that where, at the opening of the fourth scene, she clings fearfully and fondly to Lablache, who looked to the life, a gallant, not Roundhead, but Cavalier all of the olden time. The majestic massiveness of his figure, and the paternal affectionateness of his manner, contrasting in perfect effect with her delicately-lithe contour, and her maiden innocence of look—

"*Gio.*—Perche mesta cosi—in' abbracci Elvira.

*El.*—Deh chiamami tua figlia.

*Gio.*—O figlia!"

The passage reminded us, if we may be permitted to say so, without imputation of pedantry, of the exquisite picture which Virgil gives in the first book of the "Æneid," of Jove bending to the complaints, and soothing the anxieties of Venus for her son.

"*Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum  
Vultu quo cælum tempestatesque serenat,  
Oscula libavit natae.*"

This, and the subsequent lively scene of the same act were quite perfect in the elegant comedy of opera, and they were crowned with the inimitable Polonaise, which was the *chef-d'œuvre* of our fascinating cantatrice during the season. Few of her ardent admirers but will find themselves reverting most frequently, when occupied with reminiscences of her, to those so seemingly appropriate lines with which that nightingale gush of song commenced.

"*Son vergine vezzosa  
Son bianca—son rosa.*"

In addition to the natural attractiveness of so charming an *artiste* as the Signora Grisi, upon first acquaintance, there is that about her, we should say, which harmonizes well with the Italian music of the day, and that about both which harmonizes equally happily with the taste of our higher

orders, by whom the Opera is chiefly supported. Her personal *agrémens* and her accomplishments are, as we have remarked, of the most prepossessing kind, while they are unaccompanied with that deeper mystery of intellect, genius, which, in the severe drama, is an over-match for the spirit of lightsome pleasure, and represses it into an untoward mood of seriousness. Thus we feel in our gay circles of crowded *loges*. It is a *bore* to be awed into prolonged sympathy with the tragic vein—to have the “cold chain of silence,” as Moore calls it, hung round us long. The quintessence of choice entertainments is that which in general just piques our attention, and occasionally administers a pleasant, passing electric shock of emotion, but which is no serious obstruction to our chatterings and flirtings, and the regular transaction of our dear little social nothings. We do not want to study human nature in melancholy, or to be over familiar with the workings of broken hearts. Real woe is desperately *ennuieuse*, and its almost real imitation is nearly intolerable; but a pretty picture of the thing, which does not quite rivet our eyes, is no disagreeable distraction, no contemptible stimulant. Our tragedians must not, in fact, petrify us with a Gorgon mask, but select from their repertory of properties one with something of an agreeable grimness. The like rule applies to music; compositions too profound, too German, are beside the purposes of easy gratification. Your monstrous complex scores would require a score of ears to watch their ingenious variety and their wonderful untwisting of all the “links that tie the hidden soul of harmony.” This is equivalent to, and as vulgar as the solution of an arithmetical puzzle. Let then our Opera be simple in its combinations, lively and expressive in its subjects, so that its meaning may be on the surface, and comprehended without an effort. So that, in fact, it may penetrate straightway from our ears to our hearts, and give us no trouble in the way of attention or study. To such an Opera, and such alone, we say—

“These delights, if thou wilt give,  
With thee we'll condescend to live.”

Thus we believe would sing, or say, nine-tenths of our Opera frequenters. There is in both music and acting a perfect analogy with literature. Each may be so elevated, so epic as very quickly to exhaust minds which are not habituated to strenuous intellectual exercise. A few pages of Milton, or of Beethoven, or of Mozart, suffice at a time, for the majority of our generation. The music of the school of Rossini is the delightful medium between these great masters and the ballad-maker. It abounds in elegance and light expression; in buffo, it is refined; in passion, vivid and picturesque. Grisi is admirably adapted to show it off to the best advantage—Pasta is too much for it; her genius confined to it is like the acorn in the china vase. A strong proof that Grisi is deemed the bright excellence of this taste and temper of the times in Opera may be found in the circumstance, that she not only suppressed any general wish for the presence of Pasta during the late season, but any anticipation of her future return to us. The star threatens to eclipse the great luminary from which it “in its golden urn drew light.” To us, and we may possibly be singular, this seems the most melancholy of consummations, and we pray to all Olympus that it may not come to pass, for zealously as we admire her, who may be called the spoiled child of fortune, we have not yet learned to believe that she is the foremost lady of the histrionic world, and we would presume to address her with the lines of Metastasio—

Mi sembri ancora bella,  
Ma no mi sembri quella,  
Che paragon non ha.

## STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MISS LANDON,

AND SUGGESTED BY HER "STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HEMANS."

Thou bay-crown'd living one—who o'er  
 The bay-crown'd dead art bowing,  
 And o'er the shadeless, moveless brow  
 Thy human shadow throwing;  
 And o'er the sighless, songless lips  
 The wail and music wedding—  
 Dropping o'er the tranquil eyes  
 Tears not of *their* shedding:

Go! take thy music from the dead,  
 Whose silentness is sweeter;  
 Reserve thy tears for living brows,  
 For whom such tears are meeter;  
 And leave the violets in the grass,  
 To brighten where thou treadest,  
 No flowers for *her*! Oh! bring no flowers—  
 Albeit "Bring flowers," thou saidest.

But bring not near her solemn corse  
 A type of human seeming;  
 Lay only dust's stern verity  
 Upon her dust undreaming.  
 And while the calm perpetual stars  
 Shall look upon it solely;  
 Her spherèd soul shall look on *them*,  
 With eyes more bright and holy.

Nor mourn, oh living one, because  
*Her* part in life was mourning:  
 Would she have lost the poet's flame,  
 For anguish of the burning?  
 The minstrel harp, for the strain'd string?  
 The tripod, for th' afflated  
 Woe? or the vision, for those tears  
 Through which it shone dilated?

Perhaps she shudder'd while the world's  
 Cold hand her brow was wreathing:  
 But wrong'd she ne'er that mystic breath  
 Which breath'd in all her breathing,—  
 Which drew from rocky earth and man  
 Abstractions high and moving,—  
 Beauty, if not the beautiful,—  
 And love, if not the loving.

Such visionings have paled in sight  
 The *Saviour* she descrieth,  
 And little recks who wreath'd the brow  
 That on His bosom lieth.  
 The whiteness of His innocence  
 O'er all her garments flowing,  
 There learneth she that sweet "new song"  
 She will not mourn in knowing.

Be blessed, crown'd and living one:  
 And when thy dust decayeth,  
 May thine own England say for thee  
 What now for her it sayeth,—  
 "Albeit softly in our ears  
 Her silver song was ringing,  
 The footsteps of her parting soul  
 Were softer than her singing."

THE LINE OF BEAUTY; OR, LES NOCES DE NOSE.

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL TALE.

DEDICATED TO R. LISTON, ESQ., SURGEON, &c.

The presumption of calling a tale "entirely original," and the folly of showing, even in the four words of its title, that you are not prepared to write it in your native language—thus, in four words, more than following the vicious habit of the worst authors—is, I confess, much against me. But I love to grapple with difficulties; and I trust, before I have done, to prove satisfactorily that my Nose is quite original, no matter for the tongue which, being an inferior organ, attempts to tell its story.

Ned Redmund was almost a universal genius—that is, he knew a little of everything, and in our days a very little serves. As a politician, he was accordingly vehement; as a critic, dictatorial; as a companion, loquacious and noisy;—in fact, had it not been for his possession of great talents, he would have been not only disagreeable but unbearable. I ought, however, to add that he also enjoyed a considerable independent income—some fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds a-year; and, though he loved himself well enough, was moderate in his expenses, and lived within compass. Such an individual is unexceptionable in the world; and in a world like London, where half the population of his class subsist in clubs, such a phenomenon as an unembarrassed member is looked up to with proper deference, and courted with due civilities. But Mr. Redmund—for it was only behind his back, or in his presence by a few familiars of tolerably good fortune or intolerable impudence, that he was called Ned—valued himself above all his other qualifications on being a connoisseur in the fine arts: this was his hobby, and he was wont to descant on it freely and largely. The opening of an exhibition was the opening of a new sluice in his over-fluent declamation; a chef-d'œuvre from the Continent made him master of your time for as many hours as it could have taken to paint the picture. Then he had, as he told you, peculiar ideas on the subject. There was but one line which could appeal to his taste and judgment; and all out of that line he considered to be error and abomination. This line was the Line of Beauty; but before I enter more upon it, I ought shortly to describe my hero.

By shortly I mean appropriately; for Ned was one of your physically small men. In height he was above five feet,—he stated from five feet four to five feet five in his stocking-soles, as if his stocking-soles could have added four inches to his actual stature. His limbs were stout, in proportion to his upper works, which were, indeed, of the slimmest, and his corporeal frame pyramidal; so that it was wittily said of him, "His legs would do for any body, and any legs would do for his body." Between his shoulders was set the pedestal of a longish neck, which was surmounted by the head that contained all his sapience—

"His dome of thought, the palace of his soul."

Of the shape of his skull Mr. De Ville spoke favourably: it had, he said, many fine organs, and, the best of all, the organ of acquisitiveness,

which led the owner to give the artist an order for a cast. But the countenance was not handsome: almost all the very young ladies declared it to be positively and disgracefully ugly; those of more mature age, as well as their mammas, thought that though it might be plain, there was a good deal of intelligence and expression in it when lighted up. Now, how it could be called plain was to me a mystery; for it was pitted, seamed, and carved by small-pox; and the lighting up must have been difficult, seeing that it was unusually dark—that blackness of complexion which approaches to dirty; whilst the eyes were pirky orbs, concealed behind the promontory of an ace of clubs nose. His forehead was low; but, by eradicating the hair on its superior range, he conceived it to be of Byronian amplitude for intellect, and imposing grace for general effect.

Such was Ned Redmund at full length; and as he was always well-dressed, you may depend upon it the portrait was often viewed with smiles of approval, even by some of the sex; which smiles Ned returned, as regularly as the harrowing irregularity of his teeth allowed.

I have all my life been puzzled to account for the origin of tastes. Sometimes I have attributed the whole visible phenomena to affectation; but there are certainly some exceptions to that rule,—such as the taste for collections of halters in which criminals have been hanged, bits of the polished bones or tanned skins of murderers, and other rare objects, which it must be really gratifying to contemplate, for their own sakes, in abundance and in solitude. Again, I have considered the proposition that we generally like opposites; but have found it true only to a limited extent. Little prigs of mannikins will marry giantesses, and colossal fellows pair with pigmy maidens, or, indeed, with bits of widows, if otherwise well endowed. The fat take to the thin, and the thin cleave unto the fat. Lame people are almost invariably fond of travelling, and the purblind of sight-seeing. The stone-blind are reckoned the clearest judges of colours; and those who look farthest are destitute of feeling. Upon the whole, I am inclined to attribute Ned Redmund's predilection for beauty to a modification of this principle: Beauty was his antagonist force; and though continually repelled by it, he was also continually attracted.

In everything connected with the arts, Ned insisted on his Line as a *sine quâ non*. A martyrdom was his abhorrence; the *soi-disant* picturesque of old horses or decayed donkeys was detestable; an old woman, however painted, found no favour with him; ruins of any kind were very so-so; battle pieces were confusion; skittle-grounds and nine-pins abominably low; history, trash! A few landscapes, on the contrary, were pleasing; fruit and flower pieces, rich; allegorical subjects, occasionally delightful; the portraits of lovely females, in appropriate costumes, charming; but it was with the pure *nude* that he was ravished into extatics. The Greek in architecture and sculpture, and the Titianesque in painting, were his themes; Venuses, sleeping or waking, were his dreams by night and his talk by day; nymphs, if not spoilt by draperies, were not despised; and his elegant bed-room was a model of luxury and refinement in its profusion of pieces of this description. Precious pieces of Cipriani, Cosway, and Straehling, scarcely ever seen by the public eye, were here religiously or irreligiously preserved; and Ned, in his night-

cap, surrounded by all these emanations of pearly tints and natural flesh-colour, was a sort of Paris on Ida, with a multiplication of goddesses, altogether unique.

In the midst of these enjoyments had Ned reached the age of ten years beyond that period when, as the poet writes, "man suspects himself a fool," without any suspicion of the sort having ever crossed his mind. So far from it, he had, it may be acknowledged, become a trifle more self-conceited; insomuch that many of his particular friends did not scruple to call him a vain coxcomb; while the more charitable and intimate could not help saying that in many things he was a silly block-head. Of these painful confessions, however, Ned, with all his acquirements, was utterly ignorant; and continued to associate with the parties in all the bliss which ignorance bestows.

At this period, it was a lovely day in the month of May, that Ned, having made his toilet, ambled forth for a stroll in the park. The trees were green, and the sky was blue, and our hero was in a most complacent and amiable disposition. He had just turned from the statue of Wellington-Castor, commonly called the Green Man, when he observed a female figure of extraordinary grace walking gently on the path before him. Ned was struck at once, and wounded by a Parthian shot from behind, for, as yet, he had only seen the back of his enemy. But then the Line of Beauty, how perfect! The well-poised head, the fine fall of the shoulders, the swell tapering to a waist of elegant proportions and not the slimmness of a wasp, the renewal of the swell below with a roundness that might have driven Hogarth mad; the easy motion of the limbs, the ankle fleshed into a form of desperate temptation, equally remote from the heel of elephant or the spur of lark, and the foot itself an epigram, so neat, so pointed, so captivating—the *ensemble* was irresistible. Redmund hurried on for a front view; he passed, he turned, and had not his eyes been pinky, as I have stated, he would have thrown his whole soul into one broad stare. But though nature forbade this, he saw enough to complete his subjugation. There was nothing amiss before nor behind. The same scale of excellent moulding prevailed; and the froth-horn Venus never displayed such a union of plumpness and symmetry. Our hero was bewildered; and instead of his usual *Il mio tesoro in tanto*, began humming one of the commonest of songs—

" Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!"

To crown the whole, he at length obtained a full vision of the fair one's face; and oh, if he was in raptures with her person, what was he when he beheld her countenance! It was all he had fancied in his pictorial dreams. Oval, animated, the eyes dark and bright,—and the nose, but the nose requires a distinct paragraph.

The nose of the lovely incognita took its rise between a pair of eyebrows, as the poet celebrates, *nec totidem junctus nec bene disjunctus*, which I translate—

" Not wholly joined, nor yet just quite apart"—

and descended in a straight line towards the upper lip; neither too short nor too long, neither cocked up impertinently, nor drooping disagreeably; neither pinched in avariciously, nor dilating passionately; but correct, proper, significant, a true medium, an incontrovertible

middle feature—the *juste milieu* of noses ! Its outline in profile would have been Grecian, but for a slight Roman protuberancy ; and it was this double classicality of form which finished the utter subjugation of Ned Redmund. Had he known Greek he would have quoted Anacreon ; had he been acquainted with Latin he would have spouted Ovid ; but as his predilections had always been the same, so that, even when a boy at school he studied marbles in preference to grammars, and enjoyed blowing soap-bubbles more than construing crabbed exercises, he simply—

“ Looked and gazed,  
And gazed and looked ;  
And gaped and gazed again.”

It has generally been suspected that young ladies, in the circumstances of our heroine, are annoyed by the particular inspection of the curious and speculative ; and so it seemed with Miss Betsy Redish—for that was her name. Her walk indicated her uneasiness ; her gait became less elastic, her procession less direct, and a sort of crabbed sidling superseded the hitherto even tenor of her way. The grass invited her steps from the foot-path, and the foot-path again won her back from the grass. Thus she could not be said altogether to progress to the gate at the end of Oxford-street, though she advanced in that course, half wishing Ned at Tyburn-turnpike, and half not displeased with the effect she could not help perceiving she had produced on his nervous system. Have you seen a hare doubling, and a hound on the scent?—such was the game all across the Park. All across the Park did I say : all up by Connaught-place, turning sharp round to the right, crossing ——— street, down by Quebec Chapel (into which, in passing at speed, first the hare, and then the hound threw a prophetic peep, as if a coming event cast its shadow before), and finally into ominous Mount-street, where the beautiful chace sought refuge in the shop of a green-grocer.

To the infatuated Ned she appeared to disappear behind considerable bunches of summer-cabbage, white turnips, and yellow carrots, and several bushels of peas in the shell and in baskets. To break cover from such a wilderness was hopeless, and Ned was in despair ; but faint heart never won fair lady, and he crossed the street to reconnoitre. Over the door of the refuge he read, agreeably to the usual order in which matters of the retail kind are announced—

GREEN ( REDISH ) GROCER.

Whence he inferred that one Mr. Redish sold green-grocery there. But how was he to form an acquaintance with this desirable person ? He was no housekeeper, and wanted not summer cabbage, nor turnips, nor carrots, nor peas, nor any vegetable substance in existence. In the windows were no bouquets of flowers—those convenient and sweet introductions—everything was for the mouth, and nothing for the nose. But Venus ever favours her true votaries. Happily, lifting up his eyes in extreme distress, Mr. Redmund observed an inscription more delightful than letters of gold, though mere black and white, which intimated “ *A first floor to be let ;*” and blessed be he who lets me, exclaimed Tom, as advised by a brass plate he hastened to “ knock and ring.”

Why should I dilate upon the further incidental particulars in the

progress of this affair? Suffice it, that Ned established himself in the lodgings, found his adored Betsy was Mr. Redish's only child, and so ardently took old Time by the forelock, that he must have pulled his hair off in six weeks, had he not succeeded in obtaining the consent of Miss Redish to bestow her hand, heart, and nose upon him in holy wedlock for ever.

Received as the affianced lover, while preparations were making for the nuptials, Ned and his fair slaver entered into those innocent enjoyments which are understood, *à priori*, to prepare the way to more perfect happiness. Alas, how uncertain is the lot of humanity! how wide a gap does accident often contrive to make of that small space which lies between the cup and the lip! One delicious afternoon, when the cooing pair had taken a gentle ride over the scene of their first encounter, they gaily cantered on towards the Regent's Park. Miss Redish had better never have forsaken the pavement of Mount Street, to mount a palfrey warranted to keep its feet (which it certainly did, though its feet could not keep it from stumbling), and charm the world with deeds of horse-womanship. Just opposite Lockhart's house a dirty-looking boy ran hastily past, and the creature started, fell, and threw its rider; which was not surprising, as it happened to be a printer's devil carrying the copy of an article on Melton Mowbray for the "Quarterly Review." The consequences were most disastrous. Ned, distractedly, reined up his steed; and, unfortunately for the poor lady on the road, his far hind foot came far too near, and the iron shoe striking her face, mutilated it in a shocking manner. Bleeding and senseless, she was borne to three coloured bottles, and such assistance administered as their owner could supply. Taken home, she was attended by skilful leeches; but, horrid catastrophe! after weeks of darkness, and bandagings, and suffering, it was found that her nose, that temple of beauty worshipped by the disconsolate Redmund, was irrecoverably gone.

With it his fondest expectations were crushed; and his agony was only the more intense, when he reflected that the cruel mutilation was his own doing. The iron, metaphorically, and not of the horse-shoe, entered his own soul; and wide London could not exhibit a man more woe-begone and wretched than Mr. Edward Redmund.

Weeks and months elapsed, yet his sorrows knew no assuaging. Without a nose, how could they have an end? Fate had done its worst—the line of beauty, the glorified line of beauty, was defaced, annihilated. Nor was Betsy's grief less sincere, though of necessity unaccompanied by some of the common concomitants of weeping. Her eyes, it is true, shed abundance of tears, but they could only trickle down her cheeks; and the reddened prominency, with its peculiarly-unpleasant sound, and requisition for the well-sopped handkerchief, was wanting to the complete manifestation of female disconsolateness.

When things are at the worst, (said old Green Peas one day, endeavouring to console his lodger and daughter,) when things are at the worst, they must mend. "But there is nothing to mend!" exclaimed Redmund, wiping near his eyes; "Nothing to mend," repeated Betsy, raising her hand in vain to wipe the same organ. It was a pitiable calamity, and seemed irremediable; yet the worthy grocer was in the right, and help was nearer than the bereft could imagine.

It was at this epoch that the celebrated surgeon of the Modern Athens, to whom I have humbly and respectfully inscribed this tale, took it into his head to leave the Athenians to their national disorders, and settle himself in the capital of Cockaigne. London being covered with houses for about twenty miles in every direction, was declared to be a wider field for the exercise of his extraordinary abilities, and accordingly he came amongst us to demonstrate that if the John of that name was a King in his way, the Robert was a Devil in another learned profession ; that he was Galen, let who would be Thespis.

It so happened that Ned fretted himself into a fit of sickness, and called in a doctor, as if physic could cure vexation. He had heard, perhaps, of " pills to purge melancholy," and fancied a few might do him good. The doctor was a man of the greatest ability in his line, that is to say, he was a prodigious gossip, and talked more to his patients during a half-hour's visit, than they could have heard from any other mouth in town for double the amount of his fee. His medical success was accordingly prodigious, and, in fact, the only obstacle to his rising to still greater practice was the want of time, and consequently talk to give to his patients. Had days consisted of forty-eight instead of twenty-four hours, he would have done twice as much. It was during his second call upon Ned that his desultory conversation chanced to run from Lord Byron's " Cain" into Sterne's " Tristram Shandy" and one of its heroes, *Hafen Slawkenbergius*, with his illustrious " illustrations of the doctrine of Noses." From Slawkenbergius and the ninth tale of his twelfth decade, wherein the stranger who arrived at Strasburg from the promontory of Noses is so graphically described, and the scintuel exclaimed, " Di boni ! nova forma nasi," *alias*, " Never saw such a nose in my life !" our doctor slipped into the subject of the extraordinary nasal erections of the Edinburgh surgeon, and so astonished his patient with his accounts of these operations, that, without taking another prescription, he forthwith got perfectly well. It was hope which arose in his breast, and healed him ; hope, worth all the medicines in the world, opium, quinine, colocynth, colchicum, squills, calomel, and prussic acid to boot. Hope, that takes its seat on our nature's throne, and issues its decrees to all the vassal vessels round, till brightness gleams from the dulled eye, smiles dimple on the languid cheek, breath flows freely from the choked throat, the red blood circulates briskly in the stagnant veins, the heart beats lightly, the foot treads firmly, and every look and motion bespeak the balmy influence of the rosy and god-like monarch who reigns within.

" Hope told a flattering tale."      °

Nevertheless, throughout the night Ned was restless and uneasy, and rose from an almost sleepless couch, with the earliest cries of " Old clo," and " Miew below." He passed through the streets, where he met no living inhabitants stirring abroad, except the utterers of these noises, and a few grooms leading forth horses to enjoy, what their masters and mistresses never did, but, *vice versa*, namely, the fresh air. Thus he reached the surgeon's door, at an hour when, if there had been an accident-patient for every shutter that was up, there would have been no want of practice. It was some time before he made himself heard, but at length the parlour window was opened, and an immense cat looking

out, very gravely intimated his desire to know Ned's business, and the cause of his making so much noise so unseasonably.

The matter being explained, the faithful creature immediately awakened his principal, and a consultation was held, to the indescribable satisfaction of the no-longer despairing lover.

Towards Mount-street he returned jocund and tip-toeing it, while he muttered—"If she will consent—it is not impossible—restored—nose—line of beauty—true Greco-Roman line of beauty—feature—nose—nose!" Hastening to the apartment of his injured and beloved Betsy, he was so overcome with emotion that he could only throw himself on his knees before her, and sigh—"Oh, my life, Liston—Liston—Liston!"

Now, Miss Redish, though she had lost her nose, had kept her ears, and she bent them to listen to this wild adjuration with all her might. It was long, however, before she could gather the purport of the startling proposition so earnestly made to her, and open her eyes to the prospect of a new nose in their neighbourhood. The pros and cons, the doubts and assurances, the fears and persuasions, were numerous and lasting.

"Can it be done?"

"It can!"

"I am sure it cannot."

"Indeed it has been done!"

"It must be very painful."

"It will restore the line of beauty!"

"I never can endure it."

"We will be married the moment you have recovered."

Ned was all eloquence and persuasion, and Betsy, though timid, entertained latent feelings which prompted her to yield. For nobody likes to be without a nose; and few girls to be without a husband.

Finally, the reconstruction of this important feature was confided to Mr. L., the rival of Telford in bridge-building, though employing only cartilage, muscle, and skin, instead of wood, lime, and granite.

It would ill become me even to approach a process, the picturing of which might offend the most fastidious sense; were it not that while I discard the technical terms of the schools, I can in few words describe the curious plastic ceremony which my heroine underwent, without the risk of uttering a syllable to render the information disagreeable to the gentlest of the gentle sex. Love sought the union, and it was successfully effected.

The shape was traced with ink on the pale forehead of the trembling maiden, being previously measured in soft leather, to remedy and cover the deformity below. The skin was dissected, and carefully carried down; while its attachment at the root of the nose was left of a proper thickness to secure a sufficient vascular supply. Elegantly fitted to a surface prepared for it by sutures, lint moistened with warm water, and other applications, were judiciously used, and the constant fair one was left to repose.

She suffered like a martyr—Ned like a victim.

Three days afterwards, the attached portion of the flap on the forehead was divided, and the nose was left to itself.

Mr. Redmund's anxiety about the result was intense. He could not await the removal of the isinglas-plaster, which concealed from him the condition of the improved face; and would have endangered the

second nose as much as the first, had he not been restrained by surgical advice amounting to strong prohibition.

I ought perhaps to have mentioned that the skilful operator had been terribly taxed to renovate, not only the lost organ, but the perfect line of beauty of the original. "A mere nose," said Ned, "will be an acquisition; but the nose to restore me to former happiness must be Greco-Roman, and consistent with the only line of beauty."

The patterns he submitted to Mr. Liston were, of course, duly considered; and when the bandages were removed, it was astonishing to see how near "the first intention" of the surgeon had fulfilled the anxious intention of the lover. The union was so natural, that it foreboded his own; and he talked of lymph as if it were nymph, and of inoculations as if they were congratulations; so mixed up in his mind had become the ideas of cure and matrimony.

At length the countenance of Miss Redish was openly revealed, and, though infinitely delighted, Ned sighed to perceive that there were yet imperfections and deficiencies in his worshipped face. It is true, the brow was unscarred, and the nose was Greco-Roman; but there was a certain dipping inward at the tip, which, to a connoisseur like him, was almost more offensive than no nose at all. His fine taste revolted at a curve so un-Raphaellesque—so un-Phidiastic! and again the aid of the skilful operator was invoked, and again he succeeded by, as he informed Ned, in his own pithy style, he would, "*borrowing* a narrow piece of the upper lip skin, mucous lining, and interposed substance; to provide a columna, to form a partition across the nostril, and support the extremity at a proper elevation!"

Ned's amazement was at its height when he found that not only was his grand object by this means accomplished, but that the shape of Betsy's mouth was infinitely improved by it. Upon that mouth he imprinted a soft kiss, while he repeated, from Slawkenbergius, "a Nasorum Promontorii rediit et nasum speciosissimum egregiosissimum, quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivit"—she has returned from Liston's Place in the Promontory of Noses with one of the goodliest and most magnificent that ever fell to the lot of woman!

"God's power is infinite!" cried the Nosarians (vide "*Tristram Shandy*," *passim*); "he can do anything." "By God in heaven!" cried the Popish doctors, "he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg!" Had our Liston lived in those days, he must have been esteemed at least a glorious apostle. But truce to comment; and I, like Slawkenbergius, must come to the *peripeitia*, or catastrophe of my tale.

Blessing Providence that his Betsy's nose had not been stuck on as was Garengot's\*, Ned led her, perfect in all her parts, a blushing

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\* The case of a soldier, if we remember rightly, reported by Carpue. According to the true account, his nose, having been carried off in action, was much trampled on under foot during the making and repulse of several vigorous charges, was picked up during a pause, washed in wine, and stuck on again; but so great were the hurry and confusion of the battle, his kind comrade deposited it the wrong way: so that ever after, when he wanted to take snuff, he was obliged either to drop it in funnel-wise, or stand upon his head.

Jesting apart, my story was suggested by witnessing the performance of the operation on which it is founded in the hospital of the London University a few months

bride to Quebec Chapel, where the nuptial operation was performed upon the happy pair. Mr. Liston gave away the lady, and Ned was supported by old Peas, who shelled out handsomely on the occasion. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Redmund set out in their travelling carriage for the Continent. They spent the honeymoon in perfect felicity at Strasburg; and when I last heard from Ned, which was not many months ago, he expressed his sanguine hopes that the Line of Beauty would be continued to an extent hitherto unknown in the Redmund family.

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ago, by the very able gentleman with whose name I have made, I hope not offensively, so free. Struck by the extraordinary success of so curious a process, I thought it might be treated in an amusing manner, in which, if I have half accomplished my design, I trust my fair readers will say, with the innkeeper's wife at Strasburg, "*Estne, nonne est nasus prægrandis*"—Is it not, is it not a noble nose?  
—THE AUTHOR.

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### THE BRIGAND'S WIFE.

OH, take not forth our gentle child  
To lead a life of sin!  
Let dangers gird that breast; yet spare  
The undying soul within.  
Our boy is yet unstain'd and pure,  
As in his natal hour;  
Oh, give him to his mother's arms,  
Nor blight my faultless flower!

I do not bid thy steps forswear  
The paths too early sought;  
I will not chide thee now, nor grieve  
O'er deeds that thou hast wrought.  
I've seen thee oft go forth to slay;  
But my woman's love was strong;  
And though my heart condemn'd, I wept  
In silence o'er the wrong.

But this fair boy is spotless yet;—  
Oh! think how sweet he smiled  
When, 'mid the mountains, late we kept  
A vigil o'er our child.  
And when thy lip, in bitter mood,  
Hath cursed the world and me,  
Think how his gentle steps have stol'n  
All trembling to thy knee.

His guileless spirit oft hath moved  
Thy hand and guilt between;  
His love to me a lasting bond  
Of purity hath been.  
Then take, oh! take him not away,  
To lead a life of sin;—  
Far better pierce that breast, than slay  
The immortal soul within!

E. L. MONTAGU.

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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The French Assassinations—A Family Group\* near Greenwich—Errors of the Press—Privileges of Parliament—The Extraordinary Orange-Book.

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THE FRENCH ASSASSINATIONS.—The close of last month has been rendered more memorable in the history of Our Time than even the latter days of July, 1830. Centuries almost have passed since a successful attempt at wholesale assassination has been recorded. Men, as in Spain, have committed extensive butchery in cold blood, and have used the hallowed name of "liberty" while shooting unarmed prisoners; but it was reserved for France to add to her long catalogue of offences against humanity, one that is almost without parallel even in the darkest ages. The event to which we refer is described elsewhere; we allude to it here chiefly because it affords a powerful warning against the spread of principles that placed Louis Philippe on a throne which has been to him a seat of thorns. What have the French people gained by exchanging King Log for King Stork? The press is, at this moment, far more shackled than it was in 1830; the houses of persons "suspected"—a term very useful to despots—may be entered at any hour; and a citizen of France has no better assurance of his right to walk the streets of Paris, than when the more practised cut-throats under Robespierre ruled the city. So much, and no more, have the French obtained by their struggle of "three glorious days." The affair of which Fieschi is the hero may be considered, however, but as the prologue to a drama that has been long in rehearsal. The times are changed; and instead of compelling the King to submit to a mock trial previous to execution, the Republicans will resort to the more certain and quicker mode of assassination. One attempt has failed; the next may be, and probably will be, successful. The warning-boast of the ruffian is, that the King is not in any *present* danger, because "It must be some time before another Fieschi can be found." There is an old English couplet which contains a volume—

"Learn to be wise by others' harm,  
And you will do full well."

The lesson taught by the French Revolution of 1830, like that of 1793, has not been lost upon Great Britain. Among us there may be many "discontented and repining spirits;" some who will even go the lengths of declaring that an Englishman's "house" shall be no longer "his castle," but that armed officers shall break down his door and seize his private papers; yet the good sense and upright feeling of our country are still matters to boast of—not matters of mere history.

A FAMILY GROUP NEAR GREENWICH.—Colonel Perceval remarked truly enough the other day, that if an "angel from heaven" were to undertake the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would fail to please all parties. There is a wide difference however between pleasing all, and displeasing everybody. Mr. Spring Rice seems, just now, much nearer the latter point than the former. But whatever ridicule or reprobation may be bestowed upon his maiden Budget, there was one bright hope held out

in his speech on the occasion, that at once lightened up the darkness visible of his schemes. We allude to the Right Hon. Gentleman's assurance that the new poor-law system will, beyond question, benefit the agricultural interests more than any reduction of taxation that the most sanguine of the race of Humes could possibly anticipate. We confess that we should put more faith in this pleasant prophecy, if the workings of the system hitherto did not denote a rather opposite result, as far as the agricultural labourers are concerned; and we presume that no statesman would designedly leave them out in his estimate of the agricultural interests. Mr. Spring Rice's position may enable him to take a bird's-eye view of the blessings that are to spring up where all seems to be barren; while ours may only enable us to see the evils that are hidden from him.

The same print in which we read this gratifying promise of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, contained one of the most appalling of the innumerable cases of individual hardship, to which the hopeful system has given rise. It has passed comparatively unnoticed among the stirring topics of the hour. At the Greenwich petty-sessions a labouring man was summoned to show cause why he did not support his three grandchildren. To show cause! Well, he proceeded to show that he supported a wife and five children—that he supported an aged father and mother beside; making, altogether, *nine* persons supported by his individual labour. He showed, also, that the earnings upon which this was done amounted only to *thirteen shillings* a week. Was *this* showing cause why he had not supported three grandchildren also? Unfortunately, with the idea of strengthening his "cause," this poor man alleged that he had just contrived to pay five pounds for medical attendance for his infirm parents, rather than resort to charitable aid. This act of virtue was fatal to him. Sir Thomas Wilson protested, that if the man could save up five pounds out of his small income, he could support three extra children! And Mr. Finch (the M.P. we believe) had the delicacy to insinuate that the offender had some decent furniture! He was ordered to take the three children into his keeping, on pain of being sent to the House of Correction. So that at this moment there may be witnessed, within six miles of the metropolis, the extraordinary spectacle of four generations—consisting in the whole of twelve human beings—subsisting upon thirteen shillings a week, or something less than twopence a day each! Such spectacles, undoubtedly, become less startling as we proceed farther from London; they may be common enough in many parts of the country; but while they are multiplying hourly, under the operation of this benevolent system, it requires the unusual stretch of faith in the prophetic powers of a Chancellor of the Exchequer to induce us to sit quietly down and await the miraculous gushing of the water from the flinty rock.

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ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—Sin, we are informed, engenders sin. Errors of the press beget errors of the press. Mr. Moore, in his recent reproduction of the "Fudges," has some ten lines of *verse* recording an error or two of a whimsical cast, though not perhaps in the nicest taste. It is curious that these ten lines of verse, upon such a subject, have gone the round of the papers in the following form:—

"And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes. But a week or two since, in my ode upon Spring, which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing, where I talk'd of the 'dew drops from freshly-blown roses!' the nasty things made it 'from freshly-blown noses!' And once, when to please my cross aunt I had tried to commemorate some saint of her clique, who'd just died, having said he 'had tak'n up in heaven his position,' they made it, he'd 'tak'n up to heav'n his physician!'"

It must be taken for granted that this prosaic version is an error, and not the result of a piece of sly and humorous revenge on the part of the printer. If it be a joke, then it is no joke. It is nothing if not accidental. At any rate, it has been copied in its present form into various papers, as though it had no pretensions to rhythm.

**PRIVILEGES OF PARLIAMENT.**—The present House of Commons has, from the commencement of the Session to the eleventh hour of its duration, been infinitely more rigid in the maintenance of its privileges, and more quick to detect offence, and more eager to punish with severity, than any preceding Parliament for a long series of years. The important part which the Irish Members have been called upon to play in it, in turning the scale of power, and deciding the course of policy, would seem to have communicated something of the Irish irritability to its character. On one only point it seems to have declined an opportunity of resenting a breach of privilege, and that of so gross a kind that we feel some scruple even in alluding to it. A Dublin paper had charged Mr. Maxwell and another Honourable Member with "telling lies," and the House, with a lenity curiously contrasted with its ordinary sternness, refused to summon the offender to its bar. It actually missed an occasion of sending a man to Newgate. Now, however arbitrary its conduct may have been in other cases, here is one sign of good and generous feeling. The House saw that the libel was directed against Mr. Maxwell as a Member of Parliament, for he distinctly stated that "the allusion could not be to anything he had said *elsewhere*." This furnished an excellent ground for non-interference. To charge a gentleman with departing from the truth *in* the House of Commons is surely no charge against his moral character. To accuse him of fibbing in his political capacity *within* the walls, is to leave him *without* as speckless as purity. Is it not an occurrence of every day? Do not Honourable Members nightly throw out the same delicate accusations against each other, in language equally explicit if less pithy—of outward form more "elaborate," but of inward, no "less exact?" It has become part and parcel of parliamentary usage—it forms one of the "privileges" of the "Reformed" House; and it is not unnatural that the press, reporting the debates, should catch its spirit, and adopt its language. Nothing "personal" was intended by the use of the epithet,—nothing that could have the remotest application to the conduct of the Honourable Member—"elsewhere;" and, therefore, being strictly confined to Parliamentary character, it could not possibly affect moral character, which are now understood to be two opposite things. The House felt that it would be ridiculous to reprehend a man for using Parliamentary language, and acting upon a principle high in favour with the Legislature. In one instance, then, we are compelled to admire the discreet and considerate spirit of the arbitrary House. The consequences of calling men to account for indulging in these little licenses of speech, these trifling freedoms of phraseology, that "mean nothing," would be positively awful. Half the House would be firing at the other half; and as for editors, more Newgates must be erected for their reception.

**PAINS AND PENALTIES OF INNOCENCE.**—We have had our recollection called to a curious occurrence that took place not long since at one of the police-offices. An aged man, who had been charged with some minor offence, was proved to be innocent, and ordered to be discharged; upon which he suddenly became eloquent, and implored the magistrate to reverse the decree, to adjudge the offence to be proved, to find a verdict of guilty, and to be charitable enough to inflict upon him a sentence of

imprisonment. He appealed to the mercy of the bench for an exercise of its rigour. He prayed more feelingly for punishment than others pray to be let off. There seemed something inexplicable in all this, yet the petition was a reasonable one, and the innocent man was by no means out of his senses in begging to be branded as guilty. It presently appeared that his discharge from custody was contingent upon his payment of the prison fees! The amount of these we are ignorant of; but the innocent prisoner in this case was so poor, so helpless from age and want, that he could not raise the amount. To him, therefore, the discharge was no dismissal at all; the verdict of "found innocent" was virtually a sentence of punishment, without an exact limit. Pronounced guiltless, he might remain in custody for—turnkeys only know how long; but, pronounced guilty, he would be certain of his liberation on a specified day. Which was the best? Was it not natural for him to petition for punishment? Of the two evils, guilt and innocence, he chose the least—guilt.

A dramatic version of an American quarrel, in some farce that we have seen, contained a bold stroke in the way of retort; one of the wordy warriors saluting the other thus—"I wouldn't be in a raffle for you, for fear of winning you." The same fear might possess the man who is interested in the raffle for justice. He might reasonably dread being the lucky winner. His hopes might naturally run in favour of losing. Good fortune in some cases is in reality ill-luck. We should advise poor people to keep out of the way of police-law, for fear of being found innocent. If they are very destitute, they should take care to have witnesses in attendance to establish their guilt beyond danger of disproof. In proportion to their dislike of imprisonment, they will be anxious to avoid a sentence of dismissal. They must think less about clearing their characters than clearing their persons effectually. They must hope for a blank in the lottery; a prize will surely perplex them. If beaten they are victorious; but if they conquer they are undone.

It may not be much known, except to the individual sufferers, that this practice is in daily force in the metropolitan temples of justice. Take an instance from last week's report. An unfortunate wight (it did not appear that he was intoxicated) had been assaulted at a late hour of the night, and for exercising his lungs in violent calls upon the police, was lodged in the station-house. The next morning he appeared at Bow-street, and was thus dismissed by the magistrate—"As you have done no harm, pay your discharge, and go about your business." Now, could the most cunning malignity have conceived a severer satire upon justice than is contained in this decree—one out of a hundred that happen weekly—"As you have done no harm, pay your discharge!" This is no fine for intoxication,—no penalty inflicted in place of imprisonment; it is the price (whatever may be the number of shillings) of being proclaimed innocent, and entitled to a discharge. It is the bribe to justice for not convicting—the unknown costs of having done "no harm" to anybody—the gratuitous addition to the misery of having passed a night in a dark cell with the most loathsome company;—the ransom of an offender when he is proved to have committed no offence;—the fee to "law" for having failed to violate it;—the legal charge for the pleasure of being wrongfully accused. Our Statute-Book is defaced by large as well as small blots; that which we have referred to may be among the most insignificant, but it is of a deep dye—a genuine jet black—and ought to be erased forthwith. What has the man who has done no harm, and who is declared innocent, to do with prison-fees?—yet the practice is useful while it remains, as furnishing a convenient example and perfect illustration of barbarisms of a greater magnitude in what we rightly designate our Criminal Code. *Criminal* it yet remains, in spite of the humanizing influences that in later years have partially subdued its fierceness.

**THE EXTRAORDINARY ORANGE-BOOK.**—We wonder that no enterprising publisher has yet furnished the world, under this title, with extracts from Col. Fairman's sealed volume of public and private documents, as a companion to the Extraordinary Black-book. Anything would do, so that it was abundantly monstrous; desperate treasons on the one page, and romantic *billets-doux* on the other. The "Lost Book Found" would make the tour of all the circulating libraries in the realm, within nine days, during which it would be the universal wonder. A portrait of the gallant Colonel might be prefixed, as the grand professor of the "Art of Book-keeping." We throw out the hint *gratis*. There is no speculation in the age, it be not taken in a dozen places.

No book of the season has created such a sensation. Indeed, no author of our time has yet written a volume which nine-tenths of the House of Commons were dying with anxiety to read the instant they heard of it. Col. Fairman may make his fortune by the copyright; but he must be quick, or counterfeits better than the original will be before him in the market.

It is fortunate for the object of Parliamentary judgment upon this occasion, that the sitting of the House approaches to its close. "The dread voice will soon be past, that shrunk his streams." He may then emerge from his hiding-place, set the Serjeant-at-Arms at defiance, and publish his invaluable book in the open daylight. Meanwhile, whatever justice or injustice he may have sustained by the votes of the House of Commons, he has a right to expect from the public due credit for the motives which he has solemnly asserted to prevail with him in refusing to yield obedience to the Parliamentary summons. He asserts that he withholds the book, not on personal considerations, but on public principle. He has paid, or is liable to pay, sufficiently for his refusal. He acts upon his responsibility. We think it unpardonable, therefore, that to the severity of Parliament exercised against him should be added the virulence and acrimony of the press. In one paper we observe Col. Fairman thus alluded to:—"The refractory Colonel appeared at the bar of the House in a blue coat turned up with purple velvet, and livery buttons, and with a long pair of sandy-coloured mustachios hanging down on each side of the mouth, giving his countenance very much the appearance of that of a walrus, or sea-horse, in the books of birds and beasts." We apprehend that the object of this pitiful pleasantry was not being tried at the bar of the House of Commons upon a charge of not wearing a green coat, or of omitting to shave his upper lip, or of neglecting to dye his hair a dark brown. The Colonel might look like a walrus, possibly, without being exceedingly unlike many Members of Parliament. We really cannot see what these imputed peculiarities of appearance have to do with the Colonel's turpitude. Perhaps his critic was disappointed at not finding his mustachios *orange-coloured*.

The outrage upon British freedom, suggested, if not committed, by a few mis-called "Liberals," in the House of Commons, is, however, matter for more serious reflection. We have received a pretty intelligible hint of what we are to expect if ever the *power* be added to the *will*, and our long-boasted English liberty be left at the mercy of such men as those, who one day advocate imprisonment in Newgate for the term of life, and the next determine that the door of a man's "castle" shall be burst open, his "papers" ransacked, examined, and removed, at the pleasure of an armed officer.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Travels to Jerusalem and the Holy Land.* By the Viscount de Chateaubriand. Translated by Frederic Shoberl.

THE Viscount, on leaving France, proceeded through Venice, embarked for the Morea by the Adriatic, landed at Moden, and thence visited Sparta, Argos, Mycenæ, Corinth, and Athens; embarked again at Cape Suisium, passed the Cyclades to Smyrna; thence travelled to Constantinople, joined a body of Greek pilgrims for the Holy Land; arrived at Joppa, travelled to Jerusalem, and ends the first volume with a description of the Dead Sea.

The first thing that strikes us is, the vast body of information which this traveller brought with him, not in his portmanteau, but in his head. The only books he tells us with which he was provided were Racine, Tasso, Virgil, and Homer, which latter he had interleaved, for the purpose of writing observations. We are led to infer, therefore, that all his remarks are from memory on the spot. On one occasion, he corrects himself by a note for some error in the text, attributing it to defect of memory, and not having at the time Herodotus in his pocket. We are thus made to suppose that all his observations were the spontaneous results of the recollections of his former studies, and if so, we must say he carried about with him, like Julius Scaliger, in the crown of his hat, a mass of ancient and modern knowledge of which no man but himself was ever the bearer. Among the instances of his recondite recollection is a curious fact of English history; the fancied tomb of Eumæus and his faithful dog brings to his mind one ungrateful dog recorded in history:—"He was called Math, and belonged, if I recollect rightly, to one of the kings of England, of the House of Lancaster." We confess ourselves sacked even in our own annals by the tenacious Viscount. Math is not at present within the compass of our memory, though we do not deny his possible existence.

The next trait is no less characteristic of the amiable vanity of his country. He everywhere finds the name of Frenchman respected and beloved. He meets with two Turkish officers of the Pasha's guard at Tripolizza, who were disposed to take liberties with him; but the moment they were informed he was a Frenchman, there were no civilities they did not heap on him, though his appearance and worn-out clothes were little calculated to exact them. He even met with a Turk who spoke French fluently. When it is recollected that many years after, when the Greeks were no longer appointed Dragomans or interpreters to the Porte, and it was necessary to look out for a Turk, not one could be found who could speak any language but his own, this rencontre of the Viscount was rather unexpected.

A third characteristic of our author is the vividness of his imagination. He makes out a plausible theory from a glance, he clothes his fancies in the garb of reality, and as his imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown, he actually gives to "airy nothing a local habitation and a name." His great discovery is ascertaining that ancient Sparta is not the modern Misitra, but Palæochori, and he prides himself on it as much as his countryman and contemporary Chevalier did, on finding that the hill of Bonarbashi was the site of Troy—and with not so much reason. It is quite amusing to contemplate him standing on an eminence which he supposes must have been the Acropolis, and pointing out where the different places mentioned by Pausanias and others must have stood, though he himself acknowledges that nothing could be more completely obliterated than every trace of the ancient city, where not a single object was left to guide conjecture. He sees in his mind's eye, rolling in a fine phrenzy, the

Chalciæcos, or brazen temple of Minerva, where Pausanias was stoned by his mother. He thinks he discovers on a stone traces of the letters ΑΑΣΜ, and he asks, could they have belonged to the word ΓΕΑΣΣΑΜΑ, and be part of the pedestal of the statue of Laughter, which Lycurgus erected? He tells of a notice of Jerusalem found on another, which must allude to the alliance with Sparta, mentioned in the Maccabees; and when he can no longer see invisible objects by day the night recalls them, for the constellation of Leda is glittering over his head, and with her come all the progeny of her eggs.

With these, and a few similar national traits, which are small drawbacks on the weight and authenticity of a traveller's details, we know not a better informed or more agreeable traveller than Chateaubriand. Whether his classical or historical illustrations be from memory or no, he certainly applies them with considerable effect, and displays a great and copious variety of information, and there is a kindness in his views, with a certain religious cast, which gives a tint of Christian benevolence to all he says. We forget that he is of a different persuasion from ourselves, and only recognise the amiable author of the "*Genie du Christianisme*." He is overtaken by a storm, and an image of the Virgin is set up in the cabin, with a taper burning before it. The captain and all the sailors begin to pray. "Sailors on shore," said he, "may be free-thinkers as well as any others, but human wisdom is disconcerted in the hour of danger. Man becomes religious, and the torch of philosophy cheers him in the midst of the storm much less than a lamp lighted up before the Madonna." We are no believers in the jurisdiction which Catholics ascribe to the Virgin over storms at sea, yet we fully accord in the justice and beauty of the observation.

In passing through the Morea he gives some striking traits both of Turks and Greeks, forming a justification of that revolution which afterwards took place, though not then thought of. Some robbers had infested a district through which he passed, and the Pasha pursued them to a place where they had taken refuge, and surrounded the village. All within the Pasha's enclosure were despatched like wild-beasts. "The robbers, it is true, were exterminated, but with them perished three hundred Greek peasants, who were accounted as nothing in the affair." This barbarous and brutal indolence of Turkish policy, which never condescended, but thought it too much trouble to separate the innocent from the guilty, was surely a strong, if not a sufficient motive, to overthrow it.

Another is a striking trait of the mixed notions of right and wrong entertained by modern Christian Greeks. At a village called St. Paul's, a girl who was mistress of a small fortune was sent by her friends to Constantinople, to improve herself in the capital, and returned, at the age of eighteen, accomplished in the Turkish, French, and Italian languages. She was visited by all strangers passing through with whom she could converse, and her freedom and affability excited some suspicion among her neighbours that she had transgressed the strict rules of female virtue; so they thought it a duty to rid the village of a person who had brought scandal on it. They first raised the sum fixed by Turkish law for the murder of a Christian woman; they then broke into her house by night, and having murdered her, a man, who was waiting till the deed was executed, hastened to the Pasha with the price of blood. The Pasha thought it a simple matter, and all right as to the murder, but that the youth, beauty, and accomplishments of the victim demanded a larger indemnity, and he sent Janissaries to exact it. The conduct of the Turk was consistent; but what shall we say of a community of Christian people, who thought it a duty to murder an amiable and accomplished girl because she laboured under the suspicion of an offence against the rules of decorum?

His sketches of places and persons are exceedingly graphic. His delay at Constantinople was very short. He arrived on the very day the rebels of Romelia had advanced to the gates of the city, and so was present at the commencement of one of those tremendous revolutions which fills periodically that devoted town with carnage and blood. He left it, however, before the carnage commenced, and saw the city only in a state of repose. His brief but striking details of the people gliding along in slippers, the mute crowds passing in silence, as if solicitous to escape the observation of a master, the absence of coaches, carts, bells, or noisy trades, and the multitude of bazaars, coffee-houses, and cypress-shaded cemeteries, gave him an idea as if a taciturn Turk "was born only to buy and sell, drink coffee, smoke tobacco, and die." As the volume before us does not finish the account of the Holy Land, we shall reserve our notice of that country till our next Number.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq.

What a noble mind lies here! His epitaph written by himself<sup>†</sup> telling of projects unfulfilled—of hopes not only deferred, but destroyed—of ambition crushed by indolence—of noble pride cankered by vanity—of time sadly mispent. Mackintosh—the beloved, the respected of all who knew him—went down to the grave, in the fulness of years, having all his life enjoyed the highest possible advantages, both of station and leisure, and yet leaving little behind him that can be expected to survive, after the events which called his talents forth are forgotten. It has never been our lot to note the ill-effects of procrastination so plainly, as in the volumes now before us; and what renders it, if possible, more distressing, is the fact that the knowledge of his weakness embittered his existence, without creating the energy which would have vanquished the evil. While deceiving the world with his "intentions," he was never able to deceive himself—while flattered by the incense of a dinner or a drawing-room, he still felt that "frequent compunction," to use his own sad but expressive words, "disturbs my gratification, and the same indolence, or the same business which prevents my working for others, hinders me from improving myself." What he *could* have done is now only a matter of speculation; the most delightful portion of what he *did* is certainly contained in the volumes before us. His journal (as far as it goes) is graceful, pleasing, and original; but it is singularly emblematic of Sir James's mind—the moment it becomes deeply interesting, it stops.

Anecdote and criticism from his old friends, Doctor Holland, Lord Jeffery, Basil Montagu, the Rev. Sidney Smith, and many others whose names command attention, enrich the second volume. Basil Montague's letter is the most elegant and interesting of the whole: he visited with Sir James the scenes and dwellings where Cowper passed his life, and describes the harmony and happiness of the times when they continually went circuit together, "talking philosophy" and religion, and exchanging thoughts which deserve immortality. Lord Jeffery declares that Mackintosh's range of "study and speculation was nearly as large as that of Bacon." But the testimony of the Rev. Sidney Smith, bearing, as it does, more upon his virtues than even upon his talents, is the most valuable of the whole. He says—

"When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world, I remember my great and benevolent friend Mackintosh."

Again,—

"He could not hate—he did not know how to set about it. . . . Very fond of talking, he heard patiently; and, not averse to intellectual display, did not forget that others might have the same inclination as himself."

We have known Sir James Mackintosh to bestow praise where we certainly thought it undeserved; and Mr. Smith (the "Cid," as his departed friend used frequently to call him) touches upon this failing with good feeling and good sense:—

"His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogizing everybody,—a habit," he justly adds, "which destroyed the value of commendations that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion."

Mackintosh was not the only great man of this passing age who had his failing; Sir Walter Scott indulged in it quite as much, and from the same amiable but misjudging cause. We cannot forbear quoting the concluding sentence of Mr. Smith's letter, it so perfectly expresses our own ideas of the subject of this interesting biography:—

"If he had been arrogant and grasping—if he had been faithless and false—if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle, always ready to betray and blacken those with whom he sat at meat,—he would have passed many men who, in the course of his long life, have passed him; but without selling his soul for pottage. If he had only had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors who envied his fame, and presumed upon his sweetness,—if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy,—he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history. As it is, he has left, in many of the best men of England, and of the Continent, the deepest admiration of his talents, his wisdom, his knowledge, and his benevolence."

We have hitherto spoken only of Mackintosh himself; on the literature and arrangement of the book we can bestow unqualified praise. Collecting the scattered opinions of such a man is like gathering pearls from amid the rubbish of the world. His son has fulfilled his editorial task in a manner that does equal credit to his head and heart. What he has himself written, he has written well; and it must create a delightful feeling in his mind that, the more generally the book is read, the more justly will his father be appreciated. Every line of Sir James Mackintosh's writings proves how delicate and how pure was his sense of the noble and the good: it would be no easy task to overrate the moral beauty of his intellectual character. We felt this at every page we turned, and it made us more deeply and bitterly regret the procrastination and the indolence that forced such qualities to sink almost unregistered into the tomb.

The second volume is embellished with a beautiful engraving by Finden of H. Behnes Burlowe's bust of Sir James in his later years, which possesses double interest from its excellence as a likeness and its perfection as a work of art. Mr. Burlowe is, we believe, at present in Italy. He is, we feel assured, destined to occupy a high station, on his return.

#### Woman as She is, and as She should be. 2 vols.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently delight in the pastime of breaking flies upon a wheel. Many a bad book escapes us without notice, because we cannot bring ourselves to insult our readers by bestowing a certain species of immortality upon what otherwise would pass

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung,"

to its grave. The author of these volumes commences by asserting, with the stupid gravity which pervades his lucubrations—that

"The predominating influence of the female part of the human species over the interests of the species at large, is a phenomenon not less striking in itself than important as to its result!" Most wonderful phenomenon! that one-half of the human race, consisting of mothers, daughters, wives, and sisters, should exercise a "predominating influence" over the species at large is a phenomenon—a moral comet we suppose—tending to set the world on fire!—The author goes on declaring his *modest* intention of un-

*robing an idol*—asserts that “woman has in our day attained a false elevation;” that “she is not morally accountable for the imperfections that have assailed her,”—that she is not “given to man for a *counsellor*.” After “unrobing an idol,” this precious moralist declares woman not an accountable creature, nor capable of being the “counsellor” or friend of man; consequently, she is only a fit object for sensual gratification or household drudgery; this is only too ridiculous—positively too absurd for criticism—to make such assertions at a time when female talent and female industry are so conspicuous, has at least one charm to recommend it—the charm of novelty!

Our ingenious author waxes warm as his pages multiply. He is enraged with the “ceremony of wedlock;” complains that “women are no longer *cyphers* beyond the sphere of domestic life.” He becomes sublime, quotes Byron, and, further on, assures us that in “Africa and America women are little more than upper domestics;” that civilization is to be blamed for this! He weeps our “pseudo-civilization as a beacon of a nation’s” corruption and decline! “Did not,” he says gravely, “wives turn away the heart of Solomon, God’s chosen servant?” Verily we do believe that Master Solomon was just as guilty of “turning the hearts of the wives!” “After ruminating mischief against the Israelites, with what refined invention Balaam at length makes choice of woman”—we might have given Balaam’s ass credit for this argument against the fair sex, for what does it prove, after all?—simply that Balaam appreciated their cleverness.

But the gentleman is not content with citing examples and quoting opinions: he proceeds to scurrility, he calls them “the *rot* of power;” and declares that “no woman breathing ever knew how to govern herself!”

We have lived many years in the world, and many years in society, and the perfect falsehood of this last passage strikes us so forcibly that we must pause to comment upon it. Almost the first lesson taught a female infant is the *art of governing herself*: if she has brothers, she is taught to yield to their whims; and, in all well-regulated families, she sees the respect paid which is due to its *master*. A woman’s life is a perpetual lesson in self-restraint, and it is owing to this circumstance that women bear misfortunes with so much firmness. We cannot condescend to bestow any further notice upon a book written with so much acrimony,—penned from first to last with the evident purpose of degrading women, and making use of the whole opinions of Deists and Atheists, and quoting half-sentences from Christian authors whose names and opinions we respect. We owe it to ourselves to state, that we are not wild tilfers in the field of gallantry,—we perceive many faults, and a still greater number of imperfections in the present system of female education; but we observe that the education of our young men requires as much amendment, though in a different way. We would make women more rational,—we would bestow additional culture upon their reason, and an additional curb upon their imagination,—we would put the author of this two-volumed libel to the torture, by fitting the female “species” to be still more the companion and friend of man. *The education of our young children is in their hands*, and unless our wives possess cultivated minds, our offspring must become degenerate. We cannot educate a woman, enlarge her mind, cultivate her understanding, give her fine tastes, and then expect her to sink back at our command into the *slave*, while she possesses the qualities of the *friend*. The more highly a woman is educated, the more truly will she see what her duties are, what her station is; *it is only fools who are obstinate*: and men in choosing wives will do well to remember this.

As to the two volumes which Mr. Cochrane has had the hardihood to publish, (we hope not on his own account,) we recommend them very sincerely to the grocer and cheesemonger, as the paper is white and strong, and the “metal” so unattractive, that the apprentices will not be seduced into loitering by perusing the “stray leaves.”

**A Visit to Constantinople and some of the Greek Islands.** By John Auldjo, Esq., F.G.S.

Here is an Oriental traveller of a very different character indeed from our sentimental, classical, and intelligent Frenchman, Chateaubriand. He seems to despise the first quality as all *sentimentalibus lachrymæ rorum*, to the second he makes slight pretensions, and the third he displays sometimes in a curious manner. He was allowed a passage in the Actæon frigate, which took Lord Ponsonby from Naples to the Turkish capital, and returned in a steam-boat by Smyrna and Malta. He gives us the result of his travelling experience for four months in the year 1833. It was his good fortune to meet distinguished characters in his tour. He was in contact going out with the British Ambassador, and on his return home with the Prince of Bavaria. He met on his way Otho, the actual King of Greece, and Madame la Duchesse de Berri, the possible Queen of France, and he has given some lively sketches of them all. He was, moreover, at Constantinople while the Russian army were encamped there, and he hates them, in the true spirit of John Bull, for daring to interfere with his views of politics. Every little incident is exhibited as part of their plan of aggrandisement and intention of dismembering Turkey, and of their studied insults to England for daring to prevent it.

But the most remarkable incident in his book is a long and interesting communication he had with Lord Ponsonby on the subject, which he does not think it right to let the public into the secrets of yet. His Lordship communicates to him, truly, all his plans, but being confidential he will not repeat them. "Thus far, however, I am at liberty to observe, that *to me* they appeared sound, judicious, and suited to the exigency. His plan for the maintenance of the Turkish empire may not suit Lord Grey's views, but I will say no more, for my own ideas appear so identified with those confided to me, that in giving them utterance I might unconsciously betray a trust, and make known that which for the present ought to be a secret!" We have no doubt of the kindness and urbanity of Lord Ponsonby, and the statement of those attentions Mr. Auldjo says he received from him might be true; but if a British Ambassador thought it a part of his hospitality to confide to an accidental acquaintance, and to such an acquaintance, the important secrets confided to him by his government, we can only say it exceeded even the indiscretion of a Whig. We imagine, however, our talkative traveller rather overrates his intimacy with the representative of his Britannic Majesty, as Mr. Lofty did his with the King of Poland, and we presume he now speaks of Ponsonby as his prototype did of Poniatowski, by the familiar abbreviation of "Honest Pon."

For the rest, Mr. Auldjo, like all travellers in a hurry, took his information from the first person who gave it, and set it down in his journal as he received it, without having an opportunity of making further inquiry. Many of the names of persons and places which he caught from mere sound are incorrect. He mentions the tomb of Esachus, on the plain of Troy, twice. We never heard of such a tomb, and suppose he meant that of Æsides, where the Trojans sent Polites to watch the movements of the Greeks, and which forms a conspicuous tumulus in the centre of the plain. He says the Janissaries were destroyed at the Atmeidan or "Hippodrome;" the scene of carnage was the Etmeidan, or "place of meat," a Janissary barrack, in a very different part of the city. Other inaccuracies of a similar kind occur.

With respect to the style of Mr. Auldjo, it is that of a gay *bon vivant*, who was not altogether particular. He talks with great gusto of the English porter, ale, and soda-water he met with, and never loses an occasion of describing a ball or a banquet. He is introduced to a Turkish lady, who was invited, he says, for the express purpose of his seeing her; and after a graphic but somewhat warm description of her beauty, he ex-

claims—"No wonder the Turks sigh for Paradise when they believe heaven peopled with such Houries as these. Egad! it requires the exertion of all our philosophy and self-denial to resist the temptation of turning Turk too."

The book is embellished by some sketches by Cruikshank, an artist not inappropriate to illustrate the details of our lively, flippant author.

**Hydraulia; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Waterworks of London.** By William Mathews, Author of "The History of Gaslights."

The very sound of this work is music to us, and we were never more disposed to say with Pindar, ἀρετρὸν μὲν ἕδωρ. We were sitting without our coat, panting in an arid atmosphere, with the thermometer 96° in the shade, the sky not blue, but red like molten brass, the earth not green, but brown like baked pottery; we were trying to recollect Virgil's description of hot weather, beginning with

"Jamque rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos  
Ardebat cælo——"

and ending with

"——cava flumina siccis  
Faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant."

And we had just come to the conclusion that he was a *vates* as well in prediction as poetry, and had not only described what did happen in Peloponnesus some thousand years ago, but what would happen in England in July and August, 1835, when just at this moment a book on Waterworks was laid on our table, and the very cadence of the word *Hydraulia*, and the liquid letters that compose it, refreshed us like the gurgling of a fountain. We owe Mr. Mathews good will, if for nothing else, for the timely appearance of his book, and the name he has given it.

It seems that five companies who monopolize the privilege of supplying the city of London with water have excited in no small degree, according to his account, the envy of those who think they ought to share in this profitable concern. Various attacks, therefore, have been made upon them, but their most vulnerable point is the source from whence they derive their supply—the water of the Thames. We remember when Father Thames was a sacred character, and there was a specific property almost miraculous attributed to his water, and amongst other qualities of high importance, that it was the only fluid that would make porter. It is true that the Anna Liffey now divides the palm with him, and the Messrs. Guinness, who use her water, vie with Whitbread and Co.; still he was allowed many excellences. But his merits are now all forgotten—he is assailed with all manner of abuse, and he is represented as a vile compound of the most villanous materials that ever could disgust and poison the inhabitants of a city. The great works of one of the water-companies were at Chelsea, and the structure enclosing the ends of the pipes called "The Dolphin," from which the water of the River was taken up, was unhappily just opposite a great sewer, so that all the impurities of Cloacina were conveyed a second time into the stomachs of the good citizens. A book called "The Dolphin" was published, stating this and a variety of other horrors; the attention of the public was roused, meetings were called, Parliament was petitioned, and a Commission was appointed to inquire into the facts. The evidence, of course, was not very consistent; one man exhibited a bottle of water so turbid and filthy that the sight of it turned the strong stomach of Abernethy; another, on the contrary, found only three grains of extraneous matter, held either in solution or suspension in 10,000 grains of the water. But the most extraordinary part of the evidence was with respect to white bait: it seems that while roach, pike, flounders, salmon, shad, eels, and dab all died by the deleterious

ingredients lately introduced into the stream of the river, the white bait became more plump and plenty than ever. Now if this omnivorous little fish fattened and increased not only on the draining of sewers and the overflowing of soap-boilers, but also on the off-scourings of gas-works, the runnings of dye-houses, and all the multifarious poisons of chemists' laboratories, it accounts, in the most probable manner we have yet heard, for the death of poor Mr. Canning, whose "last speech" was made, we believe, at a dinner of this fish.

It is to defend the calumniated Father Thames from all the attacks of his adversaries, that Mr. Mathews takes up his pen and lays about him right and left. He enters into details of the manner in which mankind have been supplied with water since Noah's flood; describes the canals of Egypt, the wells of Athens, the baths of Rome, and the cisterns of Constantinople, including the fountains and reservoirs of London, from the earliest times to the present day, and in his progress he has certainly collected a curious mass of information. His book is embellished with sketches, and plans representing the manner in which the eastern and western parts of London and the city of Constantinople are supplied with water. The latter, we observe, is an exact copy of the curious map prefixed to Dr. Walsh's book, though Mr. Mathews has not acknowledged, as he ought, from whence he has taken it. We are friends to the circulation of knowledge, and see no reason why one author should not borrow from another, but *reddere suum cuique* is a fair maxim.

Two Journeys through Italy and Switzerland. By William Thomson, Assistant Commissary-General to the Forces.

We experienced much pleasure in perusing this small volume of travels. Mr. Thomson shows himself a man of taste in the arts, an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and rather a good judge of statuary and painting. He tells us that he has written an account of two journeys through Switzerland and Italy; the first made in 1824, when on his way to join the British forces stationed in Malta; the second in 1826, when he returned to England. Going out, he entered Switzerland in spring, by Geneva and the Jura mountains. He crossed the Simplon, and went to Malta by the route of Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples: he returned by Ancona, Venice, Milan, and over Saint Gothard. In each town, he visited the churches, picture-galleries, and other principal sights; and he gives a pleasing and instructive sketch of the specimens of painting and sculpture, and of the style of architecture of the different buildings. He adds his view of the political situation of each state; and the best hotels in each town are not forgotten. Indeed, his book is exactly what he seems to have designed it for—a volume calculated to be an useful pocket-companion for the Italian tourist, though it will interest the general reader who is fond of travels where well-described views of nature are interspersed with accounts of pictures and living manners, with the ruins of ancient times. Naples and its bay seem to be his *beau ideal* of a picturesque landscape, as viewed from the Hermitage on Mount Vesuvius on an early cloudless morning. He gives a glowing delineation of the prospect of the town and its environs. Though much has already been written about Italy, and we cannot consider that our author has found out any thing new, yet his book is so entertaining, that, well known as are the places he speaks of, still we found great pleasure in again wandering over these classic shores with him; and we recommend the "Two Journeys" to all persons who wish to profit and be amused by the journal and remarks of an intelligent traveller.

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## LITERARY REPORT.

THE September volume of "Colburn's Modern Novelists" contains the conclusion of Mr. Bulwer's "Disowned," which work, like the former by the same author, introduced into the present cheap collection of celebrated works of fiction ("Pelham"; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman"), is complete in two volumes, beautifully illustrated by Finden.

The new edition of Leigh Hunt's most popular work, "The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside," has now made its appearance. A portrait of the author is prefixed to the volumes.

A new work, to be called the English Annual, is announced as being in preparation.

The Oriental Annual for 1836, by the Rev. H. Caunter, B.D., with illustrations from the pencil of W. Daniell, Esq., R.A., will appear at the usual season.

A History of English Literature, Critical and Philosophical, by Mr. D'Israeli, is preparing for publication.

A new edition of the Works of Sir John Suckling, with a Life of the Author, and Critical Remarks on his Writings and Genius, by the Rev. Alfred Suckling, LL.B., will shortly appear.

A History of the Conquest of Florida, by Theodore Irving, Esq., dedicated to his uncle, Washington Irving, Esq., will be published in a few days.

The concluding volumes of the Memoirs of Mirabeau and Talleyrand are just ready.

The Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa of Nathaniel Isaacs, Esq., are nearly ready.

The Rev. Robert Caunter, B.D., author of the "Oriental Annual," is engaged upon a new series of the Romance of History, which will contain the Romantic Annals of India.

Mrs. Child announces for publication a History of the Condition of Women in all Ages and Nations.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Fudges in England; or, a Sequel to the Fudge Family in Paris, by Thomas Brown the Younger. Fcp. 8vo. 8s.

A Tour in Greece and the Levant, by the Rev. Richard Burgess. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.

Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Teeth, by Wm. Robertson, plates, 8vo. 7s.

The Roman Baths, by Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. 1s.

The History of England, continued from the Right Hon. Sir J. Mackintosh. Vol. V. (Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. LXIX.) 12mo. 6s.

The Constitution of Society as designed by God. 8vo. 15s.

Steam Voyage down the Danube, with Sketches of Hungary, Turkey, &c., by J. Quin. 2 vols. 91s.

The Naturalist's Library, Vol. IX.; Pigeons, Vol. I. coloured plates. 6s.

What is a Comet, Papa? or, a Familiar De-

scription of Comets, by R. Maria Zornika. square, 1s.

Court and Country Companion. 12mo. 6s. Observations on Brougham's Discourse of Natural Theology, by T. Wallace, Esq., LL.D. post 8vo. 4s.

Recollections relative to the Duties of Troops, by Lieut.-Col. Leach. 18mo. 5s. 6d.

Random Shots from a Rifleman, by J. Kincaid. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Rev. Thos. Stone's Sermons. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Prayers, by the late Rev. Wm. Howels, of Long-acre Chapel. 32mo. 1s. 6d.

The Schoolboy's Manual and Young Man's Monitor. 2nd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Course of Sermons for the Year, by the Rev. J. Grant. Vol. II. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Tales of the Ramad'han, by J. A. St. John. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Summer Ramble in Syria, with a Tartar Trip from Aleppo to Stamboul, by the Rev. V. Monro. 2 vols. 24s.

A Practical Treatise on Brewing, and on Storing of Beer, by William Black. 8vo. 21s.

Doddsley's Annual Register, Vol. LXXVI. for 1834. 8vo. 16s.

The Geographical Text Book, by M. E. \* S. Part I. 12mo. 2s.

Companion to ditto, comprising the Maps. 2s. plain, 2s. 6d. coloured.

Resources and Statistics of Nations, by John Macgregor, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 25s.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 3d Series, Vol. XXVII. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

An Address to the Lower Orders of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, by the Rev. D. O'Croly. 6d.

Sir Arthur Wilmot; a Tale of the 17th Century. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Songs of England and Scotland. Vol. II. fcp. 8vo. 5s.

Observations on the Unfulfilled Prophecies of Scripture, by the Rev. John Fry, B. A. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Little Arthur's History of England. 2 vols. 18mo. 6s.

The Practice of Isometrical Perspective, by J. Jopling. 2nd edit. 8vo. 5s.

Sentiment not Principle; or, an Old Man's Legacy. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Nala and Damayanti, and other Poems, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, M.A. Imp. 8vo. 13s.

Ecclesiastes Anglicanus; being a Treatise on the Art of Preaching, by the Rev. W. Gresley. 8vo. 12s.

Mosse's Parliamentary Guide. 18mo. 6s. 6d.

Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, by J. Knowles. royal 8vo. 1l. 4s. 6d.

Mental Arithmetic and Expeditious Calculator, by C. Richsan. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Richardson's English Dictionary. 4to. Vol. I. Part I. 1l. 6s. 6d.

The Modern Dunciad, Virgil in London, and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE LAWRENCE GALLERY.

ONE of the most interesting exhibitions ever opened to the public is that of the collected drawings of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, at 112, St. Martin's-lane. The exquisite taste of the President of the Royal Academy has been fully appreciated; but taste without wealth is comparatively useless. It is known that he expended large sums in gathering together the productions of his predecessors in art; and his death explained the cause why he had been so long in embarrassed circumstances. The present collection consists of fifty original drawings by Claude Lorraine and Nicholas Poussin. They are, of course, studies for larger pictures; but the first thoughts of artists have frequently more mind than their finished works. They show how genius conceived; and it is equally pleasant and profitable to examine the after-changes or improvements. The subjects of several of the designs of Claude are selected from Virgil. Among them are—A landscape, with the subject of Æneas receiving his armour from Venus. A design of woodland scenery: in the foreground is a path along the wood towards a shady recess, in which the sybil is seen attending Æneas; the background is composed of ruins. No. 41, also a landscape, with an architectural composition in the foreground: Dido, Æneas, and their attendants are here introduced. No. 11 is a view of Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome: the elegant arrangement of the groups and figures must be at once admitted. Nos. 10 and 19 are original studies of the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, from which the celebrated picture in the National Gallery was executed.

In the room is also Lawrence's *greatest* work (in one sense of the term)—Satan calling up his Legions; and some other paintings by our most admirable English master.

## THE COSMORAMA.

The views in this interesting exhibition have lately been changed. Among those that may now be seen is the burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, so managed, by a skilful arrangement of light and shade, as to afford a very accurate idea of the splendid but awful scene.

## PUBLICATIONS.

Stanfield's Coast Scenery. Parts II. and III.

We noticed the first number of this publication; the two that have followed amply bear us out in the praise we gave it. The drawings are admirable, beautiful, and correct, and worthy the pencil of our most accomplished landscape-painter. They are also well engraved: those from the burins of Mr. Cooke and Mr. Stephenson are among the best. It is not always we can commend the letter-press that accompanies such illustrated works: of this, although unaccompanied by any name, we can speak in terms of the highest praise. It is written in an agreeable style, supplies much information, and introduces nothing that might be dispensed with. The author is evidently well qualified for the task he has undertaken, and has been judiciously chosen to associate with Mr. Stanfield in the production of a work useful as it is beautiful.

Memorials of Oxford. No. 33.

This useful and interesting publication has continued to sustain its high character up to its thirty-third number. The engravings do not assume to compete with the brilliant productions of the work we have just noticed, but their accuracy is unquestionable. They afford a just idea of the gran-

deur of the venerable buildings of the University; and are valuable as historic records of an art, the sustainment of which is now unhappily placed in the hands of Mr. Wilkins and his brother botches. The descriptions which accompany the prints are full, clear, and satisfactory. The work, when complete, will be a treasure to the library.

#### Wanderings through North Wales. Part IV.

We fear our copy of this work has not been well printed; for the plates are "muzzy," and it would appear that justice is not done to the engraver or the painter. Mr. Roscoe performs his part of the publication with his usual tact and judgment.

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### THE DRAMA.

#### HAYMARKET.

The old comedies continue to be played here with great success. We were delighted to find a very numerous audience the other night enjoying the wit of *The School for Scandal*. Mr. Farren's Sir Peter is certainly good, very comic, and very fretful, and very much of an old bachelor; but he is too solid in the latter part of the famous screen scene—too grave, too awful-looking, too much like a man meditating a positive action of *crim. con.*, which is a thing the real Sir Peter never dreamt of. Miss Taylor's Lady Teazle would be better with less labour of natural vivacity, and a greater perfection of artificial refinement; but it is generally by no means a poor performance, and it has passages of great truth and feeling. Mrs. Glover does not always do justice to the infinite delicacy of Mrs. Candour, but she relishes the wit and scandal, and gives both with capital gusto. We have seen better Crabtrees, and better Sir Benjamin Backbites, and better Charles Surfaces, and better Josephs. Mr. Warde is laborious, without a particle of real plausibility. He is a careful and intelligent actor, but not "a man of sentiment." Little Moses has been played worse, and Trip's powder and bouquet seemed, from the distance at which we sat, unexceptionable. We should not at all object to see the comedy, on the whole, so played again.

*My Late Friend*, a farcical commentary on the text, that Time waits for nobody, is amusing enough. Mr. Farren is the hero, Mr. Onslow, and the moral is the loss of a mistress and twelve thousand pounds. We have no doubt it will bring many people to their senses on the subject of the value of time. Mrs. Humby plays an impudent waiting-maid, whose familiarity with her mistress is uncommonly edifying, and plays it with great effect. After all, we are not over fond of moral and instructive farces.

#### ENGLISH OPERA.

"The tide of success," say the bills, "again flows in." We believe this to be the truth, although the bills say it. Great exertions have been made, and the result is greater success. It rarely fails to follow.

The *Covenanters* is a pleasant little piece, in which Mr. Wilson sings some of his Scotch airs, and Mr. M'Ian plays to the very life a Highland Soldier. The *Old Oak-Tree* is a drama of good effect, and excellently played. Mr. Serle exhibits his usual taste and quiet pathos, and Mr. Wrench is more than commonly amusing. The *Mountain Sylph* has been successfully revived.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

A paper has been read, on the first introduction of complaints well known in old countries, into regions hitherto unvisited by them, by Dr. Macmichael. Immediately connected with the subject, were the circumstances which attend the gradual disappearance of certain savage races of the human species; the gradual extinction of the aborigines of Newfoundland was one of these instances. The skull and scalp of a female, the last individual of this race, was upon the table; it exhibited the following peculiarity:—the parietal bones were divided in the middle by sutures running parallel with the sagittal suture, and extending from the lambdoidal to the coronal suture; it was stated that a similar variety of structure was to be observed in the skull of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, preserved as a curiosity in the abbey church of St. Alban's. Dr. Macmichael's paper made frequent reference to the returns sent from abroad to the statistical inquiries of the college. Of Van Diemen's Land, he stated at large, on the subject of vaccination, that it appears no aboriginal native has been subjected to it; vaccine lymph has several times been introduced from the Mauritius, but it has always been lost, from the prejudices of the colonists in not bringing forward their children, and there being no institution for the express purpose of propagating it. One cannot here, observed the author, but pause to reflect upon the facility with which the great scourges of mankind, such as the plague, the small-pox, and, as we have lately seen, the cholera spread over the earth, as contrasted with the difficulty found in transmitting an antidote to one of them,—namely, the salutary practice of vaccination,—from Europe to the East. It had been ascertained that vaccine lymph would stand a heat of 120° Fahr., but was injured at 140°; hence the difficulty of transmission to the East. In the year 1800, however, a physician took some of the lymph to a tallow-chandler's, and dipped it until it was covered in by a solid ball of wax or tallow; in this state it was carried safe to Bagdad, thence to Calcutta, where, since 1802, the full benefit of vaccination had been proved. Every fact connected with New Holland, in which England, within the last half century, has planted a colony, is full of interest, since it abounds in natural productions, which a late elegant French writer and great naturalist (Cuvier) has pronounced as extraordinary and novel as if they came from another planet. It appears that the natives of Van Diemen's Land exercise blood-letting by cutting the angles of the mouth, lips, and gums, by drawing across them a rough sharp glass; that they cure rheumatism by pricking the body with sharp shells or wood, in fact, by using a kind of acupuncture; that they cure diarrhœa by giving *kino*; and the bites of serpents by sucking the wound, dilating it, and introducing combustible matter which they burn like *moxa*. Some observations were then made respecting the general use of fire among all savage nations, from which it would appear, that the discovery and application of this element is rather the result of an instinct implanted in man by Providence, than of the tardy development of reason.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

*Statistics of Public Education.*—At the last meeting of the Statistical Society, a paper was read from Thomas Vardon, Esq., containing a table founded on the parochial returns of the House of Commons, on the motion of the Earl of Kerry, of the numbers of children receiving instruction in the different Sunday, infant, national, public and private schools, in England and Wales. The total number receiving daily instruction is stated at 1,222,000, including the whole of those educated at the various colleges, with the exception of those of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The number of children under fifteen years of age in the kingdom may be estimated at about 4,000,000, and deducting from this amount those who are under two years of age, or about 500,000, it will leave 3,500,000 who are capable of receiving the instruction which is afforded by one or other of the above seminaries. If the number of those who derive private instruction be further deducted, and these be estimated at 500,000, there are still 3,000,000 to be provided for, more than one-half of whom are not, therefore, furnished with the means of instruction. The number of children taught at Sunday schools is stated at 1,359,719; but these, although justly to be considered valuable auxiliaries, by the formation of religious habits, cannot be considered to impart education; whilst the principal part of the children receiving their instruction at these sources are in the habit of attending day-schools, and although it must be noted that there are 968 Sunday schools, containing upwards of 40,000 children, in places where no other description of school exists. The infant schools, also, where the children leave at the age of seven years, can only be considered as auxiliaries. Considering the great benefit that has resulted from the annual Parliamentary grant of 20,000*l.* for aiding in the erection of school-houses, Mr. Vardon expresses a hope that not only may the grant be continued, but also increased, as realizing a most important object in the diffusion of education, and the moral instruction of the young.

We shall reserve for our next number an abstract of the proceedings of the British Association, the fifth meeting of which took place in Dublin on the 10th of August.

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#### VARIETIES.

*Capital Offences.*—From the 1st May, 1826, to 1st Jan. 1827, the number of capital cases reported to the King in Council was 160; of which the sentence of death was mitigated previous to the order for execution, 140; ordered for execution, 20; sentence mitigated after the order for execution, 5; sentence executed, 15. From 1st May, 1827, to 1st Jan. 1828, number reported, 168; sentence mitigated previous to order, 153; ordered for execution, 15; sentence mitigated after order, 3; sentence executed, 12. From 1st May, 1828,\* to 1st Jan. 1829, number reported, 107; sentence mitigated previous to order, 89; ordered for execution, 16; sentence mitigated after order, 5; sentence executed, 13. From 1st May, 1831, to 1st Jan. 1832, number of cases reported, 110; sentence mitigated previous to order, 108; executed, 2. From 1st May, 1833, to 1st Jan. 1834, number of cases reported, 69; sentence mitigated previous to order, 69; none executed.

*Parliamentary Committees.*—The total amount paid by the Treasury on account of Parliamentary Committees in 1833 was 10,428*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*, of which 9758*l.* 15*s.* 2*d.* was incurred by the Commons, and 669*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* by the Lords. In 1834, the total amount was 10,365*l.* 19*s.* 10*d.*, of which 9394*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* was incurred by the Commons, and 971*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* by the Lords.

*Criminal Offenders in Ireland.*—The following return shows the number of criminal offenders in Ireland from 1828 to 1834, both inclusive, committed for trial, and the comparative number convicted:—In 1828, committed 14,683, convicted, 9269; 1829, committed, 15,271, convicted, 9449; 1830, committed, 15,794, convicted, 9902; 1831, committed, 16,192, convicted, 9605; 1832, committed, 16,036, convicted, 9759; 1833, committed, 17,819, convicted, 11,444; 1834, committed, 21,381, convicted, 14,253.

*Poor-rates.*—By a Parliamentary paper just published, it appears that the total of the sums levied by assessment for the relief of the poor in England and Wales, in the year ending March 25, 1834, amounts to 8,308,078*l.* 15*s.* Out of this, there has been expended 6,317,255*l.* 6*s.* for the relief of the poor; 258,605*l.* 1*s.* in suits of law; for removal of paupers, and miscellaneous purposes, 1,713,489*l.*: thus leaving a balance of 18,729*l.* 8*s.* As compared with the preceding year, the expenditure was reduced seven per cent. taking the average of the counties.

*Total Families in Great Britain and Ireland.*—It appears from the population returns made up by Mr. Rickmann, from the census of 1831, that the total of families in Great Britain is 3,414,175, of which there are employed in agriculture, 961,134; in trade, manufactures, and handicraft, 1,434,878; other families, 1,018,168. In Ireland, the proportion of the classes exhibits a remarkable contrast; the total of families being 1,385,066, of whom are employed in agriculture, 884,339; in trade, manufactures, and handicraft, 249,359; other families, 251,268. Thus, the agricultural proportion of the population of Ireland is a quarter more than double, and the proportion of trades, &c., above a quarter less than half these proportions, respectively, in Great Britain. In England and Wales there are 117 families for 100 houses; in Scotland, 133; in Ireland, 110.

*Iron.*—A return has been made to an order of the House of Commons, moved for by Mr. Guest, member for Merthyr-Tydvil, containing, 1st. An account of the quantities of foreign iron imported into and exported from the United Kingdom in the years 1833 and 1834, distinguishing the several sorts of iron, and the countries from which imported, and to which exported.—2nd. An account of the quantity of British iron (including unwrought steel) exported in the years 1833 and 1834, distinguishing the countries to which exported.—And 3rd. An account of the quantities of British hardwares and cutlery exported in the years 1833 and 1834, distinguishing the countries to which exported, and the declared value thereof. By the first account it appears that in the year 1833 there were 17,913 tons of iron, in bars or unwrought, imported into this country from places abroad. The other descriptions of iron enumerated in the account are of small amount and insignificant value. In 1834 the quantity of the same sort of iron imported was 16,215 tons, showing a decrease in the quantity imported in the year 1834, as compared with the previous year, of 1698 tons. The exportation of this description of iron in the year 1833 being 2024 tons, and that of 1834 being 2885, the account shows an increase of exportation in 1834, as compared with the year of 1833, of 861 tons. By the second account it appears that the quantity of British iron, of all descriptions, exported in the year 1833 was 160,226 tons (exclusive of 1587 tons of unwrought steel), and the quantity exported in the year 1834 being 156,456 tons (exclusive of 1709 tons of unwrought steel), there is a decrease in the quantity of British iron exported in the year 1834, as compared with the preceding year, of 3770 tons. By the third account it appears that in the year 1833, 16,497 tons of hardwares and cutlery, of the declared value of 1,466,361*l.* were exported from the United Kingdom; and that in the year 1834, 16,275 tons of the same, of the declared value of 1,485,233*l.* were exported; showing a decrease in the quantity exported in the year 1834, as compared with the year 1833, of 222 tons, while there is an increase on the declared value of 18,972*l.*

*Spirits.*—23,216,272 gallons have been distilled in the United Kingdom in the year 1834. The return for England is 4,652,838 gallons; Scotland, 9,193,091; Ireland, 9,370,343. The amount of duty stands thus:—England, 2,866,612*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*; Scotland, 1,007,507*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; Ireland, 1,369,318*l.* 6*s.* giving a total of upwards of five millions sterling.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

There has lately been discovered at Cuxac, a village about a league from Narbonne, a bronze statue of Venus, resembling the Venus de Medicis, in so far that the body inclines forward, resting upon the left leg; the head is gracefully and slightly turned towards the left, and the arms are so placed as to conceal with modesty the charms of her person. There is however, this difference, that the head is ornamented with a diadem, and the hair, though partly tressed up, falls in part in elegant ringlets on the shoulders. A large vase of terra cotta, four feet in diameter, containing ashes and burnt bones, a statue of the Bona Dea, a small serpentine stone, and a great quantity of Roman bricks, have also been found. It is believed that the spot at which these relics have been picked up, was formerly the site of an ancient villa, on the banks of the lake called Rubresus.

*New Comet.*—The journal of the Two Sicilies, of June 10, states that Sr. Bogalowski, director of the Royal Observatory at Breslaw, discovered a new telescopic comet on the 20th of April, in the constellation Patara, to which, if still visible, the attention of other astronomers is directed.

*Massive Native Gold.*—A very rare and curious specimen of massive native gold, found in the mine Chuquiaguillo, at a short distance from La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, has excited considerable attention among the mineralogists of London. It contains three different qualities of gold, of twenty-two, twenty-three, and twenty-three and a half carats, without the admixture of any ore, and weighs nearly two pounds. The specimen of native gold in the Royal Museum at Madrid weighs forty pounds; but this is nothing more than *gold ore*, and it cannot be properly termed a specimen of massive native gold. The piece brought from La Paz is supposed to be *unique*.

According to a statistical report, lately published by order of the Minister of the Interior of Naples, the population of that city, which, on the 1st of January, 1834, amounted to 358,356, was, on the 1st of January, 1835, reduced to 355,386. The number of births in 1834 was 14,237, while the deaths were 17,107. The diminution of 2970 in the population is attributed to an extraordinary epidemic peculiarly affecting children. The number of marriages within the year was 2551.

During the progress of some recent repairs at the theatre of Valenciennes, the following extraordinary discovery was made:—A cannon-ball, thrown from the Imperial batteries, during the siege 1793, fell upon the roof of the theatre, and lodged in the ceiling of the audience part of the building, where it was sustained by two laths! Thus for 42 years has this mass of iron remained suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the frequenters of the pit, ready to fall upon their heads had any accident deprived it of its frail support.

*Marble.*—A very considerable quantity of fine statuary marble has been discovered in Dauphine, department of L'Isere, by M. Breton, captain of engineers. The chamois hunters have long said that in the torrent which passes through the Val Senetre, lies a beautiful block, on which are written the following words:—"Si à Grenoble vous me portez, cent ecus vous l'aurez." After several attempts to find this block, M. Breton, in the summer of 1814, reached it, and found it inscribed as above. The marble is very white and lustrous, and easily cut. The council for the department have voted funds for working the quarries, and have given the superintendence of them to M. Gaynard.—*Athenæum*.

*Egypt.*—The produce of cotton has this year amounted to 250,000 quintals. The average price at which it has been sold being 25 dollars, the Pasha has thus realised the sum of 6,250,000 Spanish dollars.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

It should seem from the collective opinions published by those periodicals which are devoted to agriculture, it is at length come to be admitted that the growth of wheat in England and her dependencies is equal to the consumption,—a fact of most momentous importance. Of our belief that it is true, the readers of this portion of our miscellany will long since have had abundant reason to be satisfied, and we hope also to judge of the foundations upon which the conclusion has been built. The harvest last year was early, this year it has been late, and though proceeding to a termination with a rapidity almost unexampled, yet if the whole period be embraced, the time between the introduction of the two crops into the market will be found to have been extended at least three weeks; in plainer terms, the agricultural year has been three weeks longer this than last season: yet, in spite of this fact, adding alone a seventeenth part to the consumption of 1834-1835, it is ascertained beyond all doubt that the stocks of wheat in hand are larger than at the commencement of the harvest of 1834. This statement is met by a countervailing circumstance, viz., that from the very short water and little wind, there is far less flour on hand. It will however avail little, for the truth, we repeat, is at length established, that either from the previous displacing of English growth by the foreign, owing to the English dealer holding, while the foreign merchants sold, or from any similarly acting cause, since 1830, whether from better harvests, or the consumption of more meat, potatoes, and other substitutes for bread, which takes place when the working classes are constantly employed and well paid,—whether, we say, from one or all of these causes, it is now not to be questioned that the growth equals, and probably during the last three years of the harvest of 1835 inclusive, has exceeded the demand. That price must be low, is a necessary and indefeasible consequence—*how* low it may fall it is not so easy to anticipate. All protective laws must be nullified by the effect. The moment it is decided that recourse must be had to exportation,—a thing hardly to be credited after the Government Reporter Mr. Jacob's calculations and prophecies,—the foreign price will then have a greater influence than ever on the British markets. Now this is the time for the Government to set seriously about considering the abolition of the Corn-laws. They have been, now are, and must be for an indefinite period inoperative. It should then seem that they might be gotten rid of without wounding the prejudices, much less injuring the property of the landed interest. Let things find their level; the landlord and the tenant have both been long enough the dupes of a system which requires the one to reduce his merely nominal, yet expected income, by returns of from 10 to 25 per cent., and entails upon the other the humiliating alternative of receiving the donative almost as an act of indispensable charity.

The accounts of the product of the present harvest vary exceedingly, some representing the crop to be more than an average, others a moderate average, others teeming with broken straw and its consequence,—ears partially ripened, inferior quality, &c. &c., and the long catalogue of complaints by which, from generation to generation, the farmer has sought to delude himself by deceiving others. But we believe from the collective evidence, not less than from personal observation, that the harvest is abundant, the crop well housed, better perhaps than ever was known, and almost entirely completed, except in the very northern districts. Never within the remembrance of man did so little rain fall, or so little interruption attend the process. The harvest began in the midland counties about July 19. New wheats have been in the markets these three weeks, and the old stock, new supply, and forward harvest have all operated to lower the price. It is, however, curious to see how the Mark-lane Reports are

made up. On Monday, July 27, "Wheat," they say, "must be quoted 2s. lower;" on Aug. 3, "We have had a dull trade, and a reduction of from 2s. to 3s. from last Monday's prices." Aug. 10, "The wheat trade was heavy, at a reduction of 1s. to 2s. per quarter from last Monday's prices." Here then we have a decline of at least 6s. per quarter; but upon referring to the price-list we perceive the prices range exactly on the last as on the first day, from 36s. to 50s., upon the different sorts and qualities. It is notwithstanding clear that the price has declined and rapidly, and this in spite of short supplies of flour, short water, and failing wind. The prospect is by no means favourable to agriculture.

Nor is it so promising to the flock-farmer as it was. There has not been the same, though great, activity in the purchase of wools at the late fairs that might have been expected from the flourishing state of the trade. A fair has been commenced at Peterborough, where Lord Fitzwilliam presided. In the course of his address to the company assembled, that nobleman said, "Wool has of late been the mainstay of agriculturists; and one cause of the high price of it is the prosperity of the manufacturers, and the other is the diminution in that article, which arose from the serious losses of sheep during 1831, 32, and 33: these are the main causes of wool having been so much higher in proportion to any other article of produce. But now the growth of wool exceeds that of three years ago, because the graziers have reared so many sheep to make up for the losses I have mentioned, and the market is restored to its former state as between demand and supply. I will venture to say, that if the fleeces of this year's clip could be counted, the amount would be more than that of three or four years ago. The manufacturer has his eyes open to all these circumstances which may affect his profits; he takes more means of inquiring into the state of society than the farmer does, and as a proof of this, there is not a manufacturer in Leeds who does not anticipate a reduction in the price of wool, from the information they possess of the increased growth of wool to come into the market; and therefore it is that they bid lower prices." His Lordship's statement accords with the fact, and is well worth the strict attention of the grower. But still it is difficult to account for the activity of the manufactories, except upon a single principle, which is fortunately still, and is likely to continue, in full operation. We entertain the notion that to the abundance of the crops of the European world, arising not alone from auspicious seasons, but even more from the augmented direction of labour to agriculture during so long a period of peace, is owing the employment we are so happy to witness. Barter begins in the exchange of a surplus of food. This surplus, whenever accumulated, finds its way by exchanges for desirable commodities from region to region, extending the circulation of the countries as it goes. Thus, for instance, if the wheat of Poland be exchanged for the wines of Spain or Portugal, in both cases the exchanges may tend to increase in both countries the demand for the merchandise of England, or the tallow of Russia, or West India produce. Add to this spring the increase of the numbers of the people all over the earth, through peace, and a far larger consumption *must* take place. The resort to England for manufactures is caused by the power and cheapness of producing them, and thus an improved agriculture sets the hand and the machinery of the artisan to work. Such is our theory, and we perceive no other cause equal to the effect. Of one thing we are perfectly satisfied, namely, that if the village-pauper could be elevated into a grower of food (from fresh soil or better cultivation) adequate to his own wants, by so much would the commerce of England increase and multiply beyond its present amount; and this is the principle which all laws for the relief of the unemployed poor ought to recognise and adopt. Relief is no relief to the rate-payer which does not contemplate and include the *productive* employment of the parties relieved.

This brings us to one of the effects of the new Poor-Law. The reader will not probably have forgotten the wretched case of destitution of the labourers at Bledlow and Cranfield, in Buckinghamshire. By the efficient humanity of the rector of the latter parish, the Rev. James Beard, several large families have been sent to Manchester and to Derbyshire, where they have obtained employment at rates which are stated to triple the earnings they could make at home. The benefit is augmented, according to the statements of the men who have written to their late neighbours, extolling in the highest terms the conduct of the master-manufacturers who have taken them into the factories; and they express no less joyfully the superiority of their own condition in every point that concerns their happiness. Surely these facts illustrate the true principle, which is, to give employment. The workhouse, under the system contemplated by the new Poor-Law, ought only, we contend, to be regarded as a place of penal privation for those who *will* not work, not for those who *cannot*. It is no more, at best, than a practical expedient—a species of punishment—which never can be generally applied as a mere stimulant to the idle to obtain employment and to follow their occupation. It must fail in all cases where the pauper's character is not of a kind to submit him to such punishment; where a man is thrown out of work for a time, it would be tyranny in its worst sense to compel the poor creature to break up his house, sell his little all, and transfer himself, wife, and children, to the inferior diet, close confinement, and separation of the workhouse, because he *cannot* maintain himself. The whole then resolves itself into a discretionary power as heretofore, and we confess we do not expect those very fortunate results, affording so great a relief to the landed interest, that the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* was led to hope in his speech on the opening of the Budget. We observe that his instances are chiefly drawn from the manufacturing unions. Now there never was a time when the activity of these districts gave such a facility for the introduction of such a measure. But it is not the diminished amount of poor-rate that is to be alone regarded. Let us see how the Bill works during the winter—during the slack time of employment in rural labour: let us know the relative proportions of crime now and before the Bill came into operation; let us hear how many complaints there are of petty plundering which escape punishment; let us have an estimate of the inevitable increase of private alms; let us examine how far the tranquillity of the country is preserved. All these are the criteria by which a judgment of the new Poor-Law Bill must be formed. We entertain not the most remote doubt that much, very much, of fraudulent application for relief will be stopped, but we are no less certain, both from theory and experience, that penal regulation will never convert the inveterate idler nor the impudent impostor into a careful and industrious producer of his own subsistence, any more than it can produce employment for those who cannot, under other circumstances, produce it. Never let it be forgotten that the great evil of the country, touching this particular, is the continually-accumulating increase of numbers *beyond the area of employment*. New space must be added to keep pace with this augmentation; if not, the plunder or relief will only extend itself proportionately in new and different directions. They who cannot live by their own exertions must live upon society, and they will live upon it.

But to return to our more immediate subject. There has been no rain for a month, except a very few and partial showers, which scarcely deserve the name. The effect on the turnips is little short of total ruin. Acre after acre is to be seen without a plant, except where the Northumbrian ridge system is adopted, and even there the injury is enormous. The stock of all descriptions are turned in many districts into the second crop of clovers, which by weather and feeding are anticipated and destroyed. Luckily the hay crop was superabundant, or it would be difficult to say how the cattle would be supported during the coming winter, which we

hope and trust will partake of the mild character of the two preceding seasons.

Game will, there is reason to believe, be in great quantities, unless the drought should continue long enough to fill the partridges and pheasants with vermin, which has been known to happen in particularly dry weather. The poaching began very early where a sufficient vigilance was not observed; but it is probable that the little gain now to be made will gradually drive the marauder from his illicit and ruinous pursuit. It is a fact perfectly authenticated, that three-fourths of the individuals committed to the county jails commence their career of vice by poaching. After the first night they are destroyed—their character is broken down—their habits gradually yield—and they go from step to step till transportation or the gallows end their miserable lives.

### USEFUL ARTS.

*Substitute for Indigo.*—We look with interest to whatever relates to the extension of the chemical arts of this country, as opening new channels for the exercise of its productive industry, and as so little attention is unfortunately paid to their fosterment through the medium of public societies, so a greater duty devolves upon the public press to distinguish between the meritorious and the meretricious. It is a matter of surprise that the progress of the chemical arts has not hitherto kept pace with that of the mechanical, although the former has lately began to participate in the spirit of improvement. By a substitution of scientific principles for the vague and uncertain directions of the workman, improvement, instead of being a matter of mere fortuity, is now one of greater certainty; alterations and modifications of processes are dictated by a knowledge of the principles which produce the changes in the substance operated on, and instead of remaining a matter of speculative uncertainty, the results may be safely anticipated, whilst the practice of the manufacturer confirm the prediction.

Amongst other chemical problems, the improvement of the manufacture of colours has been one that has engaged no ordinary share of attention from scientific as well as practical men for the purpose of producing articles of a greater degree of permanence and brilliance. In dyeing, indigo has heretofore formed the almost exclusive basis of many colours, as blues, blacks, and browns; but in addition to the great expense of this valuable commodity, it has long been considered desirable to substitute for it some mineral substance which, whilst it would be possessed of the greater durability natural to such colours, would not be acted upon in the same manner as the former by heat, light, and a variety of the simplest chemical agents. This substitute, it has been suggested, might be found in Prussian blue, provided some menstruum were discovered capable of dissolving it, which would neither destroy the fibre nor harden the texture of the material. This appears to be realized in the specimens furnished by a company for the introduction of a substitute for indigo, whether judging from the cloth recently dyed, or those which have been long exposed to the influence of those agents which impair the qualities of indigo. Specimens of cloth worn almost threadbare still retain the full brilliancy of the recently dyed cloth.

As in this country immense individual resources may at once be brought forward to bear for the furtherance of meritorious designs, the formation of a company for purposes like the present may possibly be viewed with suspicion, but we have seen sufficient to warrant our expressing an opinion favourable to the merits of the invention. We do not see why eventually

this substitute for indigo may not form an article of large export, whilst it has the advantage of bringing into use resources which have hitherto proved not only unavailable but obnoxious,—such as refuse animal matters, fish, and even animal dung, extensively used in the manufacture of the prussiate of potash employed in the process.

An inhabitant of Sheffield has constructed a beautiful model of a steam-engine of an extraordinarily small size. Notwithstanding the weight of the whole, including the fly-wheel, does not exceed two ounces and a half, and its size scarcely exceeds that of a hen's egg, yet the most minute parts are fitted up in a style of the utmost perfection, and the motions are performed with the greatest velocity.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM JULY 31, TO AUGUST 21, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

July 31.—**W. ELTON**, Basinghall-street, dealer in woollen cloths. **J. E. C. DENTLEY**, Great Newport-street, Long-acre, dealer in pictures. **T. EMMETT**, Holborn-hill, pin-maker. **W. JONES**, Wigmore-street, Mary-le-bone, carpenter. **F. HIRCHFELD** and **G. WILKINSON**, Windsor terrace, City-road, wax chandlers. **J. ALLEN**, Bermondsey, brewer. **C. SALLEY**, Cheltenham, innkeeper. **C. STARLING**, Knightwick, Worcestershire, miller. **R. W. GOODHALL**, Birmingham, florist. **W. WRIGHT**, Rougham, Norfolk, horse-dealer. **R. HANMOND**, Warwick, plumber.

August 4.—**G. PARKER**, Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire, boot and shoe-maker. **J. ALRED**, Idle, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer. **J. STELFOX**, Manchester, shoe-dealer.

August 7.—**B. EAGLETON**, Town Malling, Kent, tailor. **J. GREENWOOD**, Leeds, music-seller. **W. H. HUGHES**, Portsmouth, fruit-merchant. **T. BEARD**, sen., Dursley Cross Inn, Gloucestershire, victualler. **T. CROSTON**, jun., Liverpool, painter. **H. BURDEKIN**, Sheffield, table-knife manufacturer. **P. BECK**, Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, grocer. **T. FROOD**, Plymouth, iron-monger. **J. WYATT**, Warminster, cabinet-maker.

August 11.—**W. E. LONG**, St. John's wharf, Battersea, coal-merchant. **E. C. BRESSELL**, Edward-street, Portman-square, lodging-house-keeper. **E. OTEY**, jun., Savage-gardens, Trinity-square, Tower-hill, wine-merchant. **J. LINNET**, Austrey, Warwickshire, schoolmaster. **R. HUNT**, Kingston-upon-Hull, spirit-merchant. **G. HOOPER**, Downton, Wiltshire, tanner. **J. BROOKS**, Lincoln, chemist and druggist. **W. WAL-**

**LACE**, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, chemist and druggist. **J. SCHOFIELD**, Moorehouse, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. **G. BLENKIN** and **W. SHACKLETON**, Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants.

August 14.—**R. CLEMENTS**, Upper Berkeley-street West, Connaught-square, bricklayer. **J. CANTELLOW**, Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, plasterer. **E. TAYLOR**, Lower-place, near Rochdale, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. **R. BATTLEY**, South Shields, woollen-draper. **S. FRANCEYS**, Liverpool, bookseller.

August 18.—**J. HUTTON**, Piccadilly, baker. **R. FENNINGS**, Chancery-lane, law-stationer. **W. LEWIS**, Liverpool, merchant. **M. MYERS**, Saint Peter's-alley, Cornhill, fishmonger. **R. PERL**, Hulifax, card-maker. **R. RANKIN**, Liverpool, joiner. **J. SLACK**, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker. **J. BROWN**, Corbridge, Northumberland, spirit-merchant. **C. IVES**, Hockwold-cum-Wilton, Norfolk, grocer. **J. KEARSELY**, Chorley, Lancashire, flour-dealer. **D. EVANS**, Newport, Monmouthshire, tailor. **W. HANKESS**, Macclesfield, and **J. HANKESS**, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Lancashire, corn-dealers.

August 21.—**J. BAILEY**, Elm-street, Gray's Inn-lane, horse-hair manufacturer. **M. A. LEWIS**, Norfolk-street, Strand, milliner. **C. POWELL**, Blue Anchor Tavern, St. Mary-at-Hill, City, wine-merchant. **H. MOLYNEUX**, Penzance, linen-draper. **W. WADE**, Liverpool, grocer. **T. ADAMSON**, Liverpool, commission-agent. **W. E. WILLIAMSON** and **E. B. ONSEY**, Salford, Lancashire, brewers. **W. BLACKLOCK** and **G. THOMPSON**, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, Manchester, joiners. **H. JOHNSTONE**, Sheffield, coach-maker.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THERE is at present, and has been during the past month, less activity than previously existed in some of our staple manufactures; it is chiefly in Cotton that this depression has been apparent, Silk and the principal branches of the Woolley manufactures being still in a very satisfactory state.

The Market for Colonial Produce has an evident tendency to improvement; in Sugar this has decidedly manifested itself within the last fortnight, and grows necessarily out of the following concurrent causes—a deficient supply to arrive from Jamaica, a large diminution of the stock on hand as compared with last year, and the prospect of a considerable demand for the foreign European markets. As to the quantity warehoused here, it consists of 32,200 hhd. and trs. of West India, and 70,800 bags of Mauritius, showing a decrease as compared with the corresponding date of last year of 6,250 hhd. and trs. of the former, and 30,500 bags of the latter. The present quotations are, for Jamaica, brown to middling, 58s. to 61s.; good to fine, 62s. to 64s.; Demerara, St. Vincent, &c., brown to middling, 56s. to 60s.; good to fine, 61s. to 63s. The late sales of Barbadoes brought 60s. to 64s.; and of Berbice, common low brown, 56s. 6d. to 57s.; low yellow, 57s. 6d.; common grey, 58s. to 58s. 6d. In Mauritius scarcely anything has been done of late; East India Sugars are retained at high prices. 34s. to 35s. is asked for Bengal. In the Foreign Market advanced prices have been freely given, but in some instances the prices asked are perfectly extravagant.

In the Refined Market there is considerable firmness at higher prices; 41s. and 42s. is obtained for fine crushed, and 82s. for lumps; and there is a considerable demand for the home trade. The last gazetted average price of Sugar is 17. 15s. 2½d. per cwt.

There is less animation in the market for British Plantation Coffee, but some small sales recently made of Jamaica and Demerara brought high prices for clean descriptions; Jamaica, low middling to middling, 100s. to 107s.; ordinary to fine ordinary, 90s. to 101s.; Demerara, fine ordinary to low middling, 96s. 6d. to 99s. In East India and Foreign Coffee some large sales have been made at improved prices; Ceylon, 63s. 6d. to 65s.; good to fine ordinary Brazil, 54s. to 55s.; St. Domingo, at 55s.

In Cocoa there is but little doing; late sales of British Plantation give 51s. to 54s. for Trinidad, and 45s. to 47s. for Granada.

Rum steadily maintains its quotations, but the amount of business is trifling.

In Silk, Wool, and Cotton, the market for the first is animated; for the second, brisk; and for the last, decidedly dull.

TEA.—An extensive sale of 50,000 chests Private Trade Teas commenced on the 25th. On the first day, the inferior descriptions were for the greater part taken in; Boheas, at 11d. to 11½d.; good common Congous, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 3½d. better, at 1s. 5½d.; Twankays, 1s. 7½d. to 1s. 9d.; the Hysons and Gunpowders were principally sold, a reduction of 3d. to 4d. per lb. being submitted to—the former, at 2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d.; the latter, at 2s. 10d. to 4s. In reply to a question put to the chairman at the sale, as to whether the Company's stock of Boheas would be forced on the market previously to the 1st of July next, when the duty will be raised from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 1d. per lb., he said, that although not authorized to make an official communication, he could take it upon himself to state that the Company would pay the present duty previously to that date, and bring forward their stock at such times as should not oppress the market. The Company have announced a sale of nearly 50,000 chests of Teas, to commence on the 1st September.

In Indigo there is rather an increased disposition to do business, with some small increase of price; the next periodical sale is fixed for the 20th October, and is expected to consist of 5000 to 6000 chests.

In the Corn Market, the samples of Wheat which now come in from Essex and Kent are chiefly new, but there is still a good supply of old wheat from Suffolk; the trade, however, is dull, many of the mills being wholly or partially stopped by the want of water. This has occasioned a fall of full 1s. per quarter during the last fortnight.

The accounts from the Hop districts are very favourable; picking has already commenced, and some new Hops will be in the market before the commencement of September. The duty is estimated at 225,000*l*.

The Market for English Securities has suffered some depression since the

early part of the month; principally from a limitation of the amount of money in circulation, in consequence of the payment of the heavy instalment of 10 per cent. on the loan for 15,000,000*l.*; although the Bank has considerably alleviated the pressure by anticipating by a month their periodical advances on Commercial and Exchequer Bills, and further by adopting the unusual course of making advances upon Stock. Consols are now about 1 per cent. lower than at the commencement of the month; and Omnium, which on being issued rose rapidly to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. premium, has now fallen below  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.

It is, however, in the Foreign Market, and chiefly in Spanish Securities, that the depression has been of a serious character. The diminution of the circulation would of course be sensibly felt in every description; but the disturbances which have broken out in various parts of Spain, and latterly in the capital itself, have had a ruinous effect on her funds. Cortes Bonds, at the beginning of the month, were about 50, and Scrip at a discount of 10; recently, the Bonds have been at 36, and the discount on Scrip 23; the tranquillization of Madrid has, however, improved them to the extent of about 4 per cent. During the month of August, Portuguese Bonds have fallen about 5 per cent.; Chilian, 6 per cent.; Colombian, 5 per cent.;

Mexican, 1 per cent.; and Peruvian about 4 per cent.

The closing prices of the 25th are subjoined:—

#### ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 214 15—Three per cent. Reduced, 89  $\frac{1}{8}$  90—Three per cent. Consols, 89  $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98  $\frac{7}{8}$  9—Three and a Half per Cent. New, 98  $\frac{1}{8}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 16  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{7}{8}$ —India Stock, 252  $\frac{1}{2}$  3  $\frac{1}{2}$ —India Bonds, 5 7—Exchequer Bills, 20 22—Consols for Account, 89  $\frac{1}{4}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —Ditto Omnium, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican, 6 7—Bolanos, 120 125—Brazilian, Imperial, 32 4—Ditto D'El Rey, 5 6—Canada, 34  $\frac{1}{2}$  5  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Colombian, 12 13—Real Del Monte, 18 20—United Mexican, 5  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 86  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Chilian, 6 per cent. 36 8—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 30  $\frac{1}{2}$  1  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76  $\frac{1}{2}$  7—Dutch, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. 53  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 101  $\frac{5}{8}$   $\frac{3}{8}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 35 6—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 25 7—Portuguese, 3 per cent. 55  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto Regency, 5 per cent. 86  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 109  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Spanish, 1821, 5 per cent. 40  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 1835, Scrip, 5 per cent. 19  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

July 27.—Several petitions were presented on the subject of the Municipal Corporations' Bill. A long discussion took place between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Brougham respecting the measure. His Grace complained that it interfered with the King's prerogative, and that the Commission, promoting what was called the inquiry, was not legal. The Noble Lord maintained that it was framed on the principle of all previous Commissions.

July 28.—Lord Strangford presented a petition from Coventry, praying to be heard by counsel against the Municipal Corporations' Bill. The petition led to a long conversation, in which Lords Brougham and Plunket suggested that there might be two counsel heard for all the Corporations, those parties now in town from the several Corporations agreeing as to the counsel who should be selected. This was eventually agreed to, and the Bill was read a second time.

July 30.—On the presentation of petitions respecting the Municipal Corporations' Bill, Lord Brougham denied that he was exposed to the charge of delaying the Bill because he had sanctioned the hearing of

Counsel. His object in doing so was to save time.—The Marquess of Londonderry gave notice, that he should bring forward the conduct of Don Carlos in ordering certain marines to be shot.—In pursuance of the arrangement previously made, Counsel were then called to the bar, to be heard against the Corporations' Bill on behalf of sundry corporations. Sir C. Wetherell addressed their Lordships at great length, condemning the Bill as altogether democratic, republican, and radical in its principles. He proceeded till near ten o'clock, when he retired on account of the extreme heat; and he afterwards, through Lord Kenyon, begged the indulgence of their Lordships till the next day, as he was too exhausted to proceed.

July 31.—After the presentation of several petitions against the Municipal Corporations' Bill, Sir C. Wetherell appeared at the bar, and renewed his address against the provisions of the Bill; after which he was followed by Mr. Knight.

August 1.—Their Lordships met to hear Counsel on the Municipal Corporations' Bill.—Mr. Knight resumed his address, and at great length argued against the general principles of the Bill. At the conclusion of his speech Sir C. Wetherell made a claim to have witnesses heard at the bar, to which Lord Brougham objected.—The Earl of Winchilsea implored Viscount Melbourne, in regard to his own character and that of his colleagues, and for the salvation of the country, to ponder well as to what he would do. The House was placed in such a position as it never had been before, and for the honour of England let them abandon the Bill, and he would give his utmost support to a Parliamentary Committee. If the Peers ever consented to a Bill of that kind, he would think it a shame to belong to them.—Lord Melbourne said, on Monday he would undoubtedly move that the Bill be committed.—Lord Winchilsea stated that he should then move, and divide the House, upon an Address to the Crown for copies of any further instructions given to the Commissioners other than were before the House.—The Duke of Newcastle asked whether the Noble Viscount did not mean to hear the offered evidence?—Lord Melbourne replied in the negative.—The Duke of Newcastle said this was the most arbitrary proceeding which he had ever known. The Bill was so atrocious, as far as regarded the liberty of the country, that he had no hesitation in saying that the Ministers of the King were liable to impeachment, and if no other Noble Lord would undertake that task he would do so.

August 3.—Lord Melbourne rose to move the order of the day for resolving into Committee on the Municipal Corporations' Bill, and proceeded to address the House, having first proclaimed himself tired of the political differences which had prevailed during the last five years. He alluded to the manner in which the present Bill had been passed by the Commons, without any change or amendment of the least importance in any of its provisions; but he did not anticipate that their Lordships would be as ready to agree either in the existence of the evil or the justice of the remedy. The Noble Lord then entered into a description of the principle upon which the Bill was founded, and concluded by moving that the House resolve itself into a Committee on the Bill.—The Earl of Carnarvon, after a speech in which he deprecated the Bill as an unjust interference with political rights, moved as an amendment, "That evidence be taken at the bar of this House in support of the allegations of the several petitions praying to be heard against the Bill, before the House be put into a Committee of the whole House on the said Bill."—The Earl of Winchilsea contended that the Noble Viscount at the head of the Government should lay before the House every tittle of evidence given to the Commissioners. He was a friend to municipal reform, but this measure was so unconstitutional that he could not give it his support. It was a violation of the right of property.—Lord Brougham spoke strongly in favour of the mea-

sure, and Lord Lyndhurst against it. A long debate ensued, after which a division took place, the result of which was—for the original motion, 54; for the amendment to hear evidence, 124.

Aug. 4.—The Lords met at eleven o'clock, to hear evidence against the Municipal Corporations' Bill. Several witnesses were examined regarding the Corporations of Coventry, Oxford, Grantham, &c.—Lord Melbourne (in consequence of some inquiry as to what he should do with a particular petition) repeated his protest against the present proceeding on principle—stating that he had bowed to the majority—that he had submitted—but that he had been coerced into the proceeding.

Aug. 5.—The hearing of evidence at the bar against the Municipal Corporations' Bill was resumed, and witnesses from Bristol and Sandwich were heard.—Their Lordships afterwards proceeded to receive petitions, and to dispose of the other orders of the day.—The Duke of Richmond adverted to the Foreign Newspaper Postage Bill, and observed that it was to be regretted that there had not been some provision made regarding sending newspapers to a short distance from London.

Aug. 6.—Their Lordships were engaged in the examination of witnesses against the Municipal Corporations' Bill from eleven o'clock in the morning to half-past ten at night, with an interval for refreshment of only two hours. The corporations to which the evidence referred were those of Dover, Marlborough, Norwich, Rochester, Henley-upon-Thames, Havering-atte-Bower, and St. Alban's.

Aug. 7.—After the presentation of several petitions against the Municipal Corporations' Bill, the examination of witnesses was again resumed. Several Bills on their Lordships' table were advanced a stage.

Aug. 8.—Witnesses against the Corporations' Bill were again examined at their Lordships' bar.

Aug. 11.—The Marquis of Clanricarde moved the second reading of the Catholic Marriage Bill. Upon which the House divided, and the numbers were for the motion, 16—against it, 42.

Aug. 12.—Lord Melbourne moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee on the Municipal Corporations' Bill. The Duke of Newcastle moved that the Bill be committed this day six months.—The Earl of Mansfield said he should not resist the commitment.—The Duke of Wellington differed, with regret, from many of his noble friends, but observed that he did not feel himself justified in opposing the Committee.—The Duke of Cumberland said he should not vote at all; if it should go into Committee, he would devote his best attention to the correcting of the Bill.—The original motion was eventually agreed to, the House resolved into Committee *pro forma*, after which it resumed, and the Bill was ordered to be recommitted.

Aug. 13.—The Irish Church and the Militia Staff Reduction Bills were brought up from the Commons; the former was ordered to be read a second time on the 20th inst., the latter on the 14th.—Their Lordships then resolved into Committee on the Municipal Corporations' Bill.—Lord Lyndhurst moved as an amendment the preservation of the inchoate rights of freemen.—This led to considerable discussion, Lord Melbourne declaring that he could not sanction it.—Their Lordships eventually divided on it. The numbers were—for the original clause, 37; for the amendment, 130—majority against Ministers, 93.—Lord Lyndhurst then moved a new clause, to secure to freemen the right of voting, as was secured to them in the Reform Act, in respect of Members of Parliament.—After a short discussion, the gallery was about to be cleared for a division, but Lord Melbourne, who had opposed the amendment, said, as the numbers had so preponderated against him on the former division, he would not trouble

their Lordships to divide.—The amendment was agreed to, as were some other amendments.

Aug. 14.—The Duke of Richmond brought in a Bill to abolish unnecessary oaths, which was read a first time.—On the motion of Lord Melbourne, the Militia Staff Reduction Bill was read a second time, on the understanding that the debate on the principle of the Bill should be taken on going into Committee on Monday next.—Their Lordships then went into Committee on the Corporations' Bill.

Aug. 16.—Their Lordships having gone into Committee on the Corporations' Bill, Lord Lyndhurst, on clause 25, moved an amendment to the effect that one-fourth of the Councils, or whatever the bodies might be called, should be elected for life.—Lord Brougham and Lord Melbourne, at great length, resisted it, as striking at the foundation of the Bill.—The debate occupied the whole of the evening, when the Committee divided. The numbers were—for the original clause, 39; for the amendment, 126; majority against Ministers, 87.

Aug. 17.—The Municipal Corporations' Bill was again considered in Committee. On clause 35 being read, which provides that existing Mayors and Councils shall go out of office, on elections of Councils under this Act, Lord Lyndhurst moved an amendment for their continuance. It led to considerable discussion, but was eventually adopted, as were various other amendments proposed by Lord Lyndhurst.

Aug. 18.—The Duke of Cumberland, on presenting a petition from Trinity College, Dublin, for the support of the church, took the opportunity to contradict statements that had been made of his having countenanced the establishment of Orange Lodges in that University. His Royal Highness stated that he had not countenanced their establishment in any place where it was deemed that they could be prejudicial, nor on any occasion where he had been not applied to.—The Earl of Wicklow inquired whether it was likely, by next Session, there would be a more convenient House for their Lordships to assemble in?—Lord Duncannon said he could not at present give any positive answer; it would depend on the decision on inquiries now in progress. When there was a decision the works could be commenced immediately.—The Duke of Richmond thought that it would be better to continue to meet in the present House until the permanent one was prepared, rather than have some thousands expended on a temporary building.

Aug. 19.—On the motion for the third reading of the Limitation of Polls at Elections Bill, the Marquess of Salisbury proposed an amendment that "two hundred" be substituted instead of the number, who, as the Bill at present stands, might poll at each booth, viz., three hundred. The amendment was negatived without a division.—The Noble Marquess then moved that the oath clause be omitted.—Their Lordships divided, and the amendment was negatived by a majority of 83 to 61.—Clauses 8 and 9 were omitted; the other clauses were agreed to, and the Bill then passed.—Lord Melbourne moved the second reading of the Church of Ireland Bill, and supported it at considerable length.—After a long discussion it was read a second time, the Bishop of Exeter giving notice that in the Committee he should move the omission of sundry clauses—namely, those carrying into effect the principle of "appropriation."

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

July 27.—Mr. S. Crawford moved an address to his Majesty to be pleased to give directions to extend relief to the poor in Mayo; the motion, however, was eventually withdrawn, on the assurance from Lord Morpeth that Government had adopted, and would persevere in all practical and advisable measures to afford relief.—On the question that the

House again resolve into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill, Sir J. Graham inquired whether it was intended to proceed with it *de die in diem*?—Lord J. Russell and Lord Morpeth replied that was the intention, when other business would afford the opportunity.—The House then resolved into Committee, Lord Morpeth having intimated that he should propose an amendment of the clause regarding the receivership of the surplus funds, and the mode of paying what the Commissioners might deem themselves competent to grant for the purposes of general instruction. The discussion of the clauses occupied the remainder of the sitting.

July 28.—The report of the Committee on the motion to admit ladies in the House of Commons was brought up and ordered to be printed.—The report of the Hull Election Committee was brought up, and Colonel Thompson, the sitting Member, declared elected.—Mr. S. Rice obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the Consolidation of the three offices of Paymasters of the Army, Navy, and Ordnance.

July 29.—Captain Boldero inquired if it was true that some British sailors had been shot by order of Don Carlos?—Lord Palmerston replied that the only information he had received was from the commander of the Ringdove, which stated that some marines, having straggled away, had been taken; that one had been shot in consequence of the order of Don Carlos respecting all foreigners in arms; and that the others had been marched into the country. These men had belonged to Commodore Henry's squadron, who assisted in the defence of Bilboa against Don Carlos.—The Irish Church Bill went through the Committee.—Lord Morpeth afterwards moved that there be advanced 50,000*l.* from the Consolidated Fund to the Irish Church Commissioners, for the purpose of being used to promote general education, which was eventually agreed to.

July 30.—Mr. Tooke postponed his motion respecting the London University, the Attorney-General having stated that he had prepared two Charters in pursuance of his Majesty's decision upon the Address of that House, which he hoped would give satisfaction.—Mr. Hume afterwards moved, in consequence of the evidence adduced before the Ipswich Election Committee, that M. Keith be committed to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, which, after an extended discussion, was agreed to.—Mr. M. O'Connell moved for a Committee on General Darling's conduct, which was opposed by the Ministers, but, after some discussion, was carried—the numbers being, for the motion, 55; against it, 47; majority, 8.

July 31.—Mr. Robinson presented a petition from officers in the East India Company's Maritime Service, excluded from compensation under the late Act, which, after some discussion, was laid upon the table.—Mr. Wason moved that M. Keith be sent to Norwich, in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to give evidence, if required, in the case of Mr. Pilgrim.—After some conversation the motion was agreed to.

Aug. 3.—Mr. Hume moved that T. M. Keith be sent to Norwich, in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to give evidence before the Grand Jury, relative to the Ipswich Election matter. After some discussion the House divided, and the motion was carried by a majority of 8.—On the motion of Lord J. Russell, seconded by Sir R. Peel, a resolution was passed unanimously, expressive of the just sense entertained by the House of the services of H. Seymour, Esq., the late Sergeant-at-Arms.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer entered into a detailed explanation of the terms of the loan just contracted for, which he described as highly advantageous to the country.—Votes charging the interest of the loan, and a further sum for compensation to the slave-owners of Barbadoes, upon the Consolidated Fund, were passed.—The House then went into Committee on the Church of Ireland Bill. Several amendments were proposed and negatived, and the whole of the clauses having been agreed to, the House

resumed.—Lord J. Russell obtained leave to bring in a Bill further to reduce the Militia Staffs in Great Britain and Ireland.

Aug. 4.—In answer to Mr. Wallace, with respect to the expense of the mails, Mr. Labouchere announced that a contract had been concluded with certain respectable persons, by which he trusted there would be a saving to the country of 11,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* per annum.—On the motion of Mr. G. Berkeley, that the report of the Committee for the admission of Ladies to the gallery of that House be received, a division took place, when the numbers were—for the motion, 83; against it, 86; majority, 3.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the case of Col. Bradley.—After some discussion, a division took place, when the motion was negatived by a majority of 68; the noes being 34 to 102.—Mr. Hume brought forward his promised motion respecting Orange Associations in the army; and concluded by moving an address to the King, recommending the subject to his Majesty's attention.—The debate was postponed.

Aug. 6.—Mr. W. Patten, as Chairman of the Committee on Orange Lodges, informed the House that by Monday he expected the whole of the evidence taken before the Committee would be ready to be laid upon the table. He also stated that he had received a letter from the Duke of Cumberland, which the Committee had determined to print with the evidence.—The Speaker informed the House that he had received a communication from the late Sergeant-at-Arms, expressing his dutiful acknowledgments to the House.—Lord F. Egerton, as Chairman, reported from the Committee on the Great Yarmouth election, that E. H. Lushington Preston, Esq., J. E. Lalor, Esq., and — Green, Esq., received notices, but declined answering the questions put to them.—Mr. Hume moved that these gentlemen be called to the bar.—Mr. Preston appeared at the bar, and stated that he would not answer the Committee, his objection being that he is an accused party.—The witness having withdrawn, Mr. O'Connell moved that he be committed to Newgate.—A long discussion took place, in which the Solicitor-General insisted that the witness was justified in his refusal.—Mr. O'Connell after this withdrew his original motion, in order to substitute one to the effect that the witness be called in, and informed by the Speaker that he was bound to answer all questions before the Committee, except such as tended to criminate himself.—Upon this the House divided; for the motion, 113; against it, 65.—The witness was accordingly called in and admonished by the Speaker.—Mr. Lalor was then called to the bar, and after a long examination and discussion, he and Mr. Green were admonished by the Speaker.—Lord F. Egerton moved that W. Prentice be committed to Newgate.—Mr. Hardy proposed, as an amendment, that Mr. Prentice be called to the bar, and admonished in the same way as the other witnesses.—After some discussion, the House divided, when there appeared, for the original motion, 83; against it, 16.—Mr. Plumtre moved for the minutes of evidence at the trial by court-martial of Captain Acheson, of the Royal Artillery, at Malta, in the year 1824. The House divided, when there appeared, for the motion, 27; against it, 54.

Aug. 7.—Lord J. Russell moved that, for the remainder of the session, orders of the day should have precedence of notices of motion.—Mr. Hume asked what prospect the Noble Lord had of the termination of the session. Should it be necessary, in reference to measures before another place, he should move a call of the House.—Lord J. Russell said, if any extraordinary circumstances should arise, the present order might be set aside.—After a short conversation, the motion was agreed to.—In reply to inquiry, the Attorney-General said he had looked over the report on the Ipswich election case, and he did not think there was any evidence in it likely to convict the late Members of bribery.

Aug. 10.—Mr. Goulburn inquired whether there was any truth in statements that he had received of desertions from the Portsmouth garrison having taken place, and of the parties having entered the service of the Queen of Spain; and if so, whether the Government had adopted any steps thereupon?—Lord Palmerston said that a hulk had been granted for the assembling of the troops enlisted for the Queen of Spain, in compliance with request; and that the Spanish Ambassador had expressed a wish that the hulk should be searched whenever such a proceeding might be deemed requisite.—Lord Howick remarked that some individuals had deserted, under the erroneous impression that they were at liberty to enter such service, and that Lord Hill had issued orders for the strictest inquiry, and forbidding recruiting at Portsmouth.—In reply to Mr. G. Price, Lord Palmerston intimated that the Spanish prisoners who had sought refuge in Gibraltar would not be given up on the demand of the Spanish Consul.—The House resolved itself into a Committee of Supply, when the miscellaneous estimates were proceeded with, and several grants were voted.

Aug. 11.—Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Robinson, stated that the notice from the Portuguese Government announcing its intention to suspend the treaty of 1810, had been accompanied by an intimation that it was desirous to enter into a new treaty upon principles of reciprocal advantage. He had no objection to lay upon the table so much of the despatch as was necessary.—The reduction of the Militia Staff Bill passed through a Committee.—On the motion of Mr. Hume, a Committee was appointed to inquire into the institution and extent of Orange Lodges in Great Britain and the colonies.—The order of the day for resuming the adjourned debate on Orange Lodges in Ireland was then read. A long debate ensued, the result of which was the adoption of Mr. Hume's motion, with some alterations, suggested by Lord J. Russell, for an address to his Majesty, praying him to institute an inquiry into the existence and extent of Orange Lodges in the army.

Aug. 12.—The Municipal Corporations' (Ireland) Bill was read a second time, after a brief discussion.—The Prisons' Regulation Bill went through a Committee.—Lord Morpeth moved the third reading of the Irish Church Bill.—Mr. J. Young opposed it, as most injurious to the Established Church of Ireland, and as calculated to give satisfaction to no party in that country.—The Bill was, after some discussion, read a third time and passed.

Aug. 13.—Lord J. Russell moved the third reading of the Militia Staff Reduction Bill.—Colonel Sibthorp moved, as an amendment, that it be read a third time that day six months.—On a division, there appeared, for the motion, 109; for the amendment, 9.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed.—The Attorney-General, in reply to inquiry, stated that he had commenced proceedings against persons charged with bribery at the Ipswich election.—Resolutions were proposed by Mr. Hume, to the effect that the resolutions of the House in 1801, with regard to the printed papers, should be rescinded, and that a new scheme, on the principles recommended by the late Committee, be adopted.—Considerable discussion ensued, and several of the resolutions were postponed till the next Session.—On the question that the Journals should be printed in a smaller type, a division took place, there appearing for the motion, 22; against it, 40.—The resolutions agreed to were ordered to be sent up to the Lords for their assent.—The Slave-owners' Compensation Bill, after some discussion, was read a third time, and passed.—The Irish Corporations' Bill was committed, and the clauses agreed to; the Peace Preservation (Ireland) Bill was also committed.—A clause was proposed by Mr. S. Crawford, to extend the operation of the Bill to England and Wales, but it was negatived without a division.—Mr. Baring obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the 3rd and 4th of William IV., so far as relates to the office of Clerk of the Crown.

Aug. 14.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a Committee of Ways and Means, brought forward his financial statement, "the Budget." By the April balance-sheet, the income was 46,087,000*l.*, and the expenditure 45,185,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 902,000*l.*; but by the balance-sheet up to July, the income appears to have been 45,539,000*l.*, and the expenditure 44,334,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 1,205,000*l.* instead of 902,000*l.* Lord Althorp anticipated an income of 45,778,000*l.*, whereas the income has been 45,539,000*l.*, showing a falling off of 239,000*l.*; but then he had calculated the expenditure at 44,800,000*l.*, whereas it did not exceed 44,334,000*l.*, so that there was a diminution of expenditure of 466,000*l.* to meet a diminution of income of 239,000*l.*, being a surplus of 227,000*l.* beyond Lord Althorp's calculation. So much for the past year. The Right Hon. Gentleman then calculated the income of the country, for the coming year, at 45,550,000*l.* and the expenditure at 44,715,000*l.*, leaving a surplus of 835,000*l.* But from this surplus certain deductions were to be made. It had been decided on Thursday night to provide for the interest due to West India proprietors, from the period that they suffered a pecuniary loss by the abolition of slavery. This interest has not yet been voted, and is to be provided for from the 1st of August, 1834. The total possible charge for the present year on account of the West India loan is 1,010,000*l.*, against which there can only be set the surplus of 835,000*l.*, so that there may be a deficiency of 175,000*l.* This is stating the liability at the utmost possible amount; but he was of opinion that the amount would not exceed between 600,000*l.* and 700,000*l.*, so that there might be a surplus of from 150,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* The Right Hon. Gentleman went into a variety of statements of exports and imports, of consumption of commodities in general use, of the increase of manufactures, &c., to show that the country was rapidly improving. The alteration in the poor-laws had greatly reduced the expenditure of the country, and particularly the agriculturists, while it had greatly benefited the working classes. Having stated the income and expenditure for the year, he remarked that there is little room for the reduction of taxes. The duty on flint glass is to be reduced from 6*d.* to 2*d.* a pound—the drawback in proportion. The loss to the revenue from this reduction he estimated at between 60,000*l.* and 70,000*l.* for the present year. In future years the loss would be made up by increased consumption and the diminution of smuggling. An alteration in the duty on spirit-licences, which is to be fixed on a scale graduated according to the consumption, would cause a reduction of about 40,000*l.* at the utmost. The repeal of the stamp-duty on awards in Ireland would at the utmost amount to 500*l.* These are the only reductions. In conclusion, Mr. Rice declared that he was warranted in asserting that the credit of this country surpassed that of any country in the world.—A long and desultory discussion followed, in which many liberal Members, among them Mr. C. Buller and Mr. Hume, expressed their extreme dissatisfaction at the paltry reductions proposed, and at the absence of all mention of any reduction of the stamp-duty.—Mr. Buller said there was contempt in the way it had been passed over.—The Tories, on the other hand, led by Mr. Goulburn, said they were satisfied with the measure.—Mr. Rice then rose, and with regard to the reduction of the duty on newspapers, the Right Hon. Gentleman said it amounted to 450,000*l.* He had not a surplus to that amount, but supposing that he had, would the House consent to its being applied to the reduction of the stamp-duty on newspapers? The advocates of the reduction declared that it would be worse than nothing, unless the whole duty were repealed at once. He hoped the House would be disposed at some fit and convenient time to consider the subject of the stamp-duties on newspapers, with a view to a better arrangement ultimately; after which the resolutions were agreed to.

Aug. 16.—Lord J. Russell presented his Majesty's answer to the resolutions of the House regarding Orange Lodges, which was as follows:—"My

attention has been, and shall continue to be, directed to practices contrary to the regulations and injurious to the discipline of my troops. I owe it no less to the dignity of my Crown than to the safety of the country and the welfare of my brave and loyal army, to discourage and prevent any attempts to introduce secret societies into its ranks; and you may rely on my determination to adopt the most effectual means for that purpose."—The Imprisonment for Debt Bill was read a third time and passed, and ordered to be forwarded to the Lords.

Aug. 17.—Lord J. Russell, in answer to Mr. Lynch, stated that next Session the Government would propose a Bill to separate the judicial from the senatorial functions of the Lord Chancellor.—Mr. Hawes moved certain resolutions with a view to extend the time for the delivery of designs for the New Houses of Parliament to the 1st of January next; they were opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and negatived without a division.

Aug. 18.—Mr. W. Patten reported from the Select Committee on Orange Institutions in Great Britain and the Colonies, that Lieut.-Col. Fairman, who was represented to this Committee as Deputy Grand Master and Secretary to the Orange Lodges of Great Britain, having been called upon to produce a letter-book stated to be in his possession, and which he admitted contained copies of letters, entered by himself and agents, having reference to the proceedings of such Orange Institutions, had refused to comply with such requisition. The report having been brought up, it was ordered to be printed, and it was further ordered that Lieut.-Col. Fairman should attend at the bar of the House.

Aug. 19.—Mr. Hume moved that Lieut.-Col. Fairman, the Deputy Grand Secretary to the Grand Orange Lodge of England, be called to the bar, he having refused to produce the letter-book of the lodge.—Col. Fairman having been called, said that he had offered to make selections from the copies of correspondence in his possession; but the book he did not produce even to the Committee of the Grand Lodge, and should not if they asked for it. He now refused to produce the book containing correspondence on the subject of Orange Lodges; and he did so on public grounds. He would not produce copies of all the letters regarding Orange Lodges, because he would not act under the influence of threat, be the consequences what they might.—Col. Perceval moved that the short-hand writer should be instructed to read over to Col. Fairman the questions and answers put to him and made by him before the Committee and in the House.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer resisted this proposition, as tending to establish a dangerous precedent.—After a long conversation, Col. Perceval said he should protest against compelling the witness to produce his private letter-book, as the exertion of a despotic power.—The House divided on Colonel Perceval's proposition. The numbers were, ayes 19; noes 129; majority against it, 110.—Colonel Fairman was again examined, and again refused to produce the book.—Mr. Wallace moved that the Colonel be taken into custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, with the view of next moving that the Sergeant and officers of the House go with the witness to his residence, and there seize all books and papers, seal them, and bring them to the House, there to be examined by a Select Committee, to separate those that bore upon the question of Orange Lodges, and to forward them to the Committee thereon.—Colonel Fairman being further examined, said that the book was in his possession at his residence, but he would not say where there.—The Colonel again withdrew, and a long and somewhat stormy discussion arose on the subject. It was, however, eventually determined that Lieut.-Col. Fairman should be called in and informed that it was the opinion of the House that he was bound to produce the book.—He again refused, and was thereupon ordered to withdraw.

Aug. 20.—Mr. Hume brought up a report from the Committee on Orange

Lodges, stating that Colonel Fairman persisted in his intention of not giving up the book, and moved that he be taken into the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.—Mr. Warburton further moved that the Sergeant-at-Arms do go to the residence of Colonel Fairman, and there seize and take possession of the book.—After considerable discussion, the latter motion, at the suggestion of the Speaker and Lord John Russell, was withdrawn, the former, however, being agreed to.—Mr. Hume then gave notice of a motion to enforce the production of the book.—Mr. Sergeant Jackson moved the third reading of the Clandestine Marriages Bill.—Mr. Poulter moved the omission of clause 2.—The House divided, and the numbers were—ayes, 33; noes, 21.—The clause was then struck out, and the Bill was read a third time.

Aug. 21.—The Sergeant-at-Arms informed the House that, on the receipt of the Speaker's warrant last night, he proceeded with two messengers to the residence of Col. Fairman, but the Colonel was not at home. The messengers had since made diligent search, but had, up to the present time, been unable to apprehend Col. Fairman.

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## THE COLONIES.

### CANADA.

THE following is a comparative statement of the numbers of ships, settlers, &c. up to the 17th of July, 1834 and 1835, inclusive, by which it will be seen that there had been a considerable falling off in the number of arrivals of the latter:—

	Vessels.	Tons.	Emigrants.
1834	541	140,167	22,210
1835	538	154,860	7,810

Trade was good in the colony, and the prospects of the agriculturists continued most cheering.

### ST. VINCENT'S.

A Bill had passed the House of Assembly of St. Vincent's to compensate the apprentices for some losses they sustained by the Emancipation Act, which they possessed under the old law, in reference to the time granted them for the rearing of provisions. The Council had made some amendments in it, which the Assembly refused to allow. Unless such a measure passes, it seems the island will not have any claim for compensation.

### NEW BRUNSWICK.

Accounts from New Brunswick state that the long-agitated question between the Crown and the inhabitants of New Brunswick, relative to quit-rents, has at length been amicably settled, and the Legislature, after a special session, which had only lasted nine days, was prorogued by Sir Archibald Campbell. In this brief space, however, from the understanding which existed previous to its commencement, that the Crown would surrender its right to the quit-rents in future, on condition that 1200*l.* per annum should be permanently voted in lieu thereof, much harmony prevailed among the co-ordinate branches of the Legislature, and several laws of local importance were enacted. The sum thus granted is to be applied to the purposes of the improvement of the internal communications of the provinces.

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## FOREIGN STATES.

## FRANCE.

AMONGST the ways and means by which the French seek to attain political perfection, the startling experiment of an "Infernal Machine" has been revived for the instruction of Louis Philippe. This device, so critically frustrated when directed against Buonaparte, had the effect of rendering the First Consul an absolute Dictator. In the recent instance we have little doubt that the result will be similar; the genius of the French appears to incline them to Anarchy or Despotism.

The following is a summary of the particulars relating to this tragic event:—The second of the anniversary days of July having been appointed for the customary annual review of the National Guards, at nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 28th, the King left the Tuileries, accompanied by a numerous Staff, including his three eldest sons and the Field Marshals and General Officers present in Paris. The King having passed along the whole line of the Boulevards, on the side on which the National Guards were drawn up, his Majesty returned on the opposite side, on which the troops of the line were stationed. About a quarter past twelve, at the moment that the royal cavalcade arrived at the rising ground on the Boulevard du Temple, a tremendous explosion took place, like the fire of an entire company, the dreadful effect of which was immediately manifest upon the party accompanying his Majesty. This explosion issued from a small window on the second story, about twenty feet from the ground, over a wine-shop of the lowest order, just opposite the Jardin Turc. The instrument employed consisted of a number of gun-barrels, all radiating from one point, and so disposed as to be capable of being discharged by the application of a single match. The King, against whose life this diabolical instrument was manifestly prepared, with his sons, providentially escaped unhurt, although the horse on which his Majesty rode received a wound of which it is said to have since died. Marshal Mortier, Duke de Treviso, the Lieut.-Colonel of the 8th Legion of the National Guards, who was in the rear of his Majesty at the moment of the explosion, was killed on the spot; General de Lachasse was mortally wounded in the forehead; and the total amount of the slaughter, as officially stated by the "Moniteur," amounts to fourteen killed and seventeen wounded, among whom, besides those above-mentioned, are some officers of rank. The name of the wretched perpetrator of this diabolical crime is Fieschi, a Corsican by birth and a desperado by character. Nothing has transpired implicating any political party in France in this murderous attempt.

## SPAIN.

Accounts received from Madrid state that the Spanish government has at last been made sensible to the importance of the recognition of the Spanish American States, as it affects her own interests and welfare at this crisis; that the inadmissible pretensions are withdrawn, and that a passport has been expedited to his Excellency Señor Santa Maria, by the Spanish Minister, as *Minister of the Republic of Mexico, &c.*

The "Madrid Gazette" of the 29th ult. contains a decree for suppressing *nine hundred convents* in different parts of Spain, the property of which is to be applied towards the payment of the debts of the State! The government thus defies the power of the Church of Rome! In Catalonia atrocious scenes are going on; a considerable number of helpless monks have been butchered by the mob in several towns.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### MARSHAL MORTIER, DUKE OF TREVISO.

Marshal Mortier, Duke de Treviso, was born in 1768, consequently he was in his 68th year. He was the son of a merchant, who represented the *tiers etat* of Cambresis at the States General, in 1789. The Marshal was originally brought up in his father's profession, and quitted his station as clerk in a mercantile counting-house at Dunkirk, in 1791, to serve in the first battalion of volunteers of the Department of the North, in which he was at once received with the rank of Captain. Having distinguished himself on various occasions, he was made an Adjutant-General in 1793. His first command as a general officer was at the attack of the fortress of St. Pierre. In 1796 he had the command of the advance guard of the army of the Sambre-et-Meuse, then under the orders of Gen. Lefevre. On the 31st of May of the same year he attacked the Austrians, defeated them, and drove them beyond the Archer. During the whole of the war, which was closed by the treaty of Campo Formio, we find Gen. Mortier actively engaged, and invariably successful in every enterprise with which he was intrusted by his superior in command. In the campaign of 1799 he had again the command of the advance guard. His services in that station were in a great measure conducive to the success of the French arms, and to the high opinion that Napoleon conceived of his military talents. It was Gen. Mortier whom Napoleon sent, in 1803, at the head of his first expedition to Hanover. The whole of the military operations were, on the part of the French army, directed by Gen. Mortier, and the result was the memorable Convention of Suhlingen, by which the electorate of Hanover was placed in the hands of the French. On his return to Paris he was appointed to the command of the artillery of the Guard; and in 1804 he was raised, with other officers of superior merit, to the rank of a Marshal, and decorated with the Grand Cross of the newly-instituted order of the Legion of Honour.

In the campaigns of 1805 and 1806, Gen. Mortier was at the head of one of the divisions of the grand army, commanded in chief by Napoleon in person. The greatest feat of arms ever achieved by any French troops, fell during this war to the lot of a corps of 4000 commanded by Marshal Mortier. Having fallen in with the whole of the Russian army, led by Kutusoff, and forced to accept battle or lay down his arms, Mortier fought with a valour and superiority of tactics which allowed sufficient time for considerable reinforcements to come to his aid. This affair gave great celebrity to Mortier's name throughout the French army and in France. His fellow citizens at Cambray wished to raise a public monument in that city in memory of his action with Kutusoff, but Mortier positively refused to allow it. It was Marshal Mortier who captured Hamburg at the close of 1806. On that occasion he displayed a rancorous hostility against everything that was English, which greatly surprised all who had any knowledge of his early life. In his younger days he had lived a good deal in Scotland, and the counting-house at Dunkirk where he received his commercial education, was that of an English merchant. His intimacy and intercourse with natives of this country, of which he spoke the language fluently, had been such, that few would believe it was in pursuance of orders issued from himself that the whole of the British residents in Hamburg were thrown into prison, and every particle of British property was confiscated. In 1808 he was raised to the imperial Dukedom of Treviso, receiving at the same time a "dotation," attached to the title, of 100,000 francs (4000*l.*) per annum out of the crown domains of Hanover. He lost this income at the peace of 1814. Soon after the opening of the

Spanish war he was sent to Spain, where he co-operated with several successive commanders-in-chief, and fought the battle of Ocana, which he and his countrymen have claimed as having been won by the corps under his immediate command. Subsequently he accompanied Napoleon to Russia, and it was to him that the hazardous undertaking of blowing up the Kremlin at Moscow was intrusted. He took an active part in the whole of this and the subsequent campaigns under Napoleon.

During the earlier part of the reign of Louis XVIII., Marshal Mortier spent his time in Paris, apparently little desirous of figuring in the military or political world. In 1816, however, he was appointed Commandant of the 15th military division, the seat of which is Rouen, and soon after he was elected by his native department of the North, member of the Chamber of Deputies, in which he sat till 1819, when he was raised to the peerage. In 1834, on the resignation of Marshal Soult of the Presidency of the Council and the Ministry of War, the whole ministry being then disjointed and, much against the wish of the King, on the eve of dissolution, Marshal Mortier was solicited by the King to accept the offices which Marshal Soult had given up, he being the only individual at the moment with whom, and under whose presidency, the other members of the Soult administration were willing to remain in office. The Marshal yielded, with extreme reluctance, to the wishes of the King. He knew that politics were not his element, and soon after, at the ministerial council-table, as well as on the ministerial benches in the two Legislative Chambers, he felt that he was not in his proper place. The remarks and jokes of the press about his silence in the Chambers, and his inactivity as a minister, however good-naturedly expressed, at length drove the Duke de Treviso to the positive resolution of withdrawing for ever from the ministerial career. One morning in the early part of February, therefore, he waited on the King, placed his act of resignation in the royal hands, and gave his Majesty to understand that his resolution to withdraw was not to be changed. Mortier is among the few of Napoleon's generals whose reputation for integrity and private worth has remained unquestioned through life. Though not very popular, owing to a natural stiffness in his manners, not more habitual among, than agreeable to the French, he was always spoken of with respect, and to the last day of his existence he has enjoyed the undivided esteem of his countrymen.

#### DON TOMAS ZUMALACARREGUI.

Don Tomas Zumalacarregui was born in 1789, at Ormaestegui, a village of about 550 inhabitants, in the province of Guipuscoa, a league and a half from Villafranca. His family was amongst the most respectable of the country. Zumalacarregui, who was at college at Pampeluna when Spain was invaded by the French, abandoned his studies, and joined the guerilla corps under Mina. In 1821 the regiment in which he was captain was sent to form part of the garrison of Pampeluna. As his political opinions were known to be hostile to the new Constitutional system, he had to experience many annoyances, which at length determined him to quit his regiment, and join the army of the Faith under Quesada, who gave him the command of a battalion. After the war of 1823 he was named Lieutenant-Colonel, and on one occasion Ferdinand VII. after a review complimented the colonel of the regiment to which Zumalacarregui belonged on the remarkable military appearance and precision in their manœuvres possessed by his regiment. The colonel was modest and just enough to reply, that for these advantages the regiment was indebted to the second in command, Zumalacarregui. The king asked why he was not a colonel, and being answered that he had not yet served the time prescribed by the regulations of the service, the king replied "So much the worse for the service," and on the instant promoted him to the rank of colonel, and gave him the command of the Regiment of Estremadura (the

15th of the Line). This regiment was shortly after pointed out as a model of discipline and soldierly conduct to the army. After the events of La Granja, Zumalacarrégui was deprived of his command for having served against the Constitutionalists in 1822 and 1823. He was even accused of having entertained a design to proclaim Charles V. during the lifetime of Ferdinand. He was tried by a court-martial and acquitted. The king declared that he never suspected his loyalty, and gave orders to Quesada, inspector-general of infantry, and to the minister of war, to restore him to his rank immediately. Quesada placed him on half-pay. Zumalacarrégui memorialized the queen, and addressed himself personally to Quesada on the subject, but without avail, the latter telling him that "as he had commanded the troops of the Army of the Faith in Navarre, he was necessarily an object of suspicion to the government, and could not be employed in active service." After a warm altercation, Quesada dismissed him rather abruptly, and some time after he was placed on the retired list, with an allowance of only 1200*f.* (50*l.*) Zumalacarrégui, indignant at this treatment, made known to some of his friends the design he had formed to proclaim Charles V. after the death of Ferdinand, and engaged them to demand their retreat and retire with him to Pampeluna, Vittoria, and other towns in the northern provinces, to be ready for the event. It was at this period that the Infant Don Carlos sent for Zumalacarrégui, and conversed with him in the apartment of the Princess da Beira. The Prince said to him—"I look upon you as my friend. You repelled those who wished to engage you in a conspiracy against my brother, in so doing you acted like a true Spaniard. I shall not forget you." Zumalacarrégui replied, that he had only done his duty, and that he would do it again when the king should die. He soon after applied to Quesada for permission to retire to Pampeluna, his wife's native town, but was at first refused, until, on an express order of Ferdinand, permission was given him, and he arrived in Pampeluna four months previous to the king's death. Having taken the necessary measures for the execution of his design, the moment the news of Ferdinand's death reached him, he clandestinely quitted Pampeluna, and placed himself under the orders of Santos Ladron, who was the first to organize an army for Don Carlos. On the death of Santos Ladron, Colonel Eraso took the command, but he being forced by indisposition to pass into France, Zumalacarrégui succeeded to the command, and from that moment commenced that brilliant military career that has rendered his name familiar to all Europe. Eraso having recovered his health, escaped from France and joined the Carlist army, the command of which Zumalacarrégui pressed him to resume, but Eraso refused, saying that Zumalacarrégui had too worthily filled that post not to merit preserving it, and that he (Eraso) would feel it an honour to act under him. Don Carlos sent the commission of Brigadier-General to Eraso, and that of Major-General to Zumalacarrégui, and the latter, on the arrival of Don Carlos in Navarre, was named Lieutenant-General and Major-General of the army. Zumalacarrégui was rather under than over the middle size, and was beginning to be a little corpulent. His countenance was expressive, and his eyes lively and piercing. His upturned moustachios and large whiskers gave him a martial air. His activity was prodigious, and his memory astonishing, and though exhibiting something of petulance, and abrupt in his manner, he was in reality affable, goodnatured, generous, disinterested, and modest, and a strict observer of his word.

## ADMIRAL LAFOREY.

Died, recently, at Brighton, in the 68th year of his age, Sir Francis Laforey, Bart., K.C.B., Admiral of the Blue. The ancestors of this officer came to England with King William, at the Revolution. His grandfather was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army, and Governor of Pendennis Castle. Sir Francis Laforey succeeded his father to the Baronetcy in 1796, he

having died in the West Indies, as Commander-in-Chief, and one of the Judges at the Island of Antigua. The subject of the present memoir was born at Virginia, and sent into H. M. navy early in life. In 1791, having arrived at the rank of Commander, he was appointed to H. M. sloop *Fairy*, served in her on the Leeward Island Station for two years, and was then despatched to England with an account of the capture of the Island of Tobago. On the 5th June, 1793, Captain Laforey was promoted to his Post-rank, and shortly after had the command of the *Carysfort*, of 34 guns, and on the 29th May, 1794, captured the *Castor*, French frigate, of 32 guns and 200 men, 16 of whom were slain, and nine wounded. The *Carysfort* lost but one man killed and six wounded. The *Castor* had formerly been a British ship, captured by the French, regularly condemned, and re-commissioned in their service, yet the Navy Board put in a claim for her to be restored to the British service on payment of salvage; but, on the matter coming before the Admiralty Court, Sir James Marriot, the judge, decided she was a lawful prize, and the whole value was decreed to the captors. Capt. Laforey afterwards had *L'Aimable*, *Beaulieu*, and *Scipio*, in the West Indies—in the latter ship he was very active, in conjunction with Commodore Parr, and Major-General Whyte, in the capture of the Dutch settlements of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, in 1795. Immediately on succeeding to the Baronetcy, Captain Laforey was appointed to the *Hydra*, and, while cruising off the coast of France, in company with the *Vesuvius* bomb, and *Trial* cutter, he, on the 1st of May, 1798, discovered a French frigate, a corvette, and a cutter. After a long chase, the former was brought to action by the *Hydra*, who succeeded in drawing her on shore near Havre, and, with the boats of his small squadron, destroyed her. She proved to be the *Confiante*, of 36 guns, and a crew of 300 men,—the greater part of whom got on shore. The corvette contrived to escape, but the cutter shared the fate of the frigate. After serving two years on the Leeward Island Station, in the *Hydra*, Sir F. Laforey took the command of the *Powerful*, 74, and was employed in the Baltic, and afterwards under the order of Admiral Sir Charles Pole, in Cadiz Bay. In 1805, Sir Francis was appointed to the ship *Spartiate*, of 74 guns, and attached to the fleet under Lord Nelson, accompanying him to the West Indies, in search of the French and Spanish fleet, and in the memorable battle of Trafalgar had the good fortune to be engaged. The *Spartiate* sustained a loss of three killed and twenty wounded. Sir F. Laforey, with the other captains of the fleet, received a gold medal. He continued in the Mediterranean until promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, in 1810. He was for three or four years Commander-in-Chief on the Barbadoes station, with his flag in the *Dragon*, of 74 guns. On the increase of the Order of the Bath, in 1815, Sir F. Laforey was nominated a K.C.B. and on the 22nd of July, 1833, was promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Blue.

## DR. M'CRIE.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to announce the sudden decease of this learned divine and celebrated historian, who was distinguished alike for his great talents and for his private virtues. He had, we understand, been complaining for some days; but was far from being seriously indisposed, as he went out on Tuesday to walk as usual. He was taken ill about five o'clock in the afternoon of that day; between ten and eleven he fell into a stupor, from which he never revived, and expired on Wednesday, about half-past twelve o'clock, in the 64th year of his age and 40th of his ministry. Christianity and Europe have thus lost, in the death of a Scotchman and fellow-citizen, one of the noblest defenders of the one, and one of the other's most illustrious ornaments. It is not easy, indeed, for those who knew him familiarly in Edinburgh, all at once to grasp the extent of their loss, or the probable duration of his fame. The

fame of other writers must be content to hang on the taste they bred or the taste they followed, but that of the historian of the Reformers of Scotland—of the martyrs of Italy and Spain, and of Calvin, must brighten with every fresh triumph of a cause destined in the course of time to embrace the whole earth. “The Life of John Knox” displays profound and accurate research, a keen and penetrating judgment, and a clear, vigorous, and simple style. It is an historical sketch of the first order, of unquestioned accuracy in its details, which are so skilfully thrown together as to exhibit with liveliness and force all the stern and peculiar features of those rude times. Dr. M’Crie did not affect the splendour of fancy and diction which belonged to the Roman historian, nor, perhaps, the comprehensive philosophy of Hume; but in plain, straight-forward, and discriminating views of human affairs and characters, he yielded to none. He seemed to catch, as if by intuition, the leading traits of the historical picture, which he exhibits with a fidelity and force of colouring that will ever give a peculiar value to his productions. His impartiality and candour, and his unaffected desire to investigate the truth, to whatever conclusion it may lead, inspires a confidence in his narrative, especially when this is contrasted with the strong prejudices under the influence of which other historians, of distinguished eminence too, seek to corrupt the truth of history, and to render it subservient to their views. Dr. M’Crie was born at Dunse, in the year 1772.

#### PROFESSOR REUVENS.

It is our painful duty to record the death of Professor Reuvens, of Leyden, celebrated for his knowledge of Egyptian archæology and antiquities. This gentleman visited London very recently, to make purchases from the collection of the late Mr. Salt, and succeeded in carrying off the finest specimen of hieroglyphical papyrus, but at the great price of 160 guineas. He was in perfect health on the day of his departure for Leyden, on Wednesday, the 22nd July. On that day, however, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, on board the Sir Edward Banks steam-boat, and expired on the evening of the following day. Every assistance that could possibly be rendered was obtained and given, but without effect. He died in the forty-second year of his age, leaving a widow and three young children to lament his loss. His death is a real loss to the literary and scientific world, and we fear that his labours to improve and extend the Enchorial Alphabet and Vocabulary are not sufficiently advanced, to admit of arrangement by any other hand. While in this country he consulted his friends, Mr. Wilkinson, Dr. Lee, Mr. Pettigrew, Mr. Davidson, and others, relative to his intended publication of a fac-simile of the celebrated Bilingual MS. belonging to the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities attached to the University of Leyden, an account of which he published in 1830, under the title of “*Lettres à M. Letronne sur les Papyrus Bilingues et Grecs et sur quelques autres Monumens Græco-Egyptiens du Musée d’Antiquités de l’Université de Leide.*” The Egyptian Museum of Leyden is particularly rich in papyri, there being no less than 147; and of Græco-Egyptian MSS. it has perhaps a greater number than any other collection. It was formed from the celebrated Anastasy collection, which was purchased by the Netherlands Government in 1828, and is enriched with the collections of M. de l’Escluze, of Bruges, and Signora Cimba, of Leghorn. M. Reuvens was connected with this museum, and was pursuing the subject of Egyptian literature with great ardour. His fitness for this most difficult pursuit may be judged of by the opinion expressed of his “*Lettres à Letronne.*” by the “*Edinburgh Review*” for June, 1831, p. 372, where it is said that “by a happy concentration of numerous scattered rays, scarcely discernible by an ordinary eye, he has succeeded in throwing a powerful and steady light on several points which were previously involved in mystery and darkness, and particularly in detecting the real

source of those theosophical extravagances which, ingrafted on Christianity, constituted the gnosticism of the first ages of the Church." Mr. Pettigrew has, in his "History of Egyptian Mummies," noticed the Bilingual MS. of which Professor Reuvens was about to publish a fac-simile. It is for the most part in the Hieratic character, but contains interlinear transcriptions in Greek letters of Egyptian words, according to the Demotic form of writing. Towards the end of the MS. there are several Demotic transcriptions of words in Hieratic, and in the body of the text numerous Demotic letters mixed with the Hieratic, and isolated words in Demotic in some few instances containing Hieratic characters. Mr. Pettigrew has stated that in no other known MS. has this mixture of characters been so extensively employed; and it is therefore to be hoped that some one will be found to succeed the Professor in this research, as it is one upon which Egyptian scholars stand so much in need of information and improvement.

PIGAULT LE BRUN.

The best of French novelists is no more. The gay, the witty, the amiable Pigault le Brun has expired at the advanced age of 83. The author of the inimitable history of "Jerome;" "Monsieur Botte;" "Mon Oncle Thomas;" "The Barons de Felsheim;" "Nous les sommes tous," and a score of other unrivalled novels, sleeps the last sleep.

Pigault le Brun was the French Fielding; he possessed the same humour, the same truth to nature, the same graphic powers of description, the same occasional coarseness, and a far greater richness of imagination. In his delineations of low life—for he rarely attempted to portray, except in ridiculing, the manners of the high classes—he stands unrivalled and alone. The rigid moralist may, perhaps, condemn many of his works, and prudery affect to blush at the homeliness of many of his expressions and characters; but take him for all in all, the good man's "failings leaned to virtue's side." His was the kindly satire and the laughing reproof which are often found to be more effective in putting vice to shame than the more elaborate and more bitter denunciations of nature's less philanthropic. In all the novels of Le Brun we neither find a complete hero nor a complete villain—nothing either above or below the standard of humanity. He was an observer too exact and too patient ever to destroy the charm of his characters by departing in the least from the reality of nature. It is now sixty years since Pigault began to write. He was the best novelist of the day during the Revolution, and in his own peculiar department the best after it. Unmindful of the warfare of politics, and the dethronement of kings, he has pursued the even tenor of his way, scourging folly wherever it was to be found, and narrating in simple and unaffected language the loves, the sorrows, and the frailties of the poor. His Mademoiselle Javotte in the amusing "History of Jerome the Foundling," is, notwithstanding all her errors, a creature whom it is impossible not to love—as sweet a creation as ever was portrayed by the imagination of a poet. Corporal Brandt, in the "Barons de Felsheim," is in nowise inferior, and quite as good in his way as the inimitable Caleb Balderstoun of Sir Walter Scott. His characters start upon our remembrance by dozens, and so vividly as almost to make us imagine that we had gleaned knowledge of them from the life, and not from the pages of fiction. Pigault Le Brun has died full of years and full of honour, and his mantle has descended upon another apostle worthy of so distinguished a predecessor. Paul de Kock is the writer who has cultivated with the greatest success the style of Le Brun; and whose works, in their vigour and freshness, repay us for the sickly and morbid sentimentality of the majority of contemporary French novelists.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At All Souls', Marylebone, the Right Hon. Lord George Paulet, Captain R.N., third son of the Marquis of Winchester, to Georgiana, daughter of Lady Wood and the late General Sir George Wood, K.C.B., of Ottershaw Park, Surrey.

The Hon. Jas. Hewitt, eldest son of Viscount Lifford, to Lady Mary Acheson, eldest daughter of Earl Gosford.

At Willingate, Essex, the Rev. Chas. Bradshaw Bowles, of Pirbright, Surrey, to Sophia, second daughter of the Rev. John Deenes, Rector of Willingale.

At St. James's, by the Bishop of Rochester, Sir William R. P. Geary, Bart., M.P., of Oxonheath, Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late Hon. Charles Andrew Bruce.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, the Rev. John Hopkinson, M.A., Rector of Alwalton, Huuts, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rd. Miles, Esq., of Phillimore-place, Kensington.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, A. O. Molesworth, Esq., Captain in the Royal Artillery, and brother of Viscount Molesworth, to Grace June, daughter of the late Morgan Crofton, Esq., of Harcourt-street.

J. H. Cooper, Esq., of Bridgnorth, Banker, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Godfrey Sykes, Esq., Solicitor of Stamps.

At Skinfield, near Reading, the Rev. H.

George Talbot, nephew of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to Mary, daughter of the late Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, K.C.B., and niece of the Right Hon. Lord Ponsonby.

*Died.*—On the 25th of May, at Belvedere, in Jamaica, the Hon. George Cuthbert, Esq., President of his Majesty's Council of that Island.

At her residence, in Upper Berkeley-street, the Baroness de Montesquieu, aged 90.

At Twickenham, the Earl of Waldegrave, in the 56th year of his age.

Joseph Wolfe, Esq., of Ewell, Surrey, aged 78.

At Cheltenham, Lieut.-General Prole, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

At his seat, Burton-park, Sussex, John Bidulph, Esq., aged 86.

At Chilandola, near Nice, the Rev. Walter St. John Mildmay, Rector of Dogmersfield, Hants, son of the late Sir Henry St. John Mildmay, Bart.

Aged 74, at the rectory, Oldberrow, the Rev. S. Peshall, M.A., and one of the Magistrates for the county of Worcester.

At Pau, Lower Pyrenees, after a short illness, Miss F. Cherry, only sister of W. G. Cherry, Esq., of Buckland, Herefordshire.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

## LONDON.

*Kean's Monument.*—The beautiful statue of Kean, by Mr. Carew, has been placed on its pedestal in the vestibule of Drury-lane Theatre, on the left of the cast from Roubillac's celebrated statue of Shakspeare, and to the right of the entrance from Brydges-street. The mighty "representative of Shakspeare's kings" is in the character of *Hamlet*, soliloquizing on the skull of Yorick, which he holds in his left hand, the right, exquisitely executed, being raised above it with his fingers extended. The likeness is admirable.

A bedstead and table of solid gold, two massive chairs of silver, two elephants, two Arabian horses, two dwarf buffaloes, and many valuable shawls, worth 80,000*l.*, have been presented by the King of Oude to the King of England. The elephants have been presented one to each of the Zoological Gardens.

*The Thames.*—In a report made by Mr. Rennie of the effect of the removal of London Bridge, it is stated that the drainage of the districts bordering on the river has been greatly improved; that barges which used formerly to be towed up from Putney to Richmond by horses, are now carried by the current in one tide; and that the fall of water has been so considerable as to cause ships, in many instances, to ground in their tiers.

## DERBYSHIRE.

*Botany and Gardening.*—The "Gardeners' Magazine" contains an account of the Duke of Devonshire's new arboretum at Chatsworth, in which Mr. Paxton remarks that an estate of three acres may be planted, with an eye to beauty as well as science, with 1200 species of trees and shrubs. At Chatsworth there will be 2000 species, each with all the accommodation a tree could

desire, and there is room for 2000 more if they should be discovered. There are already 1670 kinds of trees in 75 natural groups, covering about forty acres.

#### DORSETSHIRE.

*Comparative Statistics of Dorset and Somerset.*—In the year 1831 the proportion of persons living in every square mile of the county of Dorset was 158—in every square mile of the county of Somerset, 246, showing that the population of Somerset is more dense than that of Dorset by 88 persons upon every square mile; a proof of the greater fertility of the soil of Somersetshire, a more abundant supply of food, and a superior system of cultivation. The commitments to prison for criminal offences in the county of Dorset, were 177, being as 1 to 900 of the population, or one in every six square miles—in Somersetshire the commitments were 616, being as one to 656 of the population, or one in every three square miles, thus showing that individual crime is greater in Somersetshire than in Dorsetshire in the proportion of 18 to 13. The depositors in savings' banks in the county of Dorset were 5526, being as 1 to every 29 of the population, or as 11 in every two square miles; in Somersetshire the depositors were 12,141, being as 1 to every 33 of the population, or as eight in every square mile.

#### LANCASHIRE.

At the seventh half-yearly meeting of the Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, they reported a continued increase in the traffic, as compared with the corresponding six months of the former year. The receipts of the half-year ending 30th June, amounted to 99,474*l.* 16*s.*, and the expenses to 61,814*l.* 6*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a net profit for six months of 37,660*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.* A dividend of 4*l.* 10*s.* per share was recommended by the Directors.

*New Tertiary Formations.*—We beg to call the attention of our scientific readers to a paper in the "Philosophical Journal" for last month, from the pen of Mr. E. Charlesworth, upon the subject of that formation commonly known to geologists under the name of

Suffolk Crag. The writer of this highly interesting communication has established the fact that this deposit, which has hitherto been considered uniform, may be safely referred to at least two different periods of deposition. He has ascertained by constant researches in the neighbourhood of Tattingstone, at Sndbourne Park, and along the banks of the Deber, that, under the marly and ochreous beds which constitute the upper crag strata, there is plainly to be traced a deposit differing almost entirely in the character of its organic remains from the sands and clays by which it is overlaid, and which, from the abundance of corals discovered within it, he proposes to call by the name of coralline crag, while he assigns that of red crag to the stratum immediately above it. It appears that of the 450 species of testacea contained in both formations, no less than 200 are peculiar to the coralline crag. Of the remainder, 80 are contained in the red crag alone, while the remaining 150 are common to both deposits. This fact, according to the rule now generally in use among geologists, would in itself be sufficient, we imagine, to establish the point for which Mr. Charlesworth contends; but his paper contains several other curious and important corroborations of his opinion, into which we have not leisure to enter at large. We sincerely hope that this enterprising young oryctologist will continue his investigations on this subject, and that owing to his own inquiries, and those of others endued with a similar spirit of judicious research, the common assertion that the tertiary strata are a disgrace to British geological science will be speedily and effectually contradicted.

#### WALES.

*Old Coins.*—A vast quantity of silver and gold coins, of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First, were lately discovered in the sands at Conway, by a poor girl of that neighbourhood. Several of them are in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, the Governor of Shrewsbury County Gaol, and in good preservation. Those of Elizabeth (1582) describe her as Queen of France and Ireland; those of James, as King of Great Britain, France, and Hibernia; with the characteristic motto, "States which God hath joined let no one separate."

THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

LETTER I.

*Algiers, 19th Sept., 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

One day that I was in the King's library at Paris, exploring books on ancient geography, I cast my eyes on a point of the map\* that corresponds with the site of this city. Its recent eventful history rushed full on my thoughts, and seemed to rebuke them for dwelling on the dead more than the living. The question of how widely and how soon this conquest of Algiers may throw open the gates of African civilization, is it not infinitely more interesting than any musty old debate among classic topographers? To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen. So I closed the volume I was perusing, and wished myself with all my soul at Algiers. Ah, but the distance—the “*mare sacrum et importuosum*” of Africa—the heat that *must* be endured—and the pestilence that *may* be encountered—do not these considerations make the thing impossible? No, not impossible, I said to myself, on second thoughts; the distance is not so great, and the risk of contagion has been braved by thousands with impunity; I will see this curious place. I went to my friend, M. Galignani, and told him my intention; he introduced me to Mons. Lawrence, who was soon to return to the colony as the Procureur du Roi†. M. Lawrence, with the greatest friendliness, sent me about a dozen books relating to the colony, and offered, if I would accompany him in the mail-post to Toulon, to procure me a passage from thence to Algiers in the Government steam-*packet*. Unfortunately for me, I had too much baggage to be accommodated in the mail, so I had to set out in the diligence, trusting to meet with M. Lawrence at Marseilles. As I travelled night and day, I had but a hasty view of the country, and when I reached Marseilles, I found that the Procureur du Roi had got before me, and (as I concluded) was already embarked at Toulon. A merchant-vessel was to sail for Algiers the next morning; I took a berth on board of her, being anxious to get across before the season of the equinoctial gales; I have since learnt that these gales are not so punctual in their visits to the Mediterranean during the autumn as to other seas. Meanwhile, an advice which M. Lawrence had given me dwelt in my mind, namely, by all means to take a servant with me from Europe, as the Algerine lodging-houses leave you very much to serve yourself. The only day therefore which I spent in the most interesting city of Southern France was devoted, not to seeing its curiosities, but to searching for the most valuable of all curiosities—a faithful domestic. A young man with an

\* The ancient Roman city Icosium.

† Corresponding with our Attorney-General.

honest-looking countenance, who reminded me of your inestimable servant George, brought me a certificate of his character for a twelvemonth past ; but farther back the recommender could not speak for him, and there was a mystery over his anterior biography which makes me fear that he was only an outside resemblance of George. I engaged him, nevertheless. He said he was a British subject, and a native of Gibraltar ; but when I took him to the British Consul, his answers were not so satisfactory as to procure a passport. He then recollected that he had been born at Cadiz ; the Spanish Consul, however, doubted the accuracy of his memory. Afterwards he discovered that he was a native of Naples, but with no better success. In fine, we went hither and yonder in search of some testimony as to the place of his birth, which seemed to be as doubtful as that of Homer, only with this difference, that the cities where he alleged he had been born seemed to vie with each other rather in disowning, than claiming, the honour of his nativity ; and nobody would give him a passport. So I was obliged to embark alone—a knight-errant without a squire.

I sailed from Marseilles the 11th inst., and we crossed the Mediterranean in six days. That they were not in all respects the pleasantest days of my life you will easily imagine, when I tell you that twelve of us adult passengers, besides an obstreperous child of four years old, were potted alive in a cabin nine feet square. There was no refuge during the day-time on deck, for it seemed to be kept from being set on fire by the sun only by incessant buckets of water. It is true that we could sally from our den in the evening, and in the night-time we had some repose, but it was constantly interrupted at day-break by the impious brat I have mentioned, beating a toy-drum, and hawling lustily when it was taken from him. At last the very mother who had borne him lost all patience ; she threw his plaything into the sea, and threatened to send the little drummer himself after it. Several of us humanely, but in vain, implored her to fulfil her threat. We were fortunate, however, as to our ship's crew, who, from the captain down to the mousse, or cabin-boy, were all assiduously attentive to us. The Mediterranean trading-vessels have generally a bad character for feeding their passengers with tough salt fish, and laying to at meal-times, so as to make the rocking of the ship an antidote to their guests partaking freely even of that sorry fare. But here we had excellent food and wine, though the passage-price was very moderate. One day we had even a fête and plenty of champagne ; it was when a brother skipper came on board and dined with us. He was a strange mad-cap, who, not contented with being master of a ship, imagined himself also master of the "Belles Lettres" and philosophy. Nay, he was a poet to boot, and, to my misfortune, learning that I was a *litterateur*, he cruelly inflicted several dozens of his own verses on my naked ears. It was a voyage altogether with many sufferings, but with some consolations. The cool of the evening gave us breath and appetite to sup upon deck, and, in order to promote cheerfulness, it was made a law that we should all sing after supper in turn, *whether we could sing or not*. I never recognised more of the natural gaiety of the French character, and I fell in with it the more easily, inasmuch as that, bating the discomforts I have described, and in the absence of stomachic affliction, I was, as far as the mind is concerned, very tolerably happy. The prospect of seeing a new quarter of the

globe, and of descrying even afar off Mount Atlas, with his head in the clouds and his feet in the sands of the desert—this prospect every now and then made my thoughts, I could almost say, delicious; and I blessed my fate that I had not in youth exhausted the enjoyment of travelling.

We passed between the islands of Majorca and Minorca, but at too great a distance to observe distinctly the features of either of their shores.

Early in the morning of the day before yesterday, I awoke to the joyous sound of land having been discovered from the mast-head, and to the sight of land-birds wheeling around our sails. I should think that as far as thirty miles off we saw the whole portion of the Algerine territory, which stretches on the east along Cape Matifou, and on the west along the peninsula of Sidi Ferruch, where the French first landed in their invasion of the regency. At that distance, and even when you come nearer, by a great many miles, the view of Algiers from the sea is not beautiful. It is true that the tops of the lesser Atlas form a fine background in the south, but the prospect assumes not its full picturesqueness till you come almost within a mile of the shore. Farther off, the city itself looks like a triangular quarry of lime or chalk, on the steep side of a hill, whilst the country-houses that dot the adjacent heights seem like little parcels of the same material lying on fields that are to be manured. On nearer approach, however, the imagined quarry turns out to be a surprising city, and the specks on the adjoining hills to be square and castle-like houses, embosomed in groves and gardens.

No town that I have ever seen possesses, in proportion to its size, so many contiguous villas as Algiers; and their brilliance and high position give a magnificent appearance to this suburban portion of the coast. Meanwhile the city itself, when you come in full view of it, has an aspect, if not strictly beautiful, at least impressive from its novelty and uniqueness. Independently, indeed, of its appearance, its very name makes the first sight of Algiers create no ordinary sensations, when one thinks of all the Christian hearts that have throbbled with anguish in approaching this very spot. Blest be our stars, that we have lived to see the chains of slavery broken here, and even about to be unriveted on the other side of the Atlantic! But, without these associations, the view of Algiers is interesting from its strangeness to an European eye. It is walled all round in the old style of fortification, its whole mural circuit being, I should think, about a mile and a half. It forms a triangle on the steep side of a hill, the basis of which is close to the sea, whilst its apex is crowned by the Cassaba, or citadel. That strong place was the palace of the last Dey. His predecessors had dwelt at the foot of the town; but so many of them had died a violent death, that Hussein Pasha thought a higher position would enable him to take better care of his loving subjects and faithful Janissaries; so he removed quietly one night, with all his treasures, to the Cassaba. Farther off, on a still higher hill, stands the Emperor's Fort—so called from having been built by Charles V.—which commands the whole town. The terraced and square houses which rise, seemingly condensed, close behind one another, are, like the forts and city walls, all washed with lime, and dazzling as snow.

These objects, together with the pier and light-house, the batteries, lined, tier over tier, with hundreds of enormous cannon on the sea-side rocks, give an imposing aspect to the city that seems to justify its old

appellation of "Algiers the warlike." At the same time the mosques and minarets, surmounted by the crescent, remind you that you are now among the Moslems; whilst a palm-tree which is visible, though remotely, seemed to me like a graceful characteristic feather on the brow of an African landscape.

I had soon, however, a less agreeable indication than the palm-tree of having got to a southern latitude. There was no keeping below when one came close to so interesting a scene; and, as the day advanced, the deck became burning hot. The officers of health, as they are called, detained us for two hours in the harbour, gasping and execrating them, before they would visit the ship and permit us to land. I had been recently so sick as to bring up blood. I now grew feverish, faint, and almost blind. I felt bereft of every faculty except my fancy, and that was ill-naturedly busy in persuading me, falsely, that I was about to die. When the boat arrived that was to take us ashore, I could not so much as rise to see my luggage put into it. It was then that a fellow-passenger befriended me at my utmost need. This was a smart, intelligent, little man of the name of Biron, whom I had supposed, from his appearance, to be some officer pretty high in the civil service; but he told me that he was returning to his perriquier's shop in Algiers. However, if he was not in the civil service, his humanity calls me to remember him as a most civil and serviceable friend, and I need not say that I associated romance with his name. He took charge of my effects, and saw them safely through the Custom-house. What passed in that hour of landing in Africa—when I fell on my knees on the shore, like Scipio, but from exhaustion and not enthusiasm—is but indistinctly marked in my memory; but I recollect being glad that there were no ladies in the boat, for we passed many young Arabs, obviously grown to manhood, some of whom were fishing in barges, and others swimming about, as naked as they were born. I recollect, also, that the native porters seized on our baggage with as much impudence as if they had been at Calais, and that my languid spirits were much refreshed by the sound of some hearty whacks of his cane which my friend, the perriquier, bestowed on those infidels. Without the aid of his arm I could not have got to the nearest inn. On reaching the hotel, its solid walls seemed to me to rock like the ship which I had quitted. I threw myself on a bed; my predominant sensation was thirst, but the roof, the floor, and the sides of my apartment were all sheer masonry, and there was neither bell nor other means of summoning a waiter. My faithful Biron, however, soon returned to my relief. He procured for me lodgings and a servant. I slept soundly that night, except when I was shortly, but not unpleasantly awakened, by the chaunt of the Mouzeens on the minarets, proclaiming the hour of prayer.

I now write to you from lodgings which I have taken in the house of M. Descousse, a respectable merchant in Algiers, who was formerly a captain in Napoleon's cavalry, and is at present colonel of the national foot-guards of Algiers. The national foot-guards, I understand, amount to between five and six hundred; there is a national horse-guard also, but it reckons only one company. M. Descousse's house formerly belonged to the Aga of the Janissaries; it may be surpassed by one or two mansions of Algiers in gilded alcoves, sculptured fountains, and other ornaments, but, upon the whole, it is a fair sample of the best Algerine habitations.

From the street you enter into the lowest, or ground floor, which is dimly lighted by a window over the door. The main apartment here is employed by my landlord as a porter's hall; but, in bygone times, the Aga, surrounded by his servants, used to sit in it smoking his pipe and receiving visitors. On one side of this gloomy hall there are vaulted apartments which were formerly used as stables; but, since the Christian conquest of Algiers, they have been converted into wine-cellar. From the ground, you ascend by two flights of white marble stairs into full daylight, and to a court of some thirty feet square, paved with marble. This court, with a gallery passing in front of each side of its quadrangle, tier over tier, to the height of three stories, reminds you of our old English inns; only it is more elegant, and the white marble pillars, contrasted with the green and yellow glazed tiles that line the staircases, as well as the arches and floor of each gallery, produce a rich effect. From these galleries, large and handsome folding doors of wood, curiously carved, open into the rooms. The internal aspect of the house, as you look up to it from the court, is upon the whole imposing, and on the terrace of the uppermost story there is a commanding and magnificent view of the city, the sea, and its ships, and the distant mountains. To save the eyes from being painfully dazzled, it is however necessary to consult this prospect either by moonlight or by mitigated daylight. Here I meet with my fellow lodgers in the cool of the evening, among whom is Dr. Revière, physician to the civil hospital, an intelligent, far-travelled, and accomplished man. He distinguished himself much in Egypt by his skilful treatment of the plague. His lady is a fair daughter of Pennsylvania. In the Turkish time, men were not privileged to walk on these roof-terraces; the women enjoyed them alone, and used to visit each other by climbing ladders up and down to the contiguous houses. Hitherto I have seen no Moorish ladies upon them; but the Jewesses ogle their admirers on the house-tops with a sort of feline familiarity.

Notwithstanding all this showy architecture, the apartments of the Moorish houses are gloomy and comfortless. They have a few loopholes in the outer wall towards the street, but receive their air and light principally through windows that look inwardly upon the court. These windows, which are latticed either with black or white iron, and without glass, except where Europeans have put it in, give the mansion a look of what it really was meant to be, when constructed—a family prison, where it was as easy to watch the inmates as in any of our most approved penitentiaries. Niches in the walls, which have generally doors, serve for presses and cupboards. One side of each quadrangular story, in an Algerine house, contains only one long and narrow room, but a show of three apartments is made out by a wall, built half-way up to the right and left of the central room, which faces the door. At the risk of broken bones, you ascend by a ladder to the top of these walls, and there you find a new floor of glazed tiles in either side-room, with a curtain hung from the roof so as to form two *quasi* apartments. Until the French arrived, a chimney was unknown to the Algerines, except in their kitchens, or, peradventure, in the house of a foreign consul; and it is still difficult to find lodgings with such a comfort. Yet the climate, they tell me, is very chilly in the rainy months; and a Frenchman who has been in Norway declares to me that he had suffered less from cold *there* than *here*. The sole objects of Moorish house-building seem to have been to exclude the heat and confine the women.

## LETTER II.

*Algiers, Sept. 29th, 1834.*

I have hitherto perambulated only a part of this city, but I understand that it contains 153 streets, 14 blind alleys, and five places that can be called courts or squares; of the last of these, however, only the grand square near the sea is of any extent. Thanks to the demolitions made by the French, it is spacious and commodious. As to the rest of Algiers, it is, with the exception of one or two streets, a labyrinth of the narrowest, gloomiest, and most crooked lanes that were ever inhabited by human beings. In many of them two persons can scarcely walk abreast; and if you encounter an ass laden with wood, it behoves you to pull up cleverly to one side, if you wish to keep your lower venter from being torn up by a protruding faggot. This narrowness of the streets is, no doubt, some protection from the heat, and from the rain also, where the houses join their projecting upper stories into an arcade; but the stagnation of air which it occasions, together with the steaming offal and decayed vegetables that meet you at every corner, make me wonder that Algiers is ever free from putrid fevers. There are, however, large covered sewers, which rid the city of much of its filth, and might carry it all off, if the streets were properly swept. The city is also well supplied with water. There are four aqueducts which bring it from the neighbouring heights, and which feed sixty-four public fountains, besides seventy-eight in private houses. The sewers are said to have been constructed by the Romans in a city that pre-occupied the place of Algiers. For their aqueducts, the Algerines were indebted, in 1611, to one of the Moors who had been driven out of Spain, and who, having discovered a spring near the Emperor's Fort, about three-quarters of a mile from the city, laid his project for supplying the city with water before the Dey. It was approved of and executed, and the projector was well rewarded. Every fountain has a ladle chained to it for the common use, with some arabesque sculpture on the stones, and an inscription which, I take it for granted, is a verse of the Koran—probably recommending Adam's wine as a beverage, in preference to stronger liquors. The Mussulmans are fond of quoting texts from their holy book. On an executioner's sword I have seen inscribed, in golden letters, "God is merciful."

I account for my continuing to be interested in this ugly place, only by the novelty of objects which it presents. The diversity of the people and of their costume is not only amusing to the eye, but it stirs up a curiosity in the mind respecting the history of so many races, and the causes of their concourse. The "Grande Place," as I have told you, affords the only tolerable promenade. Here, at the market-time of a morning, you see not only the various people, but the animal and vegetable productions of nature displayed in rich picturesqueness. It has been a perfect treat to me, for several days, to lounge here before breakfast. How I long for the pencil of a Flemish painter, to delineate to you the human figures of all complexions and dresses!—the turbaned Moor—the Jew, with his sly face, and his spouse Rebecca, with her yard-long head-dress behind her. I could not pass even the Jew boys that blacken shoes, without being struck by the nimbleness of their tongues, and the comic play of their countenances. They all speak French, and seem the happiest creatures on earth; excepting, perhaps,

the half-naked negroes, who are always chattering and laughing loudest, in proportion to the scantiness of duds upon their backs. I omit the Europeans, for they rather spoil the picture. Peculiarly striking is the looks of the Kabyles, the aboriginal highlanders of Barbary, who have, all of them, a fierce air, and, many of them, legs and square forms that would not disgrace the grenadier company of the 42nd. Taller, and generally slenderer, are the Arabs descended from those who conquered the country in the seventh century. They are distinguishable by vivid black eyes, shaped like an almond laid sidewise; and though many of them look wretched and squalid, you see some among them whose better drapery and forms, and fine Old Testament heads, give them a truly patriarchal appearance. I thought myself looking on a living image of antiquity, as I stood this morning beside a majestic old Arab, whilst he made the camels he had led into the market kneel before him to be unloaded of their enormous cargoes of herbs and fruits. I felt "my very een enriched" at the sight of the vegetable treasures around me, glowing with all the colours of the rainbow—splendid heaps of purple grapes in one pannier, and oranges, peaches, lemons, and pomegranates in another. Here were spread out in piles the huge and golden-hued melons and pompions, and there the white garlic, "and the scarlet and green pepper-pods," together with the brown melogines, an excellent pot-vegetable, in size, shape, and colour resembling a polished cocoa-nut. Altogether the vegetable profusion here beats even that of Covent Garden; the only exception to its glory is, that their carrots, turnips, and potatoes are smaller and dearer, in proportion to general prices, than with us. I was particularly astonished at the cheapness of Barbary-figs—ten for a sou—in Scotch, a bawbee. It is a fruit entirely distinct from the true fig, and, though sweet, is insipidly flavoured; but still it is palatable and nutritious, especially if the stomach requires a slight astringent. I ceased to be surprised at its cheapness, when I found that it grows wild on the road-side, and may be had for the trouble of gathering. It is not an universal production over Barbary, but, where it grows, the poorer Arabs live on it almost entirely during the weeks when it is in season. It is about the size of an ordinary lemon, and grows on the cactus-bush. This plant, the cactus, does not assume the shape of a tree till its leaves, which are about ten inches long, and an inch thick, twist themselves together into a trunk. It affords the singular phenomenon of leaf springing out of leaf. The leaves are thickly covered with prickles, which, when they get into the flesh, are with difficulty coaxed out of it. It is much used for hedges about Algiers; but, if you should ever come to this country, my dear friend, I exhort you never to let your linen be spread out on the cactus. An affecting story is still told of a Dutch family who had a country-house near this city. In the house there were five plump, interesting daughters, who, in an evil hour, gave their garments to be washed to an ignorant European laundress. She hung them out to dry on these prickly bushes, and such evils were entailed on the lovely wearers of them, that they could neither sit nor recline with comfort, for a week or two afterwards. There is also a fish-market here; but its smell not being so inviting as that of the vegetables, I took an informant's word for it, that the fishes are the same with those caught on the opposite coast of the Mediterranean.

Among the indigenous quadrupeds, the stately camels, of course, are

first to command your attention. Their tall slender foals, with their curly fleeces, look as gentle as lambs; but in the grown animal's physiognomy there is an expression of ferocity which is not always absent from his real character. The camel is not that meek animal which report generally leads us to suppose him. I went up to pat one of them, but he showed his teeth with so menacing a cry, that I made a precipitate retreat from him. He is particularly fierce in the rutting season, and is then sometimes dangerous even to his native owner. It is true that the Arab contrives almost always to manage and attach him, though he loads him heavily, and treats him often to hard fare, even now and then to a blow; but, on the whole, the Arab deals kindly with him, and gives him good provender when he can afford it. The animal, in fact, grows up like a child under the tent of his master, partakes of his plenty as well as his penury—enjoys his song, and understands his biddings. His docility springs from habit and affection—nay, we may almost say from moral feeling; for he rebels when his temper is not sagaciously managed. When the French came to Algiers and got possession of camels, they thought that their obedience might be enforced, like that of mules and asses, by simple beating; but the camels soon showed their conquerors that they were not to be so treated, and that both their kick and their bite was rather formidable.

The horse here may be believed to have degenerated from the old Numidian breed; for he is lanky, and seldom elegantly shaped, and he never shows the blended fire and muscle of a prime English horse. Yet I am told that his hardihood and fleetness are often astonishing, and that his speed in sweeping down declivities would tax the horsemanship of an English jockey. It is surprising how safe and servicable these animals are, though never mutilated. They will certainly give a snap at times, both in joke and earnest, but they are seldom vicious; and I am just come from seeing a "*cheval entier*," a beautiful creature, who will put his paw into your hand for the bribe of a sugar-plum. The mules are large and powerful. Of the asses there are two kinds—one, of the true old biblical size, that might take Saul upon his back; the other, very diminutive, and most wretchedly treated. In the streets you are never a moment without hearing the cry of "*Harri, harri*," from a human brute of a driver, who is urging the speed of some of these unfortunate little donkeys, and making them feel his command by goading them with an iron spike on that part of their hips where a wound has already been made and left open.

I have seen no sale of live cattle in the square, unless you give the name of cattle to a poodle-dog, a raton, a monkey, or a caged wild-cat, which is now and then offered for sale. I was particularly struck yesterday with the beauty of one of the last of these animals. She lay so sleekly and gracefully on her bed of straw, that if she had been tried for killing birds and rabbits, I could not have condemned her. Near her was a long-nosed animal, which the French call a raton, about seventeen inches without the tail, though I believe he has nothing of the rat about him but his name, for his eyes are gentle, and he suffers himself to be caressed. I am told, however, that he is treacherous, and a devil among the poultry.

Still more was I fascinated by a white, sagacious poodle, who whined in my face, and beseeched me to buy him, in a dog-lingo more persuasive than Ciceronian Latin. He told me all about it, and how cruelly

hard it was to be standing the live<sup>d</sup>-long day, tied by a string to the hand of his salesman. I bought him, and took him home; was ever dog in this world so happy? I thought he would have gone mad with joy. The French maid-servant exclaimed, as he ramped up and down, "*Il est fou—il est fou.*" Unhappily for herself, the poor cat of the house encountered him. He seized her by the nape of the neck, but without hurting her, except that her pride was offended, and galloped round the gallery with her, as she uttered hissing and gurgling sounds from her throat, and sprawled with ludicrously unavailing efforts to scratch him. At last he dropped her, and, coming to an open window, showed his contempt of Mohammedan delusion, by howling in exact accordance with the voice of an old Mouzeen, who was proclaiming the hour of prayers from an opposite mosque.

But the most popular candidate for purchase at Algiers is the small tail-less monkey, about a foot and a half in height. These gentlemen, though the most diminutive of the simious tribes in Barbary, are more formidable when they congregate and get shelter among the woods about Collo and Bougia, than the wildest beasts of the forest. They devastate in a single night whole orchards and corn-fields. They are cunning and regular in their tactics, having leaders, sentinels, and spies. They have a regular discipline, and a system of warfare: at least I have been told so. No traveller is accountable for all that he relates upon hearsay; it is enough if he quotes his authorities, and I can assure you that a highly respectable French drummer gave me his word of honour as to the fact, that the monkeys of Bougia are well officered, and that their commander-in-chief has a regular staff. Query, might he not mean a witch? Yet, formidable as they are in their strategies, the natives contrive to make many of them prisoners. The Kabyle peasant attaches a gourd, well fixed, to a tree; he puts some rice into it, and strews some grains at the aperture to show that there may be more within, making a hole just large enough to admit the paw of the monkey. Unfortunate pug puts in his open paw and grasps his booty, but is unable to draw it back, because it is clenched, and he is not wise enough to think of unclenching it. Hence he remains, as the law phrases it, with "*his person attached,*" and is found next morning, looking, you may suppose, very foolish and penitent. The olden custom was to put him instantly to death, but, as he will now fetch twenty francs at Algiers, he is sentenced only to transportation, so that the monkeys are at least one part of the population who have been benefitted by the arrival of the French.

The streets of Algiers, as I have told you, are very dismal; and really, when you meet a Moorish woman, under their gloom, in a drapery much resembling the dress of our dead in England, and looking as much as possible like a mummy or a ghost, she is far from inspiring gallant sensations. Where you have light to see them, the bandiness of their legs is generally observable under their shrouds, and the shrivelled skin around their eyes indicates that there is no great cruelty in their veiling themselves. Still I must own that I have not seen the Moorish ladies so as to judge of them fairly.

The population of the city of Algiers must have been greatly exaggerated by the guesses of travellers in the last century, for it is impossible to conceive 80,000 or 100,000 human creatures ever to have been

packed together within its walls. The French census in 1833 enumerates the inhabitants thus :—11,850 Moors, 1874 negroes, 5949 Jews, 2185 French (of course not including soldiers), and 1895 other foreigners, making a sum total of 23,753.\*

Algiers has one Catholic church, formerly a mosque, and fourteen Jewish synagogues. The religious houses of the Mussulmans, by far the most imposing of their public buildings, amounted before the arrival of the French to ten large mosques, and fifty marabouts or chapels ; several of them, however, have been occupied by the French for military convenience, and some of the marabouts demolished. The mosques are almost all alike. At the entry there is a fountain, with water flowing into a basin, where the Mussulmans perform their ablutions before they prostrate themselves in prayer. Every mosque has an octagonal dome, and a tall minaret, like our steeple, terminating in a crescent, to which a piece of wood is attached whereon to plant a flag, when the mouzeen ascends to the battlements of the minaret in order to call the faithful to prayer, that his signal may be seen when his voice cannot be heard. Some of the minarets are covered with glazed tiles of different colours, which have rather a gaudy effect.

The largest mosque of Algiers stands at the entrance of the street leading from the harbour. It is a long rectangular edifice, divided longitudinally into three naves by two rows of pillars, and, under the dome, at about two-thirds of the length of the building, there are two other rows of pillars, which form a cross with the former. On each side of the grand nave there are galleries supported on pillars, of which those nearest the door are public, whilst those beyond the dome are appropriated to the gentry. Five or six lustres of glass, and several lamps, are suspended with chains along the whole length of the grand nave, as well as along the two rows of pillars which intersect the dome. The lamps are lighted for the evening prayers, but the lustres only on grand occasions, such as the feast of the Bayram. There is a niche for the Imams, and a pulpit, ascended by a flight of stairs, for the preacher. Mats of reed and rich carpets are spread on the pavement.

There are a great many vapour-baths in Algiers. In these establishments, you enter a chamber paved with marble, vaulted, and lighted from above by small glass windows. The steam is created by hot water being poured into basins that stand on the sides of the room. A Moorish young man, who conducts you hither, is arrayed only in a linen cloth around his middle, and after dismantling you of your customary dress, he affords you a similar covering. After you have been seated for some minutes on a bench, inhaling the vapour and perspiring plentifully, he throws warm water over you,—rubs, or rather scrapes the skin, pats and paws the whole body, except what the cloth covers, as if he were kneading dough, singing all the time an Arabian song, and finally dries you with a towel. In an old account of Algiers by an Englishman, I find that this operation in the baths used to be quite formidable to a stranger—there was such rubbing with pumice-stones, and stretching the joints till they cracked. The treatment now-a-days is sufficiently gentle, but I felt myself less invigorated by it than by the cold or tepid bath.

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\* This census was taken after the expulsion of the Turks, whose numbers may have probably swelled the population to nearly 30,000.

The coffee-houses and shops of Algiers are rather amusing—I mean those that exhibit the old Algerine manners. In the best French coffee-houses I observed several Moors, but you recognized them at once, by their fine white turbans and dresses, as well as by their manners, to be men of the upper class. The other evening I took my coffee near two of them, each of whom I was told was supposed to be worth at least 40,000*l.* sterling. I was, at first, Englishman enough to laugh at the idea of men worth 40,000*l.* going about with bare legs; but, recollecting my own Highland origin, I said to myself,—and has not the chieftain of my own clan, in the best old times, shewn as much of his naked limbs? I have seen a Highland clergyman mount the pulpit in a filabeg. I was struck with the perfectly gentlemanlike air of these Moors. There was grace in every movement of their white and shapely hands. By the tones of their voice, I knew that they were arguing, but it was with mildness and light pleasantry, and their Arabic sounded like a musical language, in comparison with the guttural harshness of the common speech. These gentlemen Moors sat on chairs like the Europeans.

In the native Algerine coffee-houses you find the Moors and Arabs squatting themselves for hours on benches, smoking and sipping black and sugarless coffee, which in taste much resembles worm-powders. There they also play at two games, which, as far as I could observe, are like drafts and chess. They listen meanwhile to the vocal and instrumental music of their indigenuous minstrels—a music which, to an European ear, if I may judge by my own, is unintelligible and execrable. They have a finger-guitar, with four strings, a fiddle with only two, and a flageolet, which is their best instrument, though bad is the best. I have seen them also use a drum made of parchment stretched over a jar of burnt clay. The jar might indeed be painted as a symbol of their music. Really against an Algerine concert I would almost pit the bag-pipes of Lochabar. A Highland piper gives you at least some idea of lilt or rhythm in his rudest pibroch—something to which you could dance or beat time; but in the Algerine airs I could discern no rhythm.—What, you will say, melody without rhythm! it is impossible, and the fault was in your ears. Well, I own to you the utter difficulty of imagining music without rhythm, and I thought at first that the fault lay wholly in my own ear; but when I spoke on the subject with a Frenchman here, who is the leader of a regimental band, he told me that the rhythm in Moorish melodies is so capricious as to puzzle him\*.

The natives have also a sort of opera-house of their own, where Mooresses dance unveiled—if their monotonous, see-saw movements can be called a dance. Of course the reputed purity of those ladies cannot be compared with the unsunned snow, but, in justice to the *beauty* of the Algerine fair sex, which I have impeached upon suspicion, I ought to say that more than one of these opera-women appeared to me exceedingly handsome.

The shops that have been opened by the French are of course after the fashion of Europe; but those of the Moors and Jews are in general

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\* At a later period of my residence in Algiers, a most accomplished vocal musician, the lady of Colonel De Verger, had the kindness to write out for me the notes of some Algerine airs; but she said, "I have been obliged to put a rhythm of my own to them, for I never could discern what the natives mean the rhythm to be."

formed by a recess in the side of a house, some four feet deep, and seven feet long, and raised a step above the ground. In these booths you see the tailor sewing an embroidered garment, the shoe-maker shaping slippers of morocco-leather, and a variety of native artisans plying their different trades. In the butchers' shops I observe a luxury (at least we Scotchmen esteem it as such) which I little expected to meet with so far from home, namely, a singed sheep's head. The meat here is but indifferent. The restaurants affect the Parisian cuisine; but, whether it be the fault of the cook, the viands, or the climate, I have had little gastronomic pleasure since my arrival.

The general food of the natives is couscousou, a preparation of flour somewhat like macaroni, but enriched with a mixture of the yolk of eggs, and stewed with a little portion of animal food. I found it very palatable, though a little too highly peppered. Far different were my sensations when I tasted a bit of their mutton, which they preserve unsalted in suet. I believe they smoke it first; it is horrible stuff.

Before the arrival of the French, an European could not find at Algiers either an inn or an eating-house. The African merchants arriving in the city had, and still have, covered bazaars where their goods are laid, with sleeping-places in the upper stories, forming a rude hostellerie. Near one of these bazaars I remarked also a cook's shop—a miserable dirty hole, where a Moor was roasting bits of meat about the size of a walnut, spitted on an iron wire, over a charcoal fire before the shop. When they were done, he whipped them cleverly off the spit into the plates of his customers, who grabbed them with their dirty hands, and seemed to relish them much.

As the Algerines shave their heads, though not their beards, they have barbers among them, and the barbers' shops are here, as they have ever been in a simple state of society, great places of resort for loungers. They are a great deal larger than the shops of other artisans, sometimes fifteen feet deep and proportionably broad, with benches around them for the loungers to seat themselves. On the walls they have daubs of pictures representing naval victories of the Algerines over the Christians, executed, I am sorry to believe, by Christian artists who had been prisoners here. Here the Moslem has his head shaved and his beard stained. The Algerine barber is, as everywhere else, a mighty newsman. In these shops the French spies reported that they had found conspiracies hatched, and plans laid for insurrection, which probably never existed.

I compute that the expense of living at Algiers is about as dear at present as it is at Paris. The arrival of the French, it may easily be imagined, raised the price of almost everything. That of wheat, and all manner of meat, was quickly trebled, and fowls and ducks soared in the market to a height of cost which they had never before been known to attain. Yet, though the greater part of vivres thus rose, some of them kept stationary. Honey and sugar, for instance, remained the same, the former at 80 and the latter at 60 centimes\* for the pound of 27 ounces. Brandy also continued steady, though it has been far from steadying either the heads or health of the French. In this climate a moderate infusion of brandy in water is not unwholesome, except in a particular state of the body, when internal inflammation is threatened.

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\* A centime is the hundredth part of a franc.

But the poor common soldier understands not the point of moderation. It is difficult to conceive how he gets money to poison himself with brandy, for his pay leaves him only a sou a day for pocket-money; but so it is, that he gets frequently enough of it to be sent to-day to the hospital, and to-morrow to the grave.

The French have hitherto lost here about 3000 soldiers a year, and one of their physicians tells me that at least a sixth part of them have fallen victims to sheer drunkenness.

During the last three months of the present year, wheat averaged 9 francs 75 cents. for 45 kilograms. The kilogram is about 2 lbs. weight, and 9 francs 75 cents. make, at the exchange of 1*l.* sterling for 24 francs, 8*s.* 7½*d.* for 90 lbs. of wheat; which is about 40*s.* a quarter. Beef averaged at 40 cents. the half kilogram, about 4*d.* a pound; veal was a trifle cheaper, and mutton a trifle dearer. Fowls rated at 1*s.* 1*d.* a-piece. Rice at about 17*s.* by the cwt. Potatoes at 4*s.* 4*d.* the cwt. An ass-load of wood at 1*s.* 3*d.*, and the same load of charcoal at about 3*s.* 6*d.* Finally, vin ordinaire (it is very ordinary indeed) may be had for about 2*d.* a bottle; but from logwood dye and alum I should think that an equally good beverage might be prepared still cheaper.

#### LETTER III.

I was three days at Algiers before I called either on the British Consul General, Mr. St. John, or Mr. Tulin, the Vice-Consul; but I had scarcely left my name at the consulate, when the latter brought me a friendly message from Mr. St. John, requesting me to visit him as often as I could at his villa, where he resides in summer, and in the meantime to use his town house for my lodgings. The latter offer I declined for the present, but I agreed to avail myself frequently of his rural hospitality. The first morning that I went out to his country house was uncommonly mild for an autumnal day in Africa. A fresh sea-breeze tempered the sun's rays, and brought a delightful breath and murmur from the sea. Having sallied out from the gate of Bab-el-Oued, I passed the cemetery of the Jews with its splendid white marble tombs and curious Hebrew epitaphs, as well as the gardens of the late Dey, which, though square and formal, are large and not destitute of beauty. The road to the Consul's house, which is a short league from town, goes round those gardens up a steep ascent, where the country presents at first only a sterile appearance; but as you get farther up, the villas increase in number, and the vegetable power of nature increases with the height you attain. The fig-tree, the orange and lemon-tree, the pomegranate, the olive, and the jujubier are either growing wild, or in orchards with little or no cultivation. The cactus, with its massy leaves and fantastic trunk, raises ramparts around the fields and along the road sides, whilst the agavé, a variety of the aloe, shoots up its branches ten feet high, like the swords of a race of giants. Then, at a certain height, you pass ravines on one side, beneath you, displaying lovely openings into the sea-coast, where the waves are whitening its distant rocks. In coming to one of these, peculiarly beautiful, I could not but recall the lines of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence,"—

“ And where this valley wended out below

The murmuring maine was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.”

I left my horse on the road with my servant, and went down to traverse this ravine. With delight I heard the gush of a gurgling runnel, and followed a stream almost worthy of a Scottish glen that was wimpling from rock to rock. A brown little singing bird flitted before me: I could see it only by glimpses, but its note, though short and twittering, was sweet. Is it possible, I thought to myself, that I am in Africa the torrid! The air was balmy; the banks of the rivulet were thick with wild flowers; I knew not the names of most of them, or merely guessed at them from their resemblance to the productions of our gardens and hot-houses; but this uncertainty nowise diminished my interest in the charming strangers. When one meets with a smiling beauty, does it spoil one's admiration not to know her name? I suspect that it sometimes enhances it. Oh, but you will tell me perhaps, that is fantastic, to compare a man's homage to woman with his love of a flower. True, if you mean a strict, un fanciful comparison. But allow a little phantasy, for it is an ingredient in all sorts of love. When we admire your sex, and, most of all, when we address you in poetry, do we not compare you to every flower that is most beautiful? Then why should I be shy to confess that my heart has a gallantry for flowers? They make me dream that I am among graceful and gentle females.

This was a day which I should never wish to forget: I could not tread a step or look a yard around me without seeing floral treasures that were exotic to an Englishman. It is true that the ivy, the black-berry, and the daisy pleasantly reminded me that I had not dropped into another planet; yet, altogether, Nature appeared to me like an old friend with a new face; but it was a brightened face, and she was still "*my goddess.*"

When I returned back to the road, I found my man Iachimo conversing with an Italian compatriot with whom he had met. I had taken out my new valet in not the best possible humour. For a few days that he had been with me, my service had appeared to him a sort of sinecure to his heart's content; but when I told him one evening to be ready to come with me at sunrise next morning to make a country excursion, he showed by his face that he greatly preferred the gentler exercise of brushing my hat at home to that of waddling on a mule's back up the hills. At daybreak he came to me with a musket on his shoulder, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a sword by his side. "My stars!" I exclaimed, "Iachimo, you frighten me. With another gun you would look as formidable as Robinson Crusoe!" "Signor Campobello," he said, gravely, "you don't know the country that you have come to. You may hear by their cries at night that there are jackals and hyænas all round Algiers; but what is worse, there are leopards and lions. Yes, a lion was killed not far from hence, and not long ago, who had teeth a foot long, and eyes as big as pompions. I know it for a fact, for I saw his skin with my own eyes." "Signor Iachimo," I replied with equal solemnity, "I have heard the sweet voices of the jackals, and I know they would make a cold collation of us if we were dead; but they will never attack a living person. As to the leopards and lions, I engage not only to kill, but to eat all that we meet with. So lay aside, I pray you, your sabre and fire-arms." He complied with a bad grace. Coming under the shade of the trees, I overheard him speaking about me in terms that were not flattering to my vanity.

“ Only think,” he said, “ of that Englishman with whom I live (he did not deign to call me his master) going down yonder ravine to gather flowers, like a *bambino* !”

When I reached Mr. St. John’s house, he and his lady received me with such hospitality, that in twenty minutes I felt as if I had been acquainted with them for as many years. One of their youngest daughters, Mrs. St. John told me, looked out of the window as I alighted at the gate, and exclaimed, “ Oh ! is this Mr. Campbell ?—

“ *I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,*”

repeating a line from my little poem of “ Glenara,” which it had been her day’s task to get by heart.

In spite of some bad jokes that I may have made about children, I am sure, when they are endearing, that nobody loves them better. It is true that when I conjure up an idea of purgatory, I always imagine it to resound with the cries of cross brats. Virgil himself feelingly hints at this in describing the entry to Tartarus. But a beautiful child, I have often thought, is the only living thing that could bear to be transferred alive to heaven. If Nature had made me a painter, I certainly think that I should have devoted myself to the portraiture of children ; and here I found perfect samples of beauty, that should have been my favourite studies, in a sixfold gradation from three years old upwards. Oh ! I wish you could see the little St. Johns ; they are little saints indeed.

Mr. St. John’s house stands high on a hill-side, to the west of Algiers. It is an old Moorish mansion of the most elegant kind, which the Consul has improved by a large additional drawing-room, vaulted and pillared in the true Mauresque style. From a high hill, to the west of Algiers, it commands a wide view over the plain of Matidjah to the range of Mount Atlas. The garden and shrubbery teem with every fruit and blossom which a rich soil under a powerful sun can be brought to produce. There I saw in flower, on the open ground, the yucca gloriosa, with its gigantic pyramid of white bells ; the bignonia rosa sinensis, double and single ; with double oleanders, geraniums, and passion-flowers in abundance. For fruit-trees, there are the almond, the guava annona, or soursop, the banana, and others, too many to enumerate.

The only guest in the house besides myself was Mr. Brown, the American Consul, who, as he had been here during the French invasion, had been an eye-witness to all the fighting around Algiers, and, like Mr. St. John, could relate many interesting details. Mr. Brown was near enough to the scene of one of their battles to see a close conflict between bayonets and yatagans, and could descry a Kabyle, who had mastered a French soldier, cut off his head and bring it away with him under his arm. At first, the regular price of 100 dollars was given for every such trophy brought in to the Moorish Government ; but a Kabyle warrior having been detected in bringing in a native instead of a French head, he lost his own for the attempted imposition, and the capitulation prize-money was discontinued, though not before 20,000 dollars had been given for prisoners, dead or alive.

I slept at the Consul’s country-house, and had a long conversation with him next morning. Mr. St. John told me that, before the invasion, the Turkish garrison in Algiers itself consisted of about 5000 Le-

vantine Turks, all of them of the worst description; and who, having small pay, for the most part exercised different trades. Out of these it was the law that the Dey and his principal officers were to be chosen; so that an enlightened Government could not reasonably be expected. The last Dey had been a waiter in a coffee-house. It is but justice to say that, when he changed the napkin for the sceptre, he was, for a Dey of Algiers, one of the most clement princes that ever reigned. The Aga of the Janissaries, who married the Dey's daughter, had been a wrestler; and it was thought, if the French had not come, that he might have one day tripped up the heels of his father-in-law. The Minister of Marine, or Lord High Admiral, was, before his installation in office, a burner of charcoal; and his Excellency's manners continued to savour so much of the coal-burner, that none of the European Consuls could speak to him without a trial of temper.

It is strange, in looking back on public events, to find how little the Algerines were humbled by Lord Exmouth's victory, in comparison with the humiliation that ought to have been taught them, if England had followed up her victory with consistent spirit. I will not detail to you the insults that were offered to our Consul, Mr. Macdonell, a man of excellent character (Mr. St. John's predecessor), because I am sure that the history of the whole affair must have been published in England. We had a dispute with the Dey of Algiers, as you may remember, in 1823. I am not speaking Mr. St. John's opinion on the subject; for my object was to get facts from him, and not opinions; and he could tell me no fact tending to shake my conviction that Macdonell was an ill-used man, and that our compromise with the African barbarian was a stain on the honour of England. Whether the blame belonged to our Government, or to Sir Harry Neale, who commanded the squadron before Algiers, I will not take upon me to say; but so it was, that Admiral Sir H. Neale made two concessions to the Dey—the meaner that they were secret—namely, that our flag should not be hoisted in the English Consulate in Algiers, and that Mr. Macdonell should not return as Consul.

When Mr. St. John succeeded him, all the disgraceful ceremonies in the intercourse between the representative of Great Britain and the chief of the chastised pirates were continued. The British Consul, like that of the other Christian powers, was still obliged, whenever he came in sight of the Dey's palace, to walk bare-headed under the hottest sun. Like all the rest, he was obliged, on reaching the palace, to sit down on a stone bench in an open passage, where every porter could sit down beside him. He was not allowed to wear a sword in the Dey's presence, nor to ride by the Cassaba, though his own servants, if they were Mahometans, might do so. The Kabyles used to be on horseback, whilst the Christian Consuls went a-foot; nay, even when they passed the ancient palace of the Dey, where nobody had lived for twelve years past, they were obliged to uncover their heads as long as it pleased the Turkish soldiers who were sitting before it.

The concessions of Sir Harry Neale exalted the pride of the Algerines; and the Dey, in an altercation with the French Consul, gave him a blow with his fan. For this unwaiter-like conduct he refused to make any reparation; and the singularly inefficient blockade kept up by a squadron which the French sent out to Algiers raised his spirits to

mirthful insolence. He had been at Paris, and he used to compare the French blockading ships to the Cyprian girls around the gates of the Parisian playhouses, who beset all outgoers, but catch not one in a hundred.

Meanwhile the British Consul heard of Greek captives being brought to Algiers and doomed to labour as slaves, but without either pay or the usual sustenance allowed to slaves. He was answered, that those Greeks were subjects of the Porte, and that England had no right to interfere for them.—To this the reply was obvious, that Lord Exmouth had extorted a bond from Algiers, sealed by the blood of a thousand Englishmen, that no Christian should hereafter be made a slave in the Regency. But the British Government relinquished their interference,

About the same time, there was another gross instance of Algerine barbarity, in the case of George Nicholaidi, a rich Greek merchant of Smyrna, who was arrested here, and, for an alleged intrigue with a Moorish woman, of which not a shadow of proof was produced, was beheaded, and his whole wealth was seized upon by the Dey. If Lord Exmouth's victory had bespoken liberty to Christians of every nation, the paction surely implied their security against lawless forfeiture of life.

I forbear to send you an account of the French conquest of Algiers, because you will find it in many publications. Among the rest there is a pretty accurate description of it in the October number of the "United Service Journal," for 1830. I am trying only to recollect authentic anecdotes that have not been published. The Dey owed his fall to his insolence, ignorance, and misinformation, all working together. When told that the French could equip as many as thirty ships of the line, he exclaimed, "*It is impossible; I know that, except the force they have sent out to blockade me, they have not one ship of the line—I have it from my correspondent in Italy—England alone has ships.*" He suffered the French to land with little opposition, at Sidi Ferruch, from a firm persuasion that he was getting them like so many fishes into his net. An Armenian, who had served as an interpreter with the French army, was taken prisoner and brought before him; he questioned him about the different forces which the French had brought hither, and when the Armenian told him that he believed the French had brought, with them 200 cannons, his serene highness flew into a violent passion—"Take away that infidel dog," he said, "and cut off his head for telling me a lie." The order was instantly obeyed.

Mr. St. John's family had been removed to Malta in the expectation of the invasion, but the Consul himself remained at his post. The natives respected him so much, that, when they were coming down to cross his grounds, they retired and took a different route at his remonstrance; at the same time the French general commanding the troops in that quarter put a guard of seven men to protect the Consulate from any straggling party of the French.

At three o'clock of the morning of the 4th of July, 1830, the French, who had already advanced from Sidi Ferruch, had chased the Algerines before them in several engagements, and had posted themselves on the heights which command the town, opened their fire upon the Emperor's Fort. It lasted till one o'clock, when the native troops went out of the fort, setting fire to the powder magazine. At this crisis the Dey sent for

the British Consul-General, and requested him to go on his (the Dey's) part to the French Commander-in-chief, to know what terms he wanted. The Commander-in-chief replied, that he required the town to surrender at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, promising at the same time the security of the Dey's person and property, as well as that of all the inhabitants of the town. This answer having been given in writing, it was sent by the Dey to his own secretary, who had gone out with the consul. On the following morning, the 6th of July, the Dey sent again for Mr. St. John, to know whether he could really depend upon his own safety and that of the inhabitants, as promised by the French general; in which case, he said, he was ready to surrender the town, and sign the convention offered him. Mr. St. John assured him that he might rely on the promise of the Commander-in-chief. His Highness then put his seal to the Convention, and requested the Consul to be the bearer of it to the French,—at the same time begging him to get the Commander-in-chief to allow him two hours more for the removal of his family to his private house. The Consul complied with the Dey's wishes, and obtained the delay asked for by the Dey. The French troops were detained until one o'clock, at which hour they marched into the town and took possession of all the forts. The Consul, fearing that in the confusion some atrocity might be committed on the French prisoners, obtained their liberation from the Dey before he left his palace, and had them sent to the British Consulate.

During this second visit Mr. St. John was admitted by the Dey to the chamber of his treasures. It was paved with stone, for no wooden floor could have borne the weight of them. Golden coins, literally in millions, were lying heaped up like corn in a granary, and, several feet high in the walls, the plaster, which had been wet when they had been shovelled in, retained when dry the impression of the coins. In this hall of Plutus were contained not only some hundred thousands in gold and jewels, which the Dey took with him, but between two and three millions which the French owned to receiving. Considerable sums, it is known, disappeared unaccountably after the French had got possession of them, but Mr. St. John suspects that millions may have been secreted, though not brought off by the Dey himself. No man, certainly, in real life—if we except their owner and those who helped him to hoard them—ever looked around on such sums of solid money as Mr. St. John that day contemplated. It was like a scene in a dream, or in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." But did the British Consul, you will ask me, receive any gratuity from the Dey for thus negotiating to save all his personal wealth. No! not a farthing. A pecuniary recompence I have no doubt our Consul's British pride would have refused; but there was something heartless in the Barbarian's sailing off without leaving a keepsake or token of gratitude to one whom he had actually to thank for preserving to him an immense private fortune. Nay, Mr. St. John had to complain of still worse usage, when, in return for his interference which had saved Algiers from being taken by storm and delivered up to pillage and butchery, he found himself assailed by French scribblers, who misrepresented the whole history of events, and calumniated him as unfair and partial to the Algerines, and as an enemy to the French. Their calumnies deserve only this general answer, that all respectable Frenchmen here *now* acknowledge the humanity of his conduct, and speak of him in terms of high estimation. T. C.

## THE PARTING WORD.

I leant within the window  
 That overlooks the tide ;  
 I saw our eyes were meeting,  
 And I saw nought beside.  
 I knew that we were parting ;  
 That knowledge made me say  
 More than my lips had ventured  
 On any other day.  
 I asked " Will you forget me ?"  
 Too long my dreaming heart  
 Recall'd the words we whisper'd,  
 As there we stood apart.  
 I see the open window,  
 The careless talkers near,  
 And how I talked as careless,  
 To shun their smile or sneer.  
 I see the silent river  
 That wander'd darkly on,  
 While the mournful light of midnight  
 Above the waters shone.  
 I said—so darkly flowing  
 My course of life has been ;  
 With mocking lights, whose lustre  
 But partly show'd the scene.  
 I felt as if the morning  
 At length began to shine—  
 As if my spirit's day-break  
 Came from those eyes of thine.  
 I felt I deeply loved thee—  
 With fond and earnest love—  
 Firm as the earth beneath me,  
 True as the stars above.  
 Such love as I had painted  
 Thro' long and lonely years ;  
 Too passionately happy,  
 My eyes were fill'd with tears.  
 I wish that I had shed them,  
 They had not then been kept,  
 For the hours that came the morrow  
 To weep as I have wept.  
 For I have felt the folly  
 Of all I fancied then ;  
 Not with my own heart's loving  
 Am I beloved again.  
 I fear my evil planet,  
 Whose fortune has denied  
 The only heart I covet  
 In all a world so wide.  
 The memory of that moment  
 Is lingering with me yet :  
 I said to you remember !  
 Ah, must I say forget !

## THE LOVE CHARM.

“VERY well, indeed. I see that I shall make quite a gardener of you in time.” The fair girl to whom this was addressed looked up in the old man’s face with a smile, and then went on with her task. This task consisted in tying up various flowering annuals, which, like many other things in this world, required a little wholesome restraint. A pretty little garden it was on which they were bestowing so much pains, both useful and ornamental. The straight green rows of beans had some tall stalks among them, that might have emulated their classical ancestor, on which Jack the Giant Killer mounted to the Ogre’s castle, and the peas deserved all the praises which it did their master’s heart good to hear lavished upon them. There was a background of cabbages, and some artichokes overlooked the neat quickset hedge. Gooseberries and currants were beginning to redden amid their verdant leaves, the cherries were looking a sort of yellow coral, and the small crisp apples were already set. A blue tint was already appearing on the lavender, and the pale young shoots were springing in the box edges which neatly surrounded the small flower-bed. The porch at the door was covered with China roses, pretty delicate frail things without scent. But this was compensated by the cabbage roses, now opening their crimson depths full of summer and sweetness, wearing the richest blush that ever welcomed June.

Adam Leslie was a happy man—he had all that a long life had desired—a window looking into a street—his house was the last of a row, a garden, and a small competence. He had past a number of years in the very heart of the city, where a dusty geranium, a pot of mignonette, and a blackbird, were all he had to remind him of his boyhood and his native Argyleshire. He kept a small shop, whose profits just, and only just, maintained a wife and a large family. They were not destined long to be the burthen which in his moments of temper he sometimes called them,—wife, children, were carried one after another to the crowded church-yard in the next street. He wished that they had been buried in the country, for the country to him was the ideal of existence. Years past away, and found him still the same hard-working man, toiling he scarcely knew for what. Suddenly a new tie again bound him to existence. His brother died, and left an orphan daughter to his charge. Once more that dark and narrow staircase was musical with childish feet—and Adam Leslie no longer sat down to an unshared and silent board. The timid quiet little stranger soon became to him even as a child of his own. She had the blue eyes and bright hair of those that he had lost. Like them he soon became anxious for her. The cheek grew paler day by day; the little feet lost their lightness; and the languid lip poured forth less and less frequent its snatches of mountain song. Marion was accustomed to air and exercise, and pined in the close street. “Can I not keep even one to be the joy of my old age,” thought the old man as he looked on the pale and spiritless child, who had drawn her stool towards him, and was resting her head on his knee. His resolution was taken—he gave up sundry visions of wealth and civic honours that of late had troubled him overmuch—and gathering

together what he had, gave up the pursuit of more. He sold his shop, and retired, as we have before said, on a small but comfortable independence. He took a small house at Greenwich—something of lingering habit still kept him near to the great city where he had passed so many years, and at first, it must be confessed, he found time rather heavy on his hands. But an active mind soon makes occupation for itself, and in the course of a year Leslie had quite enough to do. In the meantime he was amply rewarded by the improvement in Marion. The change did wonders for her. The cheek recovered its blooming colour, and amended health soon showed itself in the amended spirits. Often and often, when at work in his garden, he heard her sweet laugh, like musical bells in the distance; and her soft voice singing those old songs which yet struck a chord in his heart.

But Marion, from the rosy child, was now grown up into the lovely young woman, and there was one in particular who thought her so. Her engagement with Edward Meredith was known to, and approved by her uncle—certainly, in the first instance, he did say that Marion might have done better—yet, a little eloquence on the part of the lover, and a little silence and a few blushes on the part of the mistress, obtained his consent.

Young Meredith had his way to make in the world, but his steadiness and activity had made him a favourite with the merchant in whose counting-house he was a clerk, and, in a couple more years, he confidently calculated on being able to support a wife. Adam Leslie had not much to give during his life, but at his death Marion would inherit his little property. In this they were as happy as youth and hope could make. Expectation is in itself a very pretty sort of reality. Night after night Edward used to row, or if the wind served, sail down the Thames, and land about a mile above Greenwich, when a quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him to Leslie's house. He usually arrived there about eight, which just left time for a walk in the fine old park with Marion. Slowly did they wander through those green and shadowy glades, where the deer feed so fearlessly, conscious, though scarce observant, of the beauty around them. They had no eyes for the Venetian palace at their side, through whose divided domes are seen the masts of a thousand ships. They looked not on the mighty city dark in the distance, nor on the green country that stretched far away; they had eyes only for each other. But the natural influences around were not unfelt, the soft air aided her companion's words to raise the rich colour on Marion's cheek; and Edward grew more eloquent with the free breath that he drew on the fresh and open height, which the Scotch girl laughed at him for calling hills. At nine punctually they returned to the house, when Marion used to disappear for a few minutes, "on hospitable cares intent," and she and supper came in together. They say suppers are very unwholesome, our grandfathers and grandmothers never discovered it, and Adam Leslie belonged to them; at all events, it was very pleasant, when on a summer evening the little table was drawn to the window seat, which two of the party found quite large enough for their accommodation, and on the other side the old man in his large arm-chair. In this seat Adam Leslie had three sources of happiness, he saw his supper, the clematis he had planted and trained round the window, and the young people who were to him as his children. "We

shall have a thunder-shower soon," had been his prophecy the whole day,—“The wish had been father to the thought;”—still hour after hour the dark clouds had passed provokingly away, taking their showers with them; however, they were now gathering in good earnest. A low clap of thunder growled in the distance, and the wind awoke on the branches. A shower of leaves, green fresh leaves falling before their time, whirled through the air. This was followed by the pelting rain, and Edward shut down the window. The gardener congratulated himself and his peas and beans, and the supper went on with added cheerfulness. Suddenly Edward exclaimed, “Look, Marion, how beautiful!” She turned and saw the clear silvery crescent of the new moon just emerged from a black cloud; a ring of blue sky was around, and the edges of the dense vapour were touched with light.

“Ah!” exclaimed Marion, who had all the ready superstition of a mountaineer, “I have seen the new moon through glass for the first time, and you, Edward, have shown it me.”

“It is very unlucky,” continued her uncle, “to see the new moon through glass for the first time.”

Edward tried to laugh at the superstition, but unshared mirth only damps the spirits of a small circle, and he gave up the attempt. That night they parted somewhat sooner and less cheerfully than usual. The next morning was too glad and sunny for any ill omen to be recollected, and by a sort of tacit agreement the moon was kept quite out of the conversation, Marion a little ashamed of a belief which she could not reason upon, and Edward as little liking to renew any subject in which he could not agree with her.

A fortnight passed away, and the moon was at its full; Edward was now later of an evening than he usually had been, for an extreme pressure of business on the house in which he was employed made the work of extra hours necessary, and he was only too glad to do anything that put him forward in his master's favour. One night he was returning very late, but the tide served, the night was a lovely night in June, and he enjoyed it, as those enjoy whose naturally poetic temperament is checked by their ordinary circumstances, but which lends the keenest delight to any touch of romance or beauty that breaks in upon the commonplace. He floated down the noble river with a navy resting on its dark stream. The light arched bridges, with the long lines of light trembling through them, were left far behind. The huge dome of St. Paul's arose bathed in the moonlight, that giant fane of a giant city, a hundred spires were shining silvery in the soft gleam, and all meaner objects were touched with a picturesque obscurity: all around was silence and rest. The myriad voices of London were still, and nothing vexed the lulled ear of midnight. The only sounds were those that might have soothed even the ear of sleep—there was the languid waving to and fro of some loose sail, and the dip of Edward's oars. His little boat was the only moving thing on the water, for if the black colliers, whose gloomy canvass was still spread, moved, the movement was imperceptible. But his light boat went on and left behind a train of glittering bubbles, like the small stars that meet and mingle on the milky way.

He had now arrived at that more lonely portion of the river which preceded his landing. A little tired with rowing, he let the oars drop,

and his boat glided with the stream, as he leant back gazing on the clear heaven above. He started, for a wild strain of music floated on the ear. It was interrupted for a moment by the chiming of the clock; that, one mingling with another, told the hour of twelve. They ceased, and the music rose distinct upon the ear. He gazed around and saw, far away in the moonlight, a little boat, with a white and swelling sail. He rowed towards it, and could distinguish the chords of some lute-like instrument, and the tones of a human voice. As he came nearer, he saw that the little bark lay motionless on the river, and that it only held one person. The figure was too much muffled for observation, but the flowing drapery denoted a woman—even if the sweet voice had left it doubtful—Edward remained entranced by the delicious singing. The air was singularly wild, and the words were in a foreign tongue, but he thought in his heart he had never listened to music before. After pausing while

“His spirit like a swan did float  
Upon the silver breath of that sweet singing,”

he rowed eagerly towards the mysterious bark. A dense cloud sailed over the moon, and the river for a few moments was shrouded in complete darkness. The moonlight softly broke through the dusky barrier, the dense veil melted into soft and glittering vapour; again the river was flooded with light, but the music had ceased, and the boat was gone. Edward strained his eyes in gazing round the horizon, but in vain.—He listened, but no sound broke the profound stillness till the clocks struck one. He started from the reverie in which he had been indulging, and snatching up the oars, rowed hastily to the landing-place. Fastening his boat, he proceeded hastily along the lane which he had so often trodden. Twice he paused to breathe the cool fresh air, for he was feverish, and his temples were throbbing, while that sweet strange air would not quit his ear. Late as it was, there was a light in the window of Adam Leslie's cottage, and a light step stole along the passage, and a soft hand unbarred the door; a few whispered words were all on which they might venture, for her uncle would have been miserable at the idea of Marion keeping such late vigils. Edward's sleep that night was broken and troubled—that song haunted him. In his dreams he was again upon the water, he drew near to the strange boat, he spoke to its lady, and she raised her veil, and he gazed on a face beautiful beyond all that he had dreamed of beauty. Morning came at last, but he woke weary and fevered.

“How ill you look, dearest Edward,” said Marion, when they met at their early breakfast, “you are overworking yourself;” and she gazed upon him with a tender anxiety which left him not a thought but for herself. She walked with him down to the boat, yet he never alluded to the mysterious music of the preceding night, though it still rang in his ear, and mingled with even her sweet voice; a shyness for which he could not himself account prevented his alluding to the subject, he shrank from naming it; and when he reached the river, he cast a hasty and confused glance around, as if it must retain some consciousness. But all was bustle and life, the ships taking advantage of a favourable wind, were under a press of canvass, and boat and barge were in full activity. Children were playing on the banks, and their shrill voices and laughter softened the deeper tones of manhood and business.

Edward sought in vain that day to fix his attention to the desk before him; still he heard that sweet low song, and faces of strange loveliness floated before him. He was impatient for night, and when it came, he sprang into his boat, half fearfully, half eagerly. It was as his heart foreboded, again he heard that melancholy song—again he saw the veiled figure in the little boat—the clocks too told the same hour, but this time he rowed at once towards the stranger's bark. The lady flung back her veil, and he at once recognised the lovely face that had so haunted his dreams. She stretched forth her hand, as their boats lay alongside, and he took the small white fingers, that glittered in the moonlight with gems, in his own. But the touch was as an electric shock, his boat seemed to sink from under him, a mighty sound was in his ears, and he sank back insensible.

He awoke as from sleep, confused and dizzy: he gazed round, and as he gradually recovered his senses, saw that he was in a vast hall. He lay for a while in a pleasant state of half consciousness, his gaze slowly taking note of the various objects by which he was surrounded. The hall was surrounded by pillars of malachite, wrought into the semblance of gigantic serpents that supported the shining dome, and whose illumined heads made an enormous lamp in the centre. The partitions they formed were filled either by alcoves crowded with birds of rich and foreign plumage, or by paintings representing scenes in some far country. At one end was a large fountain which played in fantastic forms round an inner basin that shone with liquid fire, and mingled its reddening jets with the fountain's clear and crystal ones. At the other end was a conservatory, crowded with large beautiful flowers, but none of them familiar to Edward. Marble urns scattered around were wreathed with their magnificent blossoms, and some of the birds, loosened from the golden network, flitted past; some with crests of meteor-like crimson, others spreading vast and radiant pinions coloured from the sunset. The waving of their pinions, and the falling of the fountain, were the only sounds heard in that stately hall;—these, and one other: it was the low soft breathing of a woman. Edward heard it, and turning to the side from whence it came, saw, watching by his side, the strange beauty of the song and of the boat. She was tall beyond the ordinary height of woman, but stately in her grace as the ideal of a queen and the reality of a swan. Her arms and feet were bare, but for the gems which encircled them. A white robe swept around her in folds gathered at the waist by a golden girdle inscribed with signs and characters. Her hair was singularly thick, and of that purple blackness seen on the grape and the neck of the raven—black, with a sort of azure bloom upon it. It was fastened in large folds, which went several times round the head, and these were adorned with jewels and precious stones, like a midnight lighted with stars. Her complexion was a pale pure olive, perfectly colourless, but delicate as that of a child. Her mouth was the only spot where the rose held dominion, and lips of richer crimson never opened to the morning.

"Youth," said she, in a low voice of peculiar sweetness, "I love thee;—night after night I have watched thy boat on yonder river. I know not what the customs of thy land may be;—I speak according unto mine. I have wealth—I have power—I have knowledge;—I can share them all with thee."

Edward started to his feet—the image of Marion was uppermost in his thoughts. “Lady,” he replied, unconsciously imitating her own highwrought language, “in my country woman pleads not to man. I have not wooed, and I do not wish to win thee. Thou art wonderful and very fair, but thou art not my love.”

She looked at him for a moment with her large dark eyes. “I think,” continued she, “I could make thee love me, if thou wert to stay here awhile. I pray thee, give me a lock of your sunny hair. I have seen none like it.”

Edward gave her one of the bright curls which clustered golden around his head.

“Look around thee,” said the lady, “for a little time. This hall is a triumph of my art. These birds and flowers belong to my native Mexico, and so do those glad valleys.”

Edward gazed around in wonder, and while he gazed there came on the air the same melancholy song that he had heard while on the river. The very sound of his own steps disturbed him; and he flung himself on a couch, to enjoy without interruption the exquisite melody. The intense perfume of the flowers intoxicated him like wine. He felt as if lulled in a delicious trance, in which one image became more and more distinct—the pale but lovely face of his hostess. His heart was filling with love for those radiant eyes. A softer fragrance breathed around him—it was her breath. He looked, and she was again bending over him; he saw himself mirrored in the moonlight of her eyes.

“You will not leave me?” whispered she, in those soft sweet tones which were like notes from a lute.

“Never!” exclaimed the youth, and threw himself at her feet.

Weeks had passed away, and done the work of years in Adam Leslie’s cottage. His garden was now in the richest season of the year. The sunshine had settled into crimson on the peach; the bloom was on the plum, and the dahlias, whose colours might vie with a monarch’s clothing, crowded the garden with unwonted prodigality. Arm-in-arm the old man and his niece wandered around the now mournful garden; he trying to speak that comfort which his every look belied, and she trying to smile as if she believed him; but the tears rose into her eyes as she tried to smile. It was now more than six weeks since Edward’s mysterious disappearance, and the little hope that had once been cherished was now dying fast away. That night, after Adam Leslie had gone to bed, Marion strolled into the garden. She could not sleep, and the lovely moonlight she thought might soothe her. Alas, the tears that had been in her eyes all day now began to flow, when suddenly the sound of footsteps roused her attention. She raised her face from her hands, and saw a little deformed negro-woman standing beside her.

“Why do you cry,” said the strange visitor, fixing on her a pair of small, bright, snake-like eyes, “like a child, when you might win your lover back like a woman?”

Marion stood silent with extreme astonishment, and the woman went on. “Yes, if you will follow me—though you look as if you were frightened to death, I can help you to set your lover free. There are other bright eyes in the world besides your own; but yours will be the best and last loved, if you dare to follow one who is your friend.”

"I will ask my uncle," said Marion, trembling with agitation.

"You must ask no one, and nothing"—interrupted the little negro, her harsh voice growing yet harsher as she raised it—"but your own true heart: unless there be love enough to lead you on, your lover will remain bound by the spells of the sorceress for ever."

The thought past rapidly through Marion's mind, that if she could but see Edward, old love must revive, even if he had deserted her for another. Led on by some strange fascination, she followed the little negro woman. They came to the river side, where a small boat was moored, and when her companion was seated, took up the oars and began rowing with great quickness down the river. They stopped at a small flight of wooden steps, and an almost worn-out door admitted them into a large, but desolate-looking garden; another door, but that huge and massy, admitted them into a dark and winding passage. Marion shuddered as the little negro caught her hand to lead her forward; she followed her for some distance, when the sudden opening of another door dazzled her eyes with a blaze of light. They had entered a magnificent chamber, fitted up in the utmost oriental luxury for a sleeping-room. Marion was scarcely allowed time to look around, for her dwarfish companion whispered in a low tone, like the hissing of a serpent, "Open that gold box, and take out the lock of hair you see there; it is your lover's." Well did the forsaken girl recollect the sunny hair; she pressed it to her lips, while her fast-falling tears dimmed its lustre.

"Come, come, I will show him to you," exclaimed the little negro woman, again hurrying her on; "if you still love him, when you see him, throw that charmed lock of hair into the fountain of fire by which we shall be standing, and the spell that binds him will be broken."

Marion had not power to speak, but she followed the dwarfish creature with a heart beating louder than her steps. Again her eyes closed in the presence of sudden splendour, they were standing behind the fountain of mingled fire and water; from thence they could see without being seen. In the centre of that gorgeous hall, a lady was seated on a mattress covered with cloth of gold, and Edward was at her feet. They had eyes but for each other, and her one hand was in his, while the other was twisted in his bright hair.

"Now girl," hissed the same whisper, "fling the lock you hold in the fire."

Marion almost mechanically obeyed; she flung it, and a burst of thunder shook the building—the little fountain grew crimson, as if with blood; but one heart-piercing shriek rang above every other sound—it came from the dark lady.

"Hast thou found me, oh my enemy?" said she in the same low, sweet voice; but which now seemed the very echo of a broken heart.

"Aye," cried the little negro woman, "the dark spell has the mastery."

At this moment Marion rushed forward; she had seen Edward sink back convulsed on the couch—she threw herself on her knees beside, and supported his head—the dews of death were upon it. The tall and stately lady stood by, paler than marble, and even her bright lips colourless. Still her radiant eyes flashed defiance on the negro dwarf; but the heart's agony was in the compressed mouth, and with tears in those

starry eyes, she turned to Edward. Marion saw her approach, and clasping him passionately in her arms, exclaimed—

“He is mine, loved long before you knew him—let us at least ~~live~~ together.”

“Ah,” exclaimed the stranger, “is it even so; I knew not of it.”

A shrill wild laugh came from the little negro woman, and a faint cry from Marion; for Edward had sank down exhausted from her arm. Once more he unclosed his eyes, and fixing them on Marion with a look full of tenderness, murmured her name, and expired. The dark lady leant over him for a moment; whatever might be the anguish of that moment, she subdued it; but the veins swelled like chords in her clear temples, with the effort. She turned, and gave one look at the negro, who crouched beneath it like a beaten hound, and remained as if rooted to the spot.

“Take him to your home,” said she to Marion; “what I must do, your eyes would shrink to witness. I will offer you nothing; my love and my gifts turn to curses.”

She stamped on the ground, and four strange figures came forward, and raising Marion and Edward, carried them into the boat by the stairs, and there left them. The wind and tide slowly drifted them along, and the maiden sat floating over the river, with her lover’s head upon her knee. Once, and once only she raised her eyes. A wild, melancholy song came upon her ear, and a dark bark, dimly seen amid the grey vapours of morning, flitted past. On the deck she fancied she saw a tall figure with long floating hair, stand wringing her hands in some passionate despair. It past rapidly out of sight, and as it past, the melancholy song died away in the distance; never since has it been heard on the Thames. The boat that bore the living and the dead was met by some watermen, who conveyed them on shore. Marion was perfectly insensible, and was carried home in a brain fever, from which she never recovered. At the last gasp they thought her sensible, for her eyes wandered round the room in search of her uncle; she caught sight of his face—a scarcely perceptible smile past over her countenance, and in that smile she died. The house and garden still remain, but they have a lonely and mournful look. The old man plants no more flowers in his garden; the few that he watches grow in the churchyard. He has planted some rose bushes on the grave of the lovers; those he still tends and waters. They are the last link between this living world and himself. Night and morning he visits those tombs; but he never visits them without a prayer that the time may soon come when he shall sleep at their side.

L. E. L.

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## A TRIP OVER LONDON.

I HAD for many years been extremely solicitous to ascend in a balloon. It was a fancy of my youth, which did not fade in my riper years: at school I made balloons, and watched them wistfully as they sprang from my hands, and thought how happy I should be if I could take the same lofty flight.

When Mr. Green came to Liverpool—of which place I am a native, and have ever since my birth been a constant inhabitant—I visited him previous to his ascent, conversed with him upon my favourite topic, found him intelligent and communicative, and—which rendered him even still more interesting in my mind—confident in the safety and security of his high-going carriage; and but for the fear of *éclat*, which I thought might do me an injury in my profession, I should most certainly have been tempted to accompany him from my native town. I debated the matter in my mind, while yet the inflation of the balloon was in progress, but the *aéronaut* (like the woman) who deliberates is lost; and while I was arguing with myself, and weighing the pleasures I should receive from my prospects of the heavens, against the damage likely to accrue to my prospects on earth, my flighty friend was off; the last rope was cut, the huge globe soared over my head, and I found myself occupying a mere point in the circle which, a moment before, had been wholly occupied by the vast machine.

Time and tide, I had always heard, wait for no man—I found that the same might be said of balloons. I had fancied and considered, until the opportunity of going was gone; and I stood like a fool, gazing at my darling object until I saw nothing of my friend Green, but the waggle of his flag. The rapidity with which the object diminished gave me a sort of aching pang, and when my verdant friend plunged into a black cloud, I stamped my foot upon the ground, as if only then convinced of the impossibility of catching him.

“ The boy thus, when his sparrow ’s flown,  
The bird in silence eyes;  
Till out of sight at last ’tis gone,  
He whimpers, sobs, and cries.”

So says Gay; and although by no means gay myself, so felt I, upon the occasion to which I refer.

Well! the disappointment served rather to inflame than abate the anxiety I felt for an aerial trip, and so I lived on. But my friend and idol, the *aéronaut*, did not return to Liverpool; spring came, but no Green—summer passed, and autumn died away—yellow—all my expectations fell like the leaves, and I was doomed for several years to smother, or rather conceal from others, my violent passion for the clouds.

Yet, why should I feel ashamed of my partiality? Wyndham—not a very inappropriate name, to be sure—the great Wyndham went up in a balloon; so did the exemplary Edward Hawke Locker. The Duc de Chartres went up in a fire-balloon; a most respectable Doctor of Medicine crossed the channel from England to France with Mr. Blanchard; a Paget has accompanied Mr. Sadler; a General has ascended by him-

self, and immortalized his name by tumbling into the sea; and a learned Barrister on the northern circuit quitted the earth, only a few years since, with Green himself. Still I kept my desire pent up, lest the kind anxiety of my respectable mother and two elegant sisters (both still unmarried) — treasures, with such hearts — should be unnecessarily excited, and their influence too successfully exerted in order to pin me to the earth.

Little did I imagine that an unforeseen accident should occur to afford me the gratification I had so long thirsted after. Business, sudden and important, called me to London about the middle of August—that fact of itself was important to me; for, although I have passed my twenty-eighth year, London I had never seen. A first visit to such a metropolis is as an insulated, unaccompanied circumstance—an epoch in a life. I felt it so; I anticipated all the pleasures of novelty—all the gratification of curiosity—all the realization of the fancies I had conjured up of splendour, opulence, magnificence, and amusement. These, however, I was much inclined to believe could hardly exceed the realities of Liverpool, which even now, after having seen all the great features of this great town, I do not consider, taken as a whole, likely to lose by comparison with the capital of the empire. This is my present feeling, and I have written to express it to the unsophisticated young creature to whom I am engaged to be married—No matter, I arrived at the Bull-and-Mouth in Bull-and-Mouth Street. I certainly was disappointed—it did not at all fulfil my expectations of comfort, or even convenience. I could not help comparing it with “The Waterloo;” and even descended to a comparison of an uncouth, unwashed female attendant who received me under the gateway, with the neat, nice, smart, clean, good-natured Lancashire witches, who, in the shape of chambermaids, get everything in order at our palace of a hotel, in the twinkling of an eye.

I was dreadfully tired; went to bed—slept soundly till three o’clock in the afternoon—rang my bell—called for hot water—shaved, dressed, and descended into the coffee-room—hot, dark, and dirty—took a meal which served for breakfast, luncheon, and even dinner, as it turned out; again grievously disappointed—nevertheless made up in quantity for what seemed a falling off in quality, and while I was discussing a third slice of cold roasted beef, the sun happening to shine, by reflection, on the back of a tin lamp, the original ray having darted inwards between a group of chimnies which overhung the yard, I caught a glimpse of a bill stuck over the fire-place, in the middle of which I distinguished two black balls; at first I fancied it a globe-maker’s advertisement—then I took it for the representation of a pair of kettle-drums—then for a pair of stays—then for a pair of spectacles; I could not, in the very phrenzy of my imagination, have conjured it into what it really was.

“What is that bill about?” said I to a waiter.

“That, Sir?” said the man; “it’s the bill of the balloon-race to-day.”

“A what!” exclaimed I.

“A balloon-race from Vauxhall,” was the answer.

“A race!” screamed I; “what! two balloons?—impossible—this *is* a variety! I, like the poet, could have found

—‘Variety in one.’

But a pair of balloons—this is too much! Where is Vauxhall?”

The expression which pervaded the countenances of the waiters and guests at this extraordinary question, I cannot attempt to describe. It was clear they thought me either a fool or a madman, and it was equally clear that they decided upon the latter when I desired them to call me a hackney-coach, in order that I might drive to the gardens, and secure a place with Mr. Green.

“Who is Mr. Green?” said one of the waiters. This surprised me; that Mr. Green should not be previously known in every hole and corner of the metropolis, was a wonder.

“Green, cries the other in a fury”—

“Why the chap as goes up in the hair.”

“Chap”—“Hair,”—this was too much. I could no longer endure the atmosphere in which such creatures breathed; and having as speedily as possible made my preparations, and announced my intention of sleeping at “mine inn” again that night, I jumped into a dirty hackney-coach, not half so neat or convenient as those at Liverpool, and drove as fast as two skeletons, with hides strained over them, could drag me, to Vauxhall Gardens. The coachman who drove me wore a glazed hat and spectacles, and smoked a cigar. I mention these facts as peculiarities.

I squeezed my way through a road thronged with men, women, children, horses, carriages, donkies, and dog-carts. I was pleased at this demonstration of active curiosity and intense interest. I jostled one way and pushed another, until at last I reached the door,—by an effort, paid my shilling, and in a very few minutes after, being nearly pummelled to death by this most extraordinarily-mixed mob, found myself, to *my* delight and *his* infinite surprise, shaking hands with the intrepid aeronaut himself. A moment’s conversation settled the affair; I had come to realize my wishes—Had he a place?—Could I go? To both these questions I received affirmative answers, and I felt an instantaneous sensation of great pleasure and a little apprehension: however, I looked round and saw the eyes of all Vauxhall upon me, and I determined to behave like a man.

It was a new position, and therefore a difficult one—I had suddenly become an object of interest, and one of the strongest feelings excited in my own mind was the entire strangeness to me of the faces and persons of the multitude by whom we were surrounded;—at Liverpool I should have known half the people present—did know them upon the occasion of Mr. Green’s ascent there. Here all was blank—I had nobody to nod to; no cheering smile to encourage, no friendly admonition to check me. The effect was so curious, and I so nervous, that I kept perpetually pulling out my watch, and looking at the dial, as if that could tell me who such and such persons were who stared at me with looks not very dissimilar from those of the waiters at the Bull-and-Mouth. One thing Mr. Green was certainly not prepared for—I mean the curious fact, that I had never seen London, and was now destined to see it from a height, and supersede the trouble taken by ordinary men of threading its maze-like streets, and poking into its nooks and corners; I was to behold the metropolis at a glance—to grasp it all in one look; to gaze at it as a map spread out before me, and see it eagle-wise laid at my feet.

The twin balloons began now, as it were, to grow impatient of re-

straint. The shouts of the people without, who appeared most cordially to sympathize in this impatience, warned us that our time was short. A peal of maroons thundered through the air—Green was actively engaged in securing the car, and stowing in the moveables. In making things snug a minute more elapsed, and the words—"If you are coming, now is the time," forced me to the necessity of action. "If," said I, and in a minute more I was in the car.

I felt a new sensation—I was not in the air, but I was not on the earth; and when I felt the swag of the huge thing which rolled about over my head, I began to think the journey was not quite so agreeable an undertaking as, till I found myself cast off as it were from all connexion with the lower world, I had fancied it. In order to gratify the genteel mob within, Mr. Green, who had himself entered the car, directed that we should be allowed to ascend a few yards; this was done, and I felt remarkably sick. I am afraid I looked pale; but I affected to smile and waggle my flag as he bid me. This exhibition was repeated two or three times. It did not at all improve by repetition: my feelings, I must admit, were not much soothed when Green, showing me two pieces of leather attached to the inside of the car, asked me if I had not better strap myself in, giving as a reason, that several of his former companions had become senseless during their progress, and he found it safer to prevent in that manner any accident arising from their toppling overboard. I indignantly said, I was not in the least afraid. "Oh," said my companion, "neither were those gentlemen afraid; the insensibility is produced by the change of atmosphere." I accepted the explanation with a parliamentary readiness, and Mr. Green said something which I did not exactly hear, for a fire of patterarocs ensued, and amongst the smoke and a tremendous shouting, I found myself suddenly over the high trees of the gardens, which, with everything round them, seemed to fall from under me, my only sensation of rising being confined to the soles of my feet, against which I felt a strong pressure. We were over the river; our companion balloon was then close to us—we, however, rose superior, and I beheld the metropolis for the first time. It did not appear so large as Liverpool, nor were the streets to my eye near so wide.

It was only by my exclamation of surprise Mr. Green discovered that I had never seen London before; his good nature induced him to abstain from throwing out any more ballast for the present, in order to give me a good view of it.

"I see," said I, "some handsome palaces under us; those, I suppose, are noblemen's houses?"

"No," said my companion, "those are club-houses, in which men live cheap and fine; there are many of them. That long unfinished building there is the National Gallery."

"National!" said I; "why it looks like a rabbit-hutch, and the domes at either end remind me of the grottoes of oyster-shells which the little boys beg one to remember the first day of the season. What is that string of carriages there?"

"Members of both Houses of Parliament going to their duty," said my companion.

"Many too are walking."

"Yes," said Green; "owing to your inexperience in these regions,

you are unable to distinguish objects so distinctly as habit enables me to do; those things that look to you like flies are eminent statesmen. Do you see that little creature hurrying along the pavement, like a midge running upon a bit of tape?"

"Yes," said I, although I did not, only I did not like to admit the superiority of his habitual long-sightedness.

"That," said my companion, "is Lord John Russell, the saviour of his country."

I said nothing, seeing which way Green's politics lay; it seemed ridiculous to differ in opinion with him at that height, so I only looked down upon his Lordship and thought the more.

"Those," said I, pointing to a confused heap, "are, I conclude, the ruins of the House of Commons."

"Exactly so," said Green.

"And where," said I, "does the House of Commons sit now?"

"Where the House of Lords did," said Green; "their Lordships were forced to turn out for the representatives of the people; they sit in the Painted Chamber—an apartment which has been likened to the cabin of a steam-packet; but halloo! we have got into a different current—here we are, over the Regent's Park."

"Indeed!" said I; "what an odd-looking place this is; don't I see a pig rolling itself in a puddle?"

"Pig!" said Green; "God bless your soul, that's the elephant, rubbing himself in the mud and washing himself afterwards."

"Indeed!" said I; "and what are those little white, and blue, and pink dots I see all round the beast?"

"Dots!" said Green; "they are all ladies of fashion, who go to enjoy the sight; why that, and the monkies occupy the attention of half the beau-monde on Sundays. That thing like a pudding basin, is the top of the Colosseum—a new place of entertainment, just now in vogue. Look down to your right; that's the Opera House; see what a crowd of carriages are thronging round its doors. On the opposite side of the street, that little white speck with the three-cornered thing in the front is the Haymarket Theatre."

"I see no crowd there," said I.

"No," said Green; "it is the height of fashion for people to pay guineas to see what they dislike, and hear what they don't understand; but it is not thought right to bore oneself with the English drama."

"Halloo!" said I, "here we are over the grottoes again; what is that place that looks like a case of cruets?"

"Cruets!" said Green; "that is the Millbank Penitentiary, nearly opposite our starting-place; and what you take for pepper, mustard, oil, and vinegar bottles, are towers of the prison."

"But look," said I, casting my eyes on the river; "who are those poor wretches dressed up in striped coats, pulling their long boats against the stream?"—it is wonderful how much the reflection from the water aids the sight—"are they some of the convicts out of the Penitentiary?"

"Convicts!" said Green; "why, man alive, those are officers of the Guards, who take the greatest delight in rowing as hard as they can pelt from Whitehall to Putney, where they regale themselves on tea, eggs, bread and butter, and then row back in time to dress for din-

ner. Do you see that dark-looking place?" We had now descended very considerably.

"That?" said I; "why it looks like a rat-trap."

"No, no," said Green, "the great rat-trap is in Westminster. That is the King's Bench prison; do you see men playing at fives?"

"I see little white things flying about," said I.

"One of them is a gentleman of rank, and once of fortune."

"I envy you your exquisite sight," said I.

"He would not," said Green, "if he were here; for there—you see that long white street of houses with the column at the end of it?"

"Column?" said I; "yes, with the statue on the top."

"Exactly so," said Green; "run your eye along the left hand of that street—you see a crowd of carriages there."

"I do," said I.

"The one drawn close up to the pavement belongs to that man's wife; she is at Howell and James's, buying ribbands, bonnets, scarves, and all the other necessaries of life, while her husband, said to be at Paris, is wearing out his time in prison. Here," said he, "do you see that cabriolet driving full tilt along Pall Mall?"

"Which is Pall Mall?" said I.

"That street—there."

"What, with the hospital at the end of it?"

"Hospital!" said Green, "that's St. James's Palace—do you see now?"

"I do."

"Do you see a smart chariot crossing the square?"

"Plainly."

"The man in the chariot is coming down to the House of Lords by one road, the man in the cab is going by another to my lord's house, where he purposes to console my lady in her lord's absence. If you keep your eyes upon them you will find what I say is true—you cannot think what odd things I see when I am hovering over this great town."

"The Asmodeus of the air," said I.

"We have drifted over the city," said Green. "That large building to your right is the Bank—the heart of the nation, with a Radical chairman to manage its affairs; and that is the Mansion-house, the palace of the city, with a Conservative monarch and a turbulent council; that white spot a little farther on, is the East India-house, where twenty-four respectable gentlemen rule the destinies of upwards of an hundred millions of people, and sell tea. Do you see that open space to the northward?"

I cast my eyes on the compass, and followed the direction of my guide. "Yes," said I, "a place covered with network."

"Net work!" said Green, "not a bit of it. Those are pens for cattle. That is Smithfield,—a market in the middle of the most thickly peopled part of the capital; the inhabitants of which are in danger of their lives twice in every week from the half-mad cattle that are driven to and from it; yet so infatuated are the Cockneys, and so fond of money, that for the lucre of gain—it cannot be for the smell of the place—half the citizens are up in arms because it is proposed to establish a new market in the suburbs, and convert the old one into squares and streets, like those at the west end of the town. That high building is

Guildhall, where they transact city business, make speeches, eat dinners, elect sheriffs, and do ten thousand other things worthy of remark."

"But," said I, "there is another building very like it to the left."

"The hall of Christ's Hospital," said Green; "as a modern work unique. That is the Post-office,—modest, plain, and simple. You are too high to see its beauties minutely, and, as far as minute beauties go, perhaps you would not see many more if you were much nearer."

"That," said I, "is the Post-office."

"Exactly," replied Green; "close to where you landed from your coach. Lord Lichfield is postmaster; was master of the stag-hounds: they went too fast for a gouty man, so his Lordship now starts the mails instead of the deer."

"By the antithesis," said I, "you mean the males instead of the females."

"No, indeed," said Green; "I never joke."

"You are above *that*," said I.

"And everything else just now," said Green, which convinced me that he *was* really a joker in the highest degree.

"The Monument," said I, "looks like a lighted candle."

"Good," said Green; "I see, Sir, you are getting collected and enjoy your trip. No need of the straps."

"Not a bit," said I; "but how we *are* twisting about!"

"Baffling winds," said Green, "as the sailors have it. Here we are over the Tower."

"I hear the lions roaring," said I, who had heard much of them in the country.

"Not a bit of it," said Green, "there are no lions there now. The present government thought it too great a luxury for the King to have a menagerie, and so the beasts have been sold to a wild-beast keeper, and nothing is left to be seen but a bear and a baboon."

"Ah!" said I, reminded of dear Liverpool, "those are docks."

"Exactly so," said Green. "When they were made, the East India proprietors and West India planters were people of property and importance: now their biggest and best ships lie rotting for want of freight, and the docks themselves serve for little more than fish-ponds for the Cockneys. Now you see Greenwich Hospital."

"What! that?" said I; "it is a palace to look at."

"That white dot in the corner is Lord Auckland's house," said Green, "one of the poor pensioned peers; just made Governor General of India,—good jump from Commissioner of an Hospital,—has been first Lord of the Admiralty."

"What," said I, "the Lord Auckland who——"

"Mum, Sir," said Green, "no treason."

"If any, it must be high treason," said I, "considering our present position."

Green laughed; and handing me a glass of sherry, we took that opportunity of drinking the ladies we had left behind.

"Now," said Green, "we must get up a little higher." Saying which he shook out one of his bags of ballast, and I very soon became sensible of increased coldness in the atmosphere,—a sort of drizzly mist involved us; but we passed through it, and saw the sun shining in all its splendour. I looked down, but earthly objects were invisible, and

all I saw was something very like huge bags of cotton rolling about under us, which, under all the circumstances, I felt pretty well assured must be clouds. Green confirmed my suspicions. We drank a second glass of sherry, and my excellent master and pilot made preparations for descending. I was as little sensible of the descent as I had previously been of the ascent, except by seeing my little flag curl himself upwards; and in a few minutes I beheld what to my eyes was a much more beautiful spectacle than it presented when we left it—I mean the view of the earth as we approached it.

The cry of "Balloon! balloon!" was perfectly distinct. I knew nothing of the locality, but the moment Green, with his eagle eyes, caught sight of the land, he pronounced that we were nearly over Hammersmith bridge, which looked to me like a cribbage-board, and the toll-keepers at the end like pegs towards the struggling close of the game. He pointed to some Lombardy poplars, which I took for asparagus, as the site of Brandenburg House, of which I had heard much as a boy, and which, in one of the septennial visitations of insanity by which England is said to be afflicted, was with its "great lessee" an object of some importance. Sion, the seat of the patriotic, princely Duke of Northumberland, next presented itself to view, and, nearer our hand, Kew, the nursery of our royal family, and Richmond Hill beyond it, of which I had read and heard so much.

"There," said Green, pointing to a house amongst some corn and turnip-fields, "lived and died Cobbett, a man who only wanted consistency to have been an ornament to his country." Having said which, I thought my gallant companion was about to evince his partiality to that great man's memory by bobbing down in one of his ruta-baga fields; however, we were now almost on a level with the trees, and Green, bidding me hold on and look sharp, shook out a little more of his dust, and we were gently lifted over a hedge, and touched our dirty mother about half a mile beyond the seat of the deceased Porcupine.

People rushed towards us in all directions; and such are the gentleness and good taste of a Cockney mob, the balloon and the car were with difficulty preserved from their destroying paws.

"Well," said I to myself, "this sort of indelicate scramble would never take place at Liverpool."

However, we did our best, and I helped to express—as Green expresses it—the gas which remained in the machine; and, in less than an hour, we were in a state to return to Vauxhall, which I did with my companion, and was delighted to regale on pulled chickens and arrack punch, charmed with my excursion, and resolved to write down as much of what I had seen when in the regions above, as was consistent with propriety. We certainly *did* see many things more, but I cannot repeat them—*cetera, desunt*,—or, as my friend Green would perhaps say, *indesunt*. I received, however, a good moral lesson by my voyage, and felt convinced that men in balloons are very much like much greater people in high stations, who, while the world they look down upon seems little to them, appear themselves little in the eyes of all the world.

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EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE-PEDLINGTON\*.

‘ Mine own romantic town.’—*Scott.*

*Tuesday, June 16th.* “ Mr. Hobbleday wishes to see you, Sir. Bill of fare, Sir. What would you choose to have for dinner, Sir?”

“ It is probable, Mr. Scorewell,” replied I, “ I shall not dine at home. You may remember Mr. Hobbleday invited me to dine with him to-day.”

“ Yes, Sir, with an *if*, Sir. That’s why I ask you what you would please to order, Sir. Mr. Hobbleday, as I said last night, Sir, is a nice gentleman, but the greatest humbug in Little-Pedlington. And then, Sir, if I might make free to tell you, Sir, don’t say anything to him you would wish to keep secret, Sir.”

“ I never do, landlord, to anybody,” said I.

“ What I mean is this, Sir: he is very intimate with Mr. Simcox Rummins, Junior, Sir, the editor of our newspaper, Sir; and people suspect that whatever he hears he——But here he is, Sir.”

Mr. Hobbleday entered the room—stopped short in the middle—thrust his hands into his pockets—looked at the clock—then at me—smiled with an air of self-satisfaction—again looked at the clock, when then (to borrow a Miltonic form of phrase), “ when then thus Hobbleday:”——

“ Do you see that? Told you I would be here at twelve, and twelve it is to a minute. That’s what I call punctuality. Pride myself on being punctual. To be sure it is no great merit in me to be so—nothing else to do—no business, no occupation—gentleman at large, as I may say—a hundred-and-ten pounds a-year, independent. And yet it is something to be proud of, nevertheless, eh? But I’m afraid I interrupt you—you were reading the paper. Now, no ceremony with me—if I do interrupt you, say so. Never bore anybody, if I know it—hate to be bored myself. But some people have no tact. Ahem! No man is better acquainted with his own faults than I am with mine—sorry to say I have many; but this I may safely say for myself, whatever else I may be, I am anything but a bore. But all owing to tact, eh? Can’t endure a bore; and now, if I *do* interrupt you——”

Assured him he did not—reminded him that I was prepared for his visit, and requested he would take a seat. Seated himself opposite to me—placed his straw hat upon the table—unbuttoned his nankeen jacket, and deliberately took off his gloves. Seemed—like rain, when one least desires it—regularly set in for the day.

“ Sure, now, you have finished reading your newspaper? Resemble me in one respect, I dare say. Reading a newspaper is all very well, but prefer conversation, eh? Well, then, won’t apologise for the interruption. Nothing equal to pleasant conversation; for my part, I may

almost say I live upon it! Ahem! Breakfast not removed—you breakfast late, eh? Now I breakfast at eight in summer, at nine in winter; and, what is very remarkable, have done so as long as I can remember. Now I'll tell you what my breakfast consists of."

Obligingly communicated to me the fact, that he took three slices of thick bread-and-butter, one egg, and two cups of tea; adding to the interest of the information, by a minute detail of the price he paid for the several commodities, the quantities of tea and sugar he used, the time he allowed his egg to boil, and his tea to draw; and also, by a particular description of the form and size of his teapot. Though early in the day, experienced a sensation of drowsiness, for which (having slept well at night) I could not account.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Hobbleday, as the clock struck; "one o'clock, I declare! How time flies when one is engaged in pleasant conversation! But perhaps I'm boring you, eh? If I am, say so. Ahem! By-the-bye—a sad disappointment—never so put out by anything in my life. Had made up my mind to one of the pleasantest afternoons imaginable. But Jubb can't come—engaged to dine with Rummins. No matter—we must arrange for some other day. I won't let you off; so, let me see—or, no—fix your own day—now, come; fix a day you must. But don't say to-morrow—to-morrow is Hoppy's day for his public breakfast at the skittle-ground; and on Thursday I'm engaged at a rout at Mrs. Applegarth's, who shows off her new drawing-room curtains—sad ostentation!"

"Well, then," said I, "on Friday, if you please."

"That's Rummins's day for showing his museum; and on Saturday I tea with Miss Shrubsole. Can't say, though, that her parties are at all in my way." Here he shook his arm, and, with a grave look, continued. "You understand;—tremendous play! Like a quiet, old-fashioned rubber very well;—have no objection even to a round game, in moderation; but when it comes to three-penny *shorts*, and when, at loo, the lady of the house is so *fortunate* as to turn up pam almost every time she deals—ahem! Bit, to the point. Sunday, of course, is out of the question;—and—a——"

"And on Monday, at the latest, I must return to town."

"No, no, I can't consent to that: I must not be deprived of the pleasure of introducing you to my eminent friends. Do you *positively* leave us on *Monday*?"

"Positively; business of importance which will require my presence——"

"No—won't listen to such a thing; for on *Tuesday* I shall consider you as engaged to dine with me;—a week's notice to my eminent friends will secure their company."

"Your politeness and hospitality," said I, "deserve a suitable return on my part. Since you are so pressing in your invitation, it would be ungracious in me to refuse it; so I will write to town by this night's post, and, even at the risk of some inconvenience, will remain here till——"

"Ahem!—aha!—Never so flattered by anything in all my life; but, no—won't listen to it—wouldn't put you to inconvenience for all the world;—say no more about it; never mind my disappointment; we shall see you in Little-Pedlington again. Sadly disappointed, indeed;

but don't you let that interfere with your arrangements. Come, will you take a turn?"

Scorewell, who had just before come into the room, and heard the concluding part of the conversation, again presented his bill of fare, with—"Bill of fare, Sir. Now what would you choose to have for dinner, Sir?" Puzzled to guess what he intended by his emphasis upon the "now;" neither could I understand what he meant by the odd twinkle of the eye with which he accompanied his question.

Whilst I was doubting over Scorewell's bill of fare, Hobbleday amused himself by breathing upon one of the window-panes, and making marks thereon with his fore-finger.

"Draw?" said he, in an inquiring tone. Told him I did.

"Pretty accomplishment. I've a taste that way myself. Play the flute?"

Told him I did not.

"Pity: you'd find it a great comfort. Besides—gets one into the best society—at least I find it so in Little-Pedlington. For instance, now, there's Yawkins, the eminent banker—hates me, yet invites me to all his music-parties. You'd think that odd, perhaps—not in the least. Why? Because he can't do without me. His daughter is a very fine performer on the piano-forte, I admit—first-rate—no more taste, though, than a bag-piper; yet, what would be the 'Battle of Prague,' or the overture to 'Lodoiska,' without little Jack Hobbleday's flute-accompaniment? Ahem! malicious little creature that daughter of his. Never stops for you when she finds you sticking at a difficult passage, but rattles on, and finishes five minutes before you, merely to show her own skill. I had my revenge, though, the other evening. Caught *her* at fault—ha! ha! ha!—my turn now, thought I; so on I went; and hang me if I didn't come to my last tootle-tootle-too, while she had still nearly a whole page to play. Tit for tat, eh?"

"But what cause can Mr. Yawkins have for hating you, as you say, Mr. Hobbleday?"

"I did him a service, my dear Sir; and, with some people, that is cause sufficient. You must know that—ahem! You don't want Scorewell, eh? Scorewell, you may leave the room. That is the most impertinent, prying rascal in all Little-Pedlington. He pretends to be busied in dusting the wine-glasses and decanters on the side-board, when, in fact, he is listening to your conversation. Whatever he hears he reports to our newspaper; and for that he receives *his* paper *gratis*. Between ourselves, he is not the only one in this place I could mention who does the same thing."

"Are these rivals in the same trade?" thought I, "or which of them is it that belies the other? Oh! Little-Pedlington! Ah! Little-Pedlington! if these be thy doings—Yet, no; Scorewell shall, upon Hobbleday's testimony, be written down a publican of moderate honesty;—Hobbleday, upon the word of Scorewell, shall stand recorded what eye, methought, had never seen, what tongue had never named, in this all-perfect place—a humbug; but that either of them, or that any other Little-Pedlingtonian, should be suspected of—No, no, no; they are labouring under some strange delusion, and know not what they say. This, for mine own happiness, I must and will believe."

Hobbleday resumed:—"But respecting Yawkins. You remember the panic a few years ago, which, as Jubb describes it, 'Like roaring torrent overwhelmed the *Banks*?' Up at six in the morning, 'my custom (as Shakspeare aptly says) my custom always in the afternoon.' I was the first in Little Pedlington to hear of the great crash. Saw a traveller just arrived from London—long before the post came in—told me of *this* bank going in consequence of a run upon it, and of *that* bank going in consequence of a run upon it. Thought of my friends Yawkins, Snargate, and Co. No fear, though, for such a firm as *that*,—sound as a roach, at bottom. Yet prevention is better than cure, thought I; for if the Little-Pedlington bank *should* go, the credit of the world's at an end. Well, Sir, what does little Jack Hobbleday do? I'll tell you what he does. He runs to his friend Shrubsole, and knocks him up two hours earlier than his usual time. 'Shrubsole,' says I, 'don't be alarmed; there's a tremendous run upon the banks all over England; the consequence is they are smashing like glass. I know you have cash at Yawkins's, but be calm, and *don't press upon them*, and your money will be safe. But should there be a run upon them to-day they must be ruined. You know my friendship for old Yawkins in particular; follow my advice, and I shall take it as a personal favour.' From him I run to my friend Chickney,—knock *him* up. 'Chickney,' says I, 'don't be alarmed; there's a tremendous,' &c. &c. &c. Well, Sir, from him I run to my friend Stintum; knock *him* up. 'Stintum,' says I," &c. &c. &c.

*Two o'clock.*—Hobbleday had already mentioned the names of nineteen persons to whom he had run, and repeated to me the same speech in precisely the same words as he had delivered it to each of them; always commencing with "Well, Sir, from him I run," &c.

Greatly admire this method of telling a story, as I do my friend Major Borecall's manner of narrating; who, for instance, is a longer time in telling you of his ordering a dinner than it would take you to eat it. As thus:—"First of all I say to Kaye, 'Kaye,' says I, 'you will be very particular in letting us have a tureen of very nice spring-soup at one end of the table;' then I say to Kaye, 'Kaye,' says I, 'you will be very particular in letting us have a tureen of very nice *soupe-à-la-reine* at the other;' then I say to Kaye, 'Kaye,' &c." and so on, through the whole service, even to a biscuit with the dessert. The great advantage of this system is, that a vast deal of time is consumed by it; and they will not be disposed to object to it whom experience has taught that human life is considerably too long for any useful purpose, and who have found that, but for expedients of this kind for "beguiling the time," many hours would have been left at their own disposal for which they must have sought employment. Long live the Borealls and the Hobbledays of the world for relieving us of this care!

Continued his story, in precisely the same form, through thirteen names more, and then proceeded:—

"Well, Sir, having taken all this trouble to prevent a run upon the house of this ungrateful man, it was near eight o'clock; so home I go and get a mouthful of breakfast. Look at my banker's book—find I have eleven-pound-two in their hands. Eleven-pound-two as I hope to be saved! Bank opens at nine, thinks I; post won't be in till ten;—probably the firm will know nothing of what is going on in London till

then. Eleven-pound-two a great deal to me, though not much to a house like the Yawkins's—I'll go down quietly, as if I knew nothing, and draw *my* balance,—*that* can't hurt them. Go—get there at a quarter before nine—what do I see?—I'll tell you what I see. I see Shrubsole, I see Chickney, I see Stintum,\*I see [here he recapitulated the whole of the two-and-thirty names he had already mentioned, ending with] and I see Sniggerston; all, with consternation painted on their faces, crowding about the door. Notwithstanding my request that they would not press upon my friend Yawkins, there they all were—and before me, too! What was the consequence? I'll tell you. The consequence was, the first ten or a dozen that contrived to squeeze in were paid; but that could not last, you know; human nature couldn't stand it: so after paying nearly two hundred pounds—stop! a regular stoppage, Sir. I was at the tail of the crowd; and when I saw the green door closed you might have knocked me down with a feather. However, at the end of two years, although the outstanding claims amounted to nearly a thousand pounds, a dividend was paid of four shillings in the pound: and now, Snargate drives his gig again, old Yawkins rides his cob, and, to the honour of our town be it said, the Little-Pedlington bank is as firm and sound as any in Europe. Never kept cash there since, though; no more bankers for me—eleven-pound-two—the sight of that green door—no, no—one such fright in a man's life is enough. Ahem!" Here he paused.

"But," said I, "you have not told me the point of the story—the cause of Mr. Yawkins's hatred of you, which led you to favour me with these interesting details."

"Dear me—no more I have—forgot the point. You must know, then, that he has always declared—mark the black ingratitude!—that if I had not gone running all over Little-Pedlington, frightening his customers by telling them not to be alarmed, and thus causing them to take him by surprise, he needn't have stopped payment—till he thought best."

Here was another pause. Clock struck three.

"Three o'clock, as sure as I'm born!" exclaimed my entertaining acquaintance. "Now who'd have thought *that*? But, as I said before, time does fly when one is engaged in pleasant conversation. Have not enjoyed so agreeable a morning for a long while. Afraid I've kept you at home, though;—lost all your morning—eh?—Ha! there goes Shrubsole. Ahem!—the greatest bore in Little-Pedlington. He'll sit with you for three hours, and not say a word. A man of no conversation.—But you are thinking about something—eh?"

Hobbleday right. Thinking about Sir Gabriel Gabble, a *chattering* bore, and Major Mum, a *silent* bore. One will sit with you *tête-à-tête* through a long winter's evening, as mute as if he had but just issued from the cave of Trophonius, and (as Jack Bannister said of Dignum) thinks he's thinking; the other will chatter your very head off—his matter compounded of dull trivialities, commonplace remarks, and the most venerable of old-woman's gossip—and calls it conversation.—Query 1. Which of the two is the *least* to be endured? Query 2. Were you to be indicted for that you did accidentally toss them both (or any of the like) out at window, whereby did ensue "a consummation de-

voutly to be wished," would not a jury of any sensible twelve of your countrymen return a verdict of "Justifiable *Bore-icide*?"

Hobbleday rose to depart—but didn't. Almost wished he would. Expressed an apprehension that I was trespassing too far upon his patience and good-nature by *dethining* him. Assured me I didn't in the least. Sorry, indeed, to leave me; but it was near his dinner-time. Slowly drew on one glove, smoothing each finger separately with the other hand. Drew on the other glove with (as the French say) *le même jeu*. Deliberately took up his hat, looked into the crown of it, and whistled part of a tune. Reiterated his regrets that I didn't play the flute; and repeated his assurance that I should find it a *very* great comfort. Made a move—"At last," thought I—but not towards the door. His move, like a knight's at chess, brought him, by a zigzag, only into another corner. Made the circuit of the room, read all the cards and advertisements that were hanging against the walls, whistling all the time.

"Well, now—go I must. Sorry to leave you, *for the present*."

Can't account for it; but, on hearing these three words, you might—(to use Hobbleday's own expression)—you might have knocked me down with a feather.

"By-the-bye, promised to take you to see my dear friend Rummins's museum on a *private* day. Can't to-morrow. Thursday, I'm engaged. Let me see;—aye, I'll send you a letter of introduction to him—'twill be the same thing—he'll do anything to oblige me. Now, remember; anything I can do to be agreeable to you whilst you stay in our place—command me. Sorry our little dinner-party can't take place *this* time; but when you come again to Little-Pedlington—remember—come you must—positively won't take *No* for an answer. Everybody knows little Jack Hobbleday,—always willing to—always anxious to—good bye—see you at Hoppy's public breakfast to-morrow—good-bye."

Really he is an obliging creature; and not to avail myself of his proffered civilities would be an offence. Strolled out—(four o'clock, and the thermometer at 82°)—and found the town deserted. Informed it was the fashionable day for walking to Snapshank Hill to see the view—only nine miles distant. How unfortunate am I that Hobbleday didn't acquaint me with this! for (with a tolerable telescope) one may look back and see the spire of Little-Pedlington church—the chief purpose of the pilgrimage. Approached a window wherein were exhibited several profiles in black, and a notice that "Likenesses are taken in this manner, at only one shilling each, *in one minute*." There was a full-length of Hobbleday—no mistaking it—and of Mrs. Shanks, the confectioner; and of Miss Tidmarsh, with her poodle; and of many others, the originals of which I knew not, but all unquestionable likenesses, no doubt; for the works before me were DAUBSON'S. Recollected his "all-but-breathing Grenadier;" recollected, too, Jubb's noble apostrophe to him,—

"Stand forth, my Daubson, matchless and alone!"

and instantly resolved to sit to him for a black profile.

My request to see Mr. Daubson was answered by a little girl, seated at a little table, and employed in preparing the happy canvass destined to receive immortality from the hand of the great artist: in other words,

she was cutting up a sheet of drawing-card into squares of different sizes.

"Mr. Daubson can't possibly be disturbed just yet, Sir," said she, with an air of importance befitting the occasion; "he is particularly engaged with a sitter."

"Then," replied I, "I will call again in an hour or two, or to-morrow, or the next day."

"But," continued she, (not noticing what I said,) "if you will take a seat, Sir, for half a minute or so, he will see you. The lady has been with him nearly a minute already!"

Recollected Daubson's expeditious method of handing down to posterity his mementos of the worthies of his own time—"perpetuating" is, I believe, the word I ought to use. And this word reminds me of an untoward circumstance which occurred (not in Little-Pedlington, but at another equally well-known place—Paris) upon the occasion of a Welsh friend requesting me to take him to the studio of the Chevalier G—, (unquestionably the best portrait-painter in France,) whose works he expressed a great desire to see. The name of the party introduced, which was well known, would have been a sufficient passport to the Chevalier, even had it not been countersigned by me, and he was received with flattering attention; the painter himself conducting him through the studio, and carefully exhibiting to him his choicest productions. His portraits were of high merit as works of art, yet I must admit, he had not been fortunate in his originals, who certainly had not furnished his pencil with the most beautiful specimens of the "human face divine." My friend examined the pictures with great minuteness, but made no remark, although the Chevalier understood English perfectly well. Having completed the *voyage autour de la chambre*, the painter, whose vanity was scarcely less than his politeness, turned towards his visiter with an evident, and no unnatural, expectation of some complimentary observation. The latter, having given one last and general glance round the room, exclaimed,—"*Monsieur le Chevalier*—what devilish infatuation can induce people to desire to perpetuate their d—'d ugly faces!—*Monsieur le Chevalier*, I wish you good morning."

Resolved that the recollection of this anecdote should not be lost upon me on the present occasion.

Ushered into the presence of the great artist. As it usually happens with one's preconceived notions of the personal appearance of eminent people, mine, with respect to Daubson, turned out to be all wrong. In the portrait of Michael Angelo you read of the severity and stern vigour of his works; of tenderness, elegance, and delicacy in Raphael's; in Rembrandt's, of his coarseness as well as of his strength; in Vandyck's, of refinement; in all, of intellectual power. But I must own that, in Daubson, I perceived nothing indicative of the creator of the "Grenadier." Were I, however, to attempt to convey by a single word a general notion of his appearance, I should say it is *interesting*. To descend to particulars:—He is considerably below the middle height; his figure is slim, except towards the lower part of the waistcoat, where it is protuberant; his arms are long, and his knees have a tendency to approach each other; face small, sharp, and pointed; complexion of a bilious hue, the effect, doubtless, of deep study; small grey eyes; bushy, black eyebrows; and head destitute of hair, except at the hinder part,

where the few stragglers are collected and bound together pigtail-wise. Dress :—coat of brown fustian ; waistcoat, stockings, and smalls, black ; silk neckerchief, black ; and, I had almost added, black shirt, but that I should hardly be warranted in declaring on this point upon the small specimen exhibited. Manners, language and address, simple and unaffected ; and in these you at once recognized the GENIUS.—Having told him, in reply to his question whether I came to be “done,” that I had come for that purpose, he (disdaining the jargon common to your London artists, about “Kitcats,” and “whole-lengths,” and “Bishop’s half-lengths,” and “three-quarters,” and so forth,) came at once to the point, saying—

“Do you wish to be taken short—or long, Mister?”

Told him I should prefer being taken short.

“Then get up and sit down, if you please, Mister.”

Unable to reconcile these seemingly contradictory directions, till he pointed to a narrow, high-backed chair, placed on a platform elevated a few inches above the floor. By the side of the chair was a machine of curious construction, from which proceeded a long wire.—Mounted, and took my seat.

“Now, Mister, please to look at that,” said Daubson ; at the same time pointing to a Dutch cuckoo-clock which hung in a corner of the room. “Twenty-four minutes and a-half past four. Head *stiddy*, Mister.”

He then slowly drew the wire I have mentioned over my head, and down my nose and chin ; and having so done, exclaimed, “There, Mister, *now* look at the clock—twenty-five minutes and a-half. What do you think of *that*?”

What could I think, indeed ? or what could I do but utter an exclamation of astonishment ! In that inconceivably short time had the “great Daubson” produced, in profile, a perfect outline of my bust, with the head thrown back, and the nose interestingly perked up in the air. “Such,” might Hoppy well exclaim, “such are the wonders of art !”

“Now, Mister, while I’m giving the finishing touches to the picture,—that is to say, filling up the outline with *Ingy-ink*,—I wish you’d just have the goodness to give me your *candid* opinion of my works here. But no flattery, Mister ;—tell me what you really think. I like to be told of my faults ; I turn it to account ; I improve by it.”

Looked at the profiles hanging about the room. Said of them, severally, “Beautiful !”—“Charming !”—“Exquisite !”—“Divine !”

“So, so, Mister,” said Daubson, rising, “I’ve found you out : you are an artist.”

“I assure you, Sir,” said I, “you are mistaken. I am sorry I cannot boast of being a member of that distinguished profession.”

“You can’t deceive me, Mister. Nobody, excepting one of us, can know so much about art as you do. Your opinions are so just, it can’t be otherwise. But these are trifles not worth speaking of,—though they may be very well in their way, Mister—and though, without vanity, I may say I don’t know the man that can beat them. But what think you of my great work—my ‘Grenadier,’ Mister ? Now, without flattery.”

Encouraged by praise of my connoisseurship, and from so high a quarter, I talked boldly, as a connoisseur ought to do ; not forgetting to

make a liberal use of those terms, by the employment of which one who knows little may acquire a reputation for connoisseurship amongst those who know less : and concluding (like the last discharge of rockets at Vauxhall) by letting off all my favourite terms at once—" Mr. Daubson," said I, " I assure you, that for design, composition, drawing, and colour,—for middle-distance, foreground, background, *chiaro-scuro*, tone, fore-shortening, and light and shade,—for breadth, depth, harmony, perspective, pencilling, and finish,—I have seen nothing in Little-Pedlington that would endure a moment's comparison with it."

" Where could you have got your knowledge of art, your fine taste, your sound judgment, if you are not an artist? I wish I could have the advantage of your opinion now and then—so correct in all respects—I am sure I should profit by it, Mister.—Now—there is your portrait: as like you as one pea is to another, Mister."

" Yes," said I, " it is like; but isn't the head thrown rather too much backwards?"

Daubson's countenance fell. " Too much backwards! Why, Mister, how would you have the head?"

" My objection goes simply to this, Mr. Daubson. It seems to me that, by throwing the head into that position——"

" Seems to you, Mister! I think I, as a professional artist, ought to know best. But that is the curse of our profession: people come to us, and would teach *us* what to do."

" You asked me for a candid opinion, Sir; otherwise I should not have presumed to——"

" Yes, Mister, I did ask you for a candid opinion; and so long as you talked like a sensible man, I listened to you. But when you talk to a professional man upon a subject he, naturally, must be best acquainted with——Backwards, indeed! I never placed a head better in all my life!"

Reflecting that Daubson, " as a professional man," must, consequently, be infallible, I withdrew my objection, and changed the subject.

" How is it, Sir," said I, " that so eminent an artist as you is not a member of the Royal Academy?"

" D—n the Royal Academy!" exclaimed he, his yellow face turning blue: " D—n the Royal Academy! they shall never see me amongst such a set. No, Mister; I have thrown down the gauntlet and defied them. When they refused to exhibit my ' Grenadier,' I made 'em my mind never to send them another work of mine, Mister; never to countenance them in any way: and I have kept my resolution. No, Mister; they repent their treatment of me, but it is too late; Daubson is unappeasable: they may fret their hearts out, but they shall never see a picture of mine again. Why, Mister, it is only last year that a *friend of mine—without my knowledge*—sent them one of my pictures, and they rejected it. They knew well enough whose it was. But I considered that as the greatest compliment ever paid me,—it showed they were afraid of the competition. D—n 'em! if they did but know how much I despise 'em! I never bestow a thought upon 'em; not I, Mister. But that den must be broken up;—there will be no high art in England whilst that exists. Intrigue! cabal! It is notorious that they never exhibit any man's pictures unless he happens to have R.A. tacked to his name. It is notorious that they pay five thousand a-year

to the 'Times' for praising *their* works and not noticing mine. D—n 'em! what a thorough contempt I feel for 'em! I can imagine them at their dinners, which cost them thousands a-year;—there they are, Phillips, and Shee, and Pickersgill, and Wilkie, laying their heads together to oppose me! But which of them can paint a 'Grenadier?' D—n 'em! they are one mass of envy and uncharitableness, that I can tell you, Mister."

"Happily, Mr. Daubson," said I, "those vices scarcely exist in Little-Pedlington."

"Unheard of, Mister. I don't envy *them*—I envy no man—on the contrary, I'm always ready to lend a hand to push on any rising talent that comes forward;—though, to be sure, I'll allow no man to take profiles in Little-Pedlington whilst I live. That's self-preservation. But they—! they'd destroy me if they could. But, bad as some of them are, the worst are those envious fellows, Turner and Stanfield. They have done their utmost to crush me, but they have not succeeded. Why, Mister, last summer I began to do a little in the landscape way. No sooner were my views of the Crescent and of Little-Pedlington Church mentioned in our newspaper, than down comes a man from London with a *camera-obscura* to oppose me! Who was at the bottom of that? Who sent him? Why, they did, to be sure. The envious—! But I didn't rest till I got him out of the town; so that scheme failed. No, no, Mister; they'll not get me amongst them in their d—d Academy,—at least, not whilst they go on in their present style. But let them look to it;—let them take care how they treat me for the future;—let them do their duty by me—they know what I mean—or they may bring the 'Little-Pedlington Weekly Observer' about their ears. For my own part I never condescend to bestow a thought upon them! D—n 'em! if they did but know the contempt I feel for them!"

Here another sitter was announced; so I received my portrait from the hands of the great artist, paid my shilling, and departed. "So then," thought I, "genius, even a Daubson's, is not secure from the effects of envy and persecution (real or imaginary) even in Little-Pedlington!"

*Six o'clock.*—Returned to mine inn. In the course of the evening received a note from Hobbleday, inclosing *sculed* letters to Rummins and Jubb.

"Dear Sir,—Sorry cannot have pleasure of accompanying you to my dear friend Rummins, neither to my worthy friend Jubb. Send letters of introduction,—spoke in warmest terms,—all you can desire. Sorry shan't see you to dine with me this time,—next time you must,—no denial. Believe me, my dear Sir, your most truly affectionate friend,

"JOHN HOBLEDAY.

"P.S. Do think of my advice about flute,—*do* turn your mind to it—will find it a great comfort."

Will not believe otherwise than that Hobbleday is a warm-hearted, sincere little fellow.

To-morrow to Hoppy's public breakfast, where I shall meet all the beauty and fashion of Little-Pedlington. Afterwards with my letters to Rummins and Jubb. With such warm introductions from their friend Hobbleday what a reception do I anticipate!

P\*.

(To be continued.)

## SKETCHES ON IRISH HIGHWAYS.

## OLD GRANNY.

"WHIST! Maurice, whist!—and don't gainsay her. What she thinks, you know, is as good as a law with us all;—and that's enough about it——"

"A law is it, Anty?" repeated Maurice. "It may be a law to you, if you choose to make a fool of yourself, but it will be no law to me."

"For God's sake, Maurice," exclaimed the girl, "don't go on so; you know she's charmed."

"Charmed!" he again repeated, in the true Irish fashion;—"Charmed!—ay, as much as the black slug that lives on and lies in the dew. As much as the frog that croaks in the meadows; as much, Anty, as the raven which I could bring down with your brother Luke's ash-bow!"

"But, any way, it's only waiting till after Holly-eve, and that's not long. All she says is, wait till after that;—and indeed, Maurice—indeed, I cannot gainsay her."

"And you—*you*, Anty Doyne, tell me;—you! after our keeping company for nearly two years;—you say that, because your croaking OLD GRANNY says we must not marry until Holly-eve is past, though you were promise-bound to me before then if things answered—*you* say, that because she takes this whim in her head, you'll be off!"

"No, Maurice—no," replied the girl; "I swear to the Virgin, in the beams of this blessed moon which is now shining on *both* our heads, that in death, or—oh, Maurice—even in disgrace, I would be your wife, or go as I am to my green grave;—but to wait a little while—only a little while—to do her bidding—surely it's no great thing for her to expect? And she that has been *more* than a mother to me ever since I lost my own."

"Suppose she was to forbid it out-and-out?"

"She would not do that."

"Why?"

"Because her word is given, that when once Holly-eve is passed, she will bless—not ban."

"I tell you what, Anty; take me now—or give me up, up intirely. I'm too proud to wait on the bidding of an old woman, whatever I might do on the bidding of a young one."

"If it comes to that, Maurice, perhaps you'd rather it was so; and I'm certain that I never mean to keep any boy to his promise if his mind is against it." Anty Doyne drew herself up to more than her usual height, though her heart beat, and her cheek crimsoned from agitation.

"Anty, it seems mighty easy with you!"

"Maurice, it was you spoke of it first; and that man's not breathing who should speak *twice* to me of such a thing. I'm ready," she continued,—“quite ready to return your token, and break all off.”

While she spoke, she tugged hard to draw a ring from her rosy finger, and at last having accomplished her intention, she held the simple *gage d'amour* towards her lover.

“Why don't you take it, Mister Maurice—it will fit Jane Lemon, or Kate Leslie, or any other girl, as well as me;—and if I had known your *mind* before, I'd have burnt it—drowned it—trampled on it—sooner than have suffered myself to wear it an hour—a single minute. Why don't you take the ring, Maurice?”

Anty Doyne had talked herself into a passion; and, truth to say, there is no young lady who would not have felt hurt at the insinuation which her lover's speech conveyed. Angry though she certainly was, Maurice thought he had never seen her look so lovely as she did at that instant; her calm and gentle nature was seldom roused to anything like wrath, and it lent an animation to her placid features which improved their expression for the time being. Maurice, like all young men—particularly young *Irish men*—had a vast opinion of his own powers of fascination, and though he loved Anty with all the impetuosity of youthful passion, he loved to exercise a power which many consider purely feminine—the power of tormenting. He knew she doated on her grandmother, who was the Sibyl of the neighbourhood, and, to confess the truth, he was not a little jealous of the influence she possessed over the mind of his betrothed.

“And so—that's the end of your love, Anty, that you'd give me up for your grandmother?”

And while he spoke he could not avoid smiling at the absurdity of his inquiry. Anty saw the smile upon his lip, and it angered her the more. She felt that she could not give utterance to her feelings, and, with singular prudence, she remained silent, still holding the ring towards him.

“And you want to turn me over to Jane Lemon?—who's on the world since holly is green; or to Kate Leslie, whose eyes were set wrong in her head?—I'm obliged to you, Anty!”

“Take the ring, Maurice!” she exclaimed again.

“Why, then—maybe I will—but if I do, it's only to give it to back you, Anty; for when I put that ring on your finger I kissed you for the first—but, please God, not for the last time.”

“If you don't take it,” said Anty, rejoicing in her strength, which returned with her lover's last words, “If you don't take it, I'll drop it into the very middle of the fairy round in the next field, and then none but the true-hearted will have power to pick it up.”

“You'll do no such thing!” exclaimed a voice from the hollow of a blasted elm, the fragments of whose branches had overshadowed their meetings on more occasions than one. “Bright gold is not to be thrown as a temptation on fairy ground. Give *me* the ring, and let both of you remember that a troth present or a troth plight is not to be cast away like the feather from a wild bird's wing.”

The person who thus spoke was a worn shrivelled woman, thin and erect, whose figure at an earlier period of life must have been imposing, for even at the advanced age of seventy-six she carried herself with a dignity that made all the children in the neighbourhood look on “Old Granny” with respect. Her character was in keeping with her carriage, and her carriage with her character; the one was exactly suited to the other, and in neither would the least change have been an advantage.

Margaret Doyne (for even in Ireland, where they delight in nick-names, and pet names, and all names except the right one, the dame-

like courtly name of Margaret had never been reduced to the diminutive of Peggy or Peg), Margaret Doyme was, as I have already said, the Sibyl of the neighbourhood; but she was still more—poor herself, she was nevertheless the benefactress of the *very* poor. Often she used to say, when consulted by the peasants, “Ah then! sure I have nothing to give but the kind word!” But the “kind word” is much, when bestowed in due season; and it would be difficult to determine whether, amongst the simple people who resided in her neighbourhood, she was most valued for her wisdom or good-nature. In England, she would have been esteemed a “worthy dame;” in Ireland, the superstitious feelings of the people magnified her into something more. She certainly did meddle with charms and philters—saw fate and fortunes in the stormy grounds of a tea-cup—and interpreted dreams—in a manner which none but those well acquainted with the circumstances, hopes, and fears of the dreamers could interpret. I believe that when her intellect was in its full strength and power, she laughed at those who relied upon her promises and prophecies; but latterly she believed in them herself—her kindness outlived her wisdom, and it was observed that as *Old Granny* grew *older*, she grew more mysterious, and more celebrated as a soothsayer. She had been brought up by a family of distinction, and the good-breeding acquired by coming (during her early days) constantly in contact with her superiors, gave her manner and conversation a tone infinitely above her associates, or rather, I should say, her neighbours, for the only person she was intimate with was her grandchild. Anty Doyme’s mother died while giving her birth, and her father was drowned at sea a few weeks after; thus the helpless infant was thrown completely on the benevolence and care of “*Old Granny*,” who soon prided herself on the beauty, ay, and the cleverness of her darling.

The old and young are always more attached than the young and middle-aged, and I doubt if Anty could have bestowed half the devotion on her mother which she offered spontaneously to her venerable grand-dame.

Maurice had never been inclined to pay the respect to her behests which were the willing tributes of Anty’s heart, though in her presence he had seldom the courage to assert even a difference of opinion; he saw “*Old Granny*” drop the ring into the recesses of her black satin thread-case, and could not bring himself to remonstrate until the old lady was about to deposit it—treasure and all—in her capacious pocket.

“It wasn’t hers, *Granny*, to throw away,” he murmured at last, “and it’s too bad to be thwarted by both.”

“Ay,” she said, “by a croaking old woman, *Mister Maurice*?”

“Well, *Granny*,” he exclaimed, “listeners never hear good of themselves—not that I mean that to you.”

“Nor you didn’t compare me to a black slug—nor a frog—nor a raven—eh, *Maurice*?”

“I do not want nor wish to deny my words, *Granny*,” he replied sulkily; “but you well know how Anty and I have been long promised to each other.”

“Ay, *Maurice*, I do, I do; and I know that when we want to use the wisdom of the wise we honour it, if—mind my words, young man—if it agrees with our own; but if it does not, we throw it to the dogs, and

curse the lips that spoke it. You think it long to wait till Holly-eve, and you think that after that you will have nothing left to wish for. Hope often digs its own grave with the spade of indiscretion; but I tell you, I would rather dig her grave than see her your wife before then. The first week in November will bring you, Maurice Grey, either a cross or a crown, and though she will have my leave and blessing to share the one, I pray God that my darling may not die by the other."

"Die!" exclaimed both young people at once.

"Ay, death will come sooner than you look for, any of you; the thunder growls in the heavens—it gathers before it breaks—and those who are warned should beware of the bolt."

"Oh Granny, don't be fostering the trouble on us before our time," exclaimed Maurice, endeavouring to shake off the terror her words inspired, "sure we'll bear sorrow together, and two can support it better than one."

"It's thoughts like them that send many a one to the priest's knee before their time," replied the old woman; "but wait till the day I have said is past, and when temptation is strongest on you, Maurice, *think of Anty Doyne and Holly-err!*"

She placed her staff firmly on the earth, and was proceeding on her way towards the cottage, when Maurice called out, "The ring, Granny, give her the ring, any how; do not keep it from her."

"Ah, ah!" she said; "love, Maurice, was never bound by gold—you shall give it her when Holly-eve is past."

Old Granny's dwelling was swept and garnished with no ordinary care on the night of the festival to which she had so earnestly alluded. During the time that intervened between the commencement of my sketch, and of the period I now arrive at, Maurice and Anty had been together even more than usual. Old Granny, latterly, spent a good many hours of each day in wandering along the wild sea-shore near to which her dwelling was situated. I believe I had forgotten to mention that Maurice's trade was that of a ship-carpenter; he was considered exceedingly intelligent, and (for an Irishman) a *quick* workman. Granny farmed about seven acres of land—she held the farm for a nominal rent; and, thrifty as well as wise, Anty was regarded by her companions as a heiress of no small pretensions. She took much pleasure in adorning their clay-floored sitting-room, and the young people of the neighbourhood always thought their annual spells worked better in Old Granny's cottage than in any residence for ten miles round. The wind howled without—the rain poured—but "the boys and girls" within heeded neither. "The crackling faggot" blazed upon the hearth—the piper blew his most discordant, and yet animating music—crossed sticks, an apple upon one end, and a candle on the other, were suspended from the ceiling, and whirled round and round—while many a wide mouth extended its dimensions to "snap" the fleeting apple, and, instead of the expected prize, caught the moving light to the manifest amusement of the throng. Others were engaged in pouring boiling lead through the handle of a key into cold water, and reading their destinies in its various forms. Some bent anxiously over the hearth, to note which nuts jumped, and which remained stationary with their partners.

"Jane Cahil! look at Jane Cahil's sweetheart," exclaimed one,

"he's burnt as black as a crow by her side; there, that nut in the corner—what a *study*\* pair! well, there's no fun in such studyness, and that's my objection to matrimony." "Look, look at Mary Flynn! well, she bates Banagher, any how, at cover the buckle—there's a fling, that's the fifth boy she's done over to-night at the dance."

"Anty Doyne, look at your little cater-cousin Mary, stealing in with a bundle of ivy leaves—'deed and 'deed I think she had better leave the ivy leaves alone, for they're too true for a joke. I never found them wrong in telling a death—God save us!" And the speaker crossed herself devoutly, for the trial by ivy is regarded in some parts of Ireland as a fearful spell.

"July James has her apron full of hemp-seed," shouted a boy, whose merry laugh had frequently resounded through the chamber. "Now tell the truth, July; how often have you sown that in the lone churchyard during your lifetime?—

'Hemp-seed, hemp-seed here I sow,  
He that is my true love, come after me and mow.'

Ah, July, my darlint, you've been sowing hemp-seed these thirty years, and sorra a mower ever tended your heels yet!"

While the laugh, the sport, and the jest were bandied about with careless and noisy hilarity by the young and the thoughtless, the table at the further end of the room, covered as it was by pipes, tobacco, snuff, bottles of whisky, glasses, and wooden *noggins*, was surrounded by the elders of the people, loud and energetic in their politics as need be. One read passages from a "liberal" paper, and then all talked together as to their import. As the night waxed old, their energy increased, and their reason declined. They contradicted—quarrelled—then embraced—then contradicted, and quarrelled again. The dancers and fortune-seekers, however, were in no degree disturbed by the tumult, but pursued their sports unheeding, and unheeded by, the politicians of the table.

"Meg Turner has just picked such a beautiful cannon out of the water. Meg, as sure as Cashel is built on a rock, you'll have a soldier," exclaimed a sly-looking rural wag, whose bright eyes danced with mischief.

"Me a soldier!" replied Meg, who, if Anty was the heiress, was considered the beauty of the country.—(By the way, the Irish peasantry estimate the beauty of women somewhat as they do that of their pigs—*by their size*. I hear them constantly say, "God bless her! she's a fine woman—a *big* woman! It's she that has the good, wholesome flesh on her bones! Thirteen stone won't *excuse* her! Kind for her! Sure, all her people † were fine *portly* men and women—none of your poor *starved* craythurs; but every one of them *big* and *white*, like the rale gentry.")

To return to Meg. She twisted her pretty nose in great wrath, and repeated—"Me marry a soldier, indeed! I did not think you'd *even* the likes of that to me. Take up with a soldier!"

"Why thin, Meg," observed a neighbour, whose son was a soldier, "you're like a tall tree beat down by a storm—more high than wise. Sure the young lady at the Hook is married to a soldier."

"I wonder at your ignorance," replied Meg, "to say my lady above there is married to a *soldier*. A *soldier*, indeed!—a *major*, if you please,

\* Steady.

† Relations.

Ma'am. No, not he; he's a born gentleman. A soldier! I can't but wonder at your ignorance!"

Those who knew better than Meg laughed loudly; and at last, half crying, she snatched the cannon from those who were examining it, and declaring that it was "a purse of goold," and not an emblem of destruction, called loudly for "Old Granny" to decide in her favour.

The old woman had been for some time employed in an inner room, tossing cups and casting nativities, after a fashion of her own; but now she was nowhere to be found,—it was in vain they sought her—she was not in the house. Why was it also that Anty—Anty, the heroine of the evening, "the pride of the country," "the Lily of Bally Moyle,"—names given her by the respect and affection which her modest and gentle loveliness excited,—why was it that Anty Doyne had not joined in a reel or a jig for nearly an hour? During the early part of the evening she had danced with her lover; and it was observed by more than one that never had either appeared so happy. Their probation was nearly over; she had even ventured to return, in the least possible degree, the ardent pressure of his hand. Poor Anty!—what a blessed thing it is for friends, as well as lovers, that the Almighty has closed the gates of futurity to them and to us all!

"Anty won't dance any more to-night, because Maurice is not here," whispered one girl to another; and then came the inquiry—"Where is Maurice?" This question no one appeared able to reply to;—Maurice could not be found—had not been seen; but, yes—the piper said, that while Maurice was in the act of desiring him to strike up "The Boys of Linn," he heard a voice distinctly call him; and he affirmed that the voice came from without. Nobody, however, believed the piper, who was known to have been half tipsy during three successive days, a fact easily accounted for, as he had attended three "berrins," from which, unhappily, no piper, and not a great many Irishmen, return sober. By degrees the news that neither Old Granny nor Maurice could be found spread amongst the assembly; and though at first the people jested upon their disappearance, told Anty that her grandmother had run off with her lover, and that they should all expect to be asked to the wedding, and indulged in various rural witticisms, still, as the hours drew towards midnight, they became alarmed at their absence. One declared that Old Granny had not been herself the whole evening; another that she had been seen more than once looking from the window towards the ocean, as if she expected the arrival or passing of a vessel. The politicians either slept soundly under the table, or staggered towards their homes; the piper pillowed his head upon his pipes, and "made strange music" of another kind; but the young companions of Anty Doyne, both men and maids, resolved to remain with her till morning, and then scour the country in search of the fugitives. One or two old grey-headed fathers, who had not drunk freely, remained also, and before the hour of one chimed from the clock of the neighbouring hall, every out-house and haggard was examined in vain. Anty's cheek had grown deadly white, and her lips quivered. As time passed, her companions endeavoured to divert her attention, and dispel her anxiety; and she would listen to them and smile,—and then, more quickly than my words are written, relapse into herself, while the convulsive twitchings

of her features, and the incessant motion of her fingers, showed how much she suffered.

"Keep up your spirits, my lily," said one venerable man; "sure there's no accounting for Old Granny's doings—maybe she's off to gather flowers, or herbs, at the charmed hours. Who ever thought of minding her?"

"But Maurice—Maurice!" murmured poor Anty, her feelings forcing her to acknowledge an interest which at any other time her maiden modesty would have compelled her to dissemble.

"Maybe she's taken him for a safeguard," continued the comforter; "there's sometimes wild doings along the coast, and she might not like to go as a lone woman down the glen where the rag-wort, ground-ivy, and more whose names I forget grow most plenty."

"Who ever thought of harming Granny?" replied the maiden. "Those who never honoured God nor feared Satan have bought her charms as a safety, and she might walk through sin and murder without suffering;—who ever thought of harming Granny?"

She had hardly finished her sentence, when the house-dog barked, and steps sounded from without. Several ran to the door, but Anty's feelings so overcame her, that she hung to the dresser, unable to move or speak; in an instant a mingled crowd of the water-guard and soldiers belonging to a detachment quartered at a neighbouring fort filled the cottage, and those who entered last bore upon a rude bier formed by their crossed arms the murdered body of "Old Granny." As they placed her remains upon the very table which her hospitable hands had spread but a few hours before for the entertainment of her friends, there was a dead silence,—the awful silence of extreme horror;—those who had remained with Anty appeared paralyzed. One of the soldiers rolled a cloth to support the white head whose hairs were clotted with gore, which had not ceased to flow; and the sight of the trickling blood recalled Anty to her senses, while it told her of the extent and reality of her bereavement: her scream—loud, shrill, and terrible—startled every creature within hearing; it was so wild and so prolonged. She threw herself upon the body, where she lay, as inanimate and as unconscious as the clay she pressed. Then came the questions, brief but earnest,—the who?—the when?—the where?—Who did the murder? The soldiers and water-guards separated so as to show a group of bound and fettered men whom they had thrust into a corner—the foremost of them was MAURICK GREY!

"Now the great God of heaven guard us!" exclaimed one of Anty's aged friends, advancing towards him. "It is an awful night, and an awful time,—and there's many a charm and many a change over the earth which poor mortals can't understand: but if you be Maurice Grey,—the Maurice Grey whom I nursed many a winter's night upon my knee, and whom that murdered craythur loved next to the girl now stiffening by her side,—speak, and say you had no hand in this!"

With a sudden and mighty effort the young man burst asunder the ropes with which his hands were tied, and before the guards could impede his progress, he threw himself upon his knees beside the body; flinging his arms upwards, he clenched his hands together; and the voice in which he spoke, though at first hoarse and thick, was perfectly audible: not a word was lost:

"May the God who hears me rain down his eternal curses on my head if I alter, or change, one word of his holy truth this night! but you, Anty,—Anty, darlint! you must hear me, too. Waken, Anty! my heart's jewel! my heart's blood, waken!—as you hope to see heaven!" he exclaimed, as a soldier endeavoured to prevent his lifting the senseless girl from the corpse to his bosom—"as you hope to see heaven, neither touch her, nor hinder me." Having placed her drooping head upon his shoulder, he remained kneeling, and again lifted up his arm to heaven.

It was an appalling picture: the dark figures crowded together in the background, their rough countenances only partially seen, as the candles, which a little time before illuminated the apartment, were either extinguished or burning in their sockets; the fire cast a bright, but unnatural glare upon the murdered body; and a little black dog, "Old Granny's" favourite and friend, after smelling the blood, had stretched himself upon the bosom of the corpse, and whined his misery, while such was the glare, yet uncertainty of the light, that he looked like a mishapen object from the dark world of spirits. Maurice kneeling, pale as Agony, supporting his betrothed with his left arm, while his right still stretched toward heaven, was so placed that every movement of his features could be observed by those who were in partial darkness. "You hear me, Anty, now." She opened and fixed her eyes upon him; and he continued,—“You remember that *she* would not consent to our marriage till after this night had passed; and though I did not to say know, I guessed, her reason after. *She* knew that this very week the return of a vessel to this shore was expected, with the crew of whom (I'll not deny it before God or man this blessed night)—of whom I knew too much,—though God, he hears me and can judge,—that, beyond smuggling, I never thought harm was in 'em;—never, until this night. Any how, the shadow and the foreknowledge was over *her*, for she told me the first week in November would bring me either a cross or a crown, and to beware the bolt,—the thunderbolt! Oh! little, little did I think it would fall upon herself;—and all for me,—all for me!”

"Hear 'till him! hear 'till him!" exclaimed a ruffianly voice from amid the group of prisoners, as the young man paused from emotion; "the white-livered rascal thinks to get us in for a job of his own doing."

Maurice heeded not the words, but continued, "I got the news that Blue Morgan and the Petrel would be off shore this holy night, and that I would be wanted aboard, on account that some ship-job was going on which they could not compass without me. I thought the goold he always gave without the counting would furnish a better wedding than the country had seen for many and many a day; but I did *not* think that evil goold brings an evil curse. The Granny got the wind of the word as soon, and maybe sooner, for anything I know, than I did, and just as I finished the first hand-o'-three reel I danced, whispered, 'Think of Anty Doyne and Holly-eve.' Well, the Devil was in me, I am sure of that, for somehow I fired at the thought of her making and meddling so often about us, and if my mind could have had vent in a sharp answer, it would have past away until, Anty, love, I danced again with you; and who ever thought of sin while looking in your face?"

"Still my heart was for not going to the beach, and I forgot the Granny and everything in the world, except that Holly-eve was passing, until Tom Morgan came outside to hurry me off, and promised me goold

and the drink I had got, and the thought of the goold that I was throwing away—(and why? for all they wanted of me belike was a hand at my own trade)—came over me, and—I—went.

“In a cave, close, close under the Otter’s Climb, I found such of the crew of the Petrel as had not been murdered by their comrades——”

A shudder passed through the crowd, which had increased both inside and outside the cottage, as the day was now dawning; and the smugglers, with dreadful oaths and execrations, denied the inference, declaring that Maurice having murdered old Margaret Doyne himself, wished to heap a multitude of crimes upon their heads. No words can give an adequate idea of the interest—the breathless anxiety felt by every one present. The ruffians were soon silenced, and Maurice proceeded with his story. “As near as I can judge, it might be about nine o’clock when I got to the cave, and found it as good as filled with heaps of sea-store and chests of dollars—Tom Morgan and four more burying the treasure. The waves were washing up just to the mouth of the cave, and I heard that what they wanted of me was to make the boat they had got ashore in sea-worthy, as they intended putting out in the teeth of the wind, and returning by times for the treasure. I asked Tom for his brother, Blue Morgan, and he made answer that the Petrel had drifted, and was half-wrecked, and that the Captain set off to cross the country with three more, just as I arrived. It was an awful sight, for as he spoke, and I at the boat, a wave dashed the poor man’s mangled body to our feet. It was then I felt that they who are ever enticed into bad company, either from the love of pleasure or the love of goold, knock at sin’s door; and when did sin fail to answer? God keep me my senses, for they are a’most gone!” Again during the pause, compelled by agitation, the murderers cursed and swore, and the interest increased tenfold.

“Tom Morgan put a pistol to my head, and with a bag of dollars in the other hand, threatened and tempted me at the same time. I might have been terrified into swearing the silence he commanded, (for he saw my eyes were opened,) and thus have become either a perjured man, or the murderers’ slave—a villain or a victim—but Anty, your blessed grandmother had tracked my ways, through the dark night, down the steep cliffs—ay, not regarding age or weakness. Through the waves which were racing up the cave, I saw her like a spirit rising from the sea—and blessed be God, there was still time for me to mind the warning—as she cried, and I heard, though the wind was howling—‘Remember Anty and Holly-eve!’

“They were, I may say, her last words, for before I could snatch the pistol from his hand, I heard her corpse splash amid the water,—and when I plunged after and caught her in my arms, she only said—‘The bolt has fallen—but ——’ I heard no more, except Anty’s name, which she called on twice.”—He covered his face, and pressed the almost insensible girl still more closely to his bosom. The serjeant who commanded the party took up the story, and continued—

“We had notice, after much watching, that the Petrel was expected to be off the shore, and were night and day on the look-out. We little thought the crime committed, by a portion of the crew—it was the report of Tom Morgan’s pistol that directed us to the spot—and though we have every reason to believe the truth of Maurice Grey’s story, still he must go with us until it is legally confirmed.”

“ My poor boy ! ” said the venerable man, who had called upon him the first for an explanation ;—“ My poor boy !—God, in his mercy, grant you may not be like the pigeon who fed with the crows—’tis ill to be seen with public sinners.”

Maurice knelt and prayed by the murdered body of the aged woman, who, though she had seen his faults, and desired that her grand-child should wear, as she poetically called it,—“ the crown but not the cross,” had still loved him with extraordinary affection. The workings of superstition were mingled in the minds of those who murdered the captain and a portion of the crew of the *Petrel*, with a desire of revenge against Old Granny—whose charms and spells they had purchased—though, according to their thinking, they had worked to them for evil, not good ; doubtless, the poor sihy! relied upon her influence over them, or she would not have ventured to their cavern, though ignorant of the crime they had committed. One of the ruffians turned king’s evidence, and thus, if need had been, Maurice’s innocence was fully confirmed. He was not likely to forget the dangers arising from bad company, though Anty was too deeply affected by the death of Old Granny, to marry until another “ Holly-eve ” had passed ; and there was gloom and heaviness, instead of mirth and festivity, for many a year, when time brought round the last night of October, and renewed the memory of its horrors !

Between Featherd and the dark fort of Duncannon there is a smooth and sandy portion of strand, called “ Dollar Bay,” in memory of murders so similar to those I have recorded, that I am led to believe both stories the same. The bay smiled in the sunshine when I last passed it, but it brought the fate of “ Old Granny ” fully to my remembrance ; and I was assured by some of the recorders of old tales, that cart-loads of dollars were found buried in the sands, as Maurice described, and removed to Wexford by order of the government ; that the mutineers and murderers of the *Petrel* suffered the punishment due to their crime, on the cliffs of “ Dollar Bay.”

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#### EPISTLE TO HORACE SMITH, FROM ALGIERS.

DEAR HORACE, be melted to tears ;  
 For I’m melting with heat as I rhyme ;—  
 Though the name of this place is All-jeers,  
 ’Tis no joke to be caught in its clime.

With a shaver from France who came o’er,  
 To an African inn I ascend ;  
 I am cast on a barbarous shore,  
 Where a Barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news  
 Of this wonderful city to sing ?  
 Alas ! my hotel has its muse ;  
 But no muse of the Helicon’s spring.

My windows afford me the sight  
 Of a people all diverse in hue :  
 They look black, yellow, olive, and white  
 Whilst I, in my sorrow, look blue.

*Epistle to Horace Smith.*

Here are groups for the painter to take,  
Whose figures jocosely combine,—  
The Arab, disguised in his haik\*,  
And the Frenchman, disguised in his wine.

In his breeches, of petticoat size,  
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,  
That his garb is a fair compromise  
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,  
Save two holes for their eyes that give room,  
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite,  
That have silyly whipp'd out of the tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick :  
If I were the Devil, I declare,  
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick  
In my service, to ride through the air.

But, hipp'd and undined as I am,  
My hippogriff's course I must rein  
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,  
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner 's brought ; but their wines have no pith,—  
They are flat as the Statutes at Law ;  
And for all that they bring, my dear Smith,  
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw.

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,  
My heart feels a patriot's grief ;  
And the round tears, O England ! descend,  
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves  
British beer.—Hail ! Britannia, hail !  
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,  
And the foam on thy flaggons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,  
A dessert has most welcomely come ;  
There are peaches that melt in the mouth,  
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great ;  
But the slices I eat shall be few ;  
For from melons incautiously eat,  
Melon-cholic effects might ensue.

“ Horrid pun ! ” you'll exclaim ; but be calm,  
Though my letter bears date, as you view,  
From the land of the date-bearing palm,  
I will palm no more puns upon you.

\* A maptle worn by the natives.

## CONVERSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN WITH LORD BYRON.

DURING Lord Byron's stay at Florence, it fell in my way to visit that city in the course of an Italian tour. I had but newly arrived from the Western world, and was ignorant of his Lordship's residence there. I was returning one afternoon from a walk along the road that leads from the Potta San Gallo up the Pian di Mugnone, when I remarked an individual sauntering, with a somewhat irregular gait, along the stony bed of the torrent that rushes down the Mugnone in the rainy season. He seemed to be amusing himself with picking up pebbles, and now and then chucking them into the water that brawled in a shallow stream along its stony bed. A servant on horseback, holding another horse by the bridle, was waiting his movements upon the road that wound along the banks of the torrent. It was some days afterwards that I discovered that this individual was Lord Byron; but as I, of course, made no conjecture of this at the moment, the poet escaped a regular stare, and I took no further notice of him than was comprised in a glance or two. His occupation of poking among the pebbles recalled to my mind the adventure of the foolish Calandrino on the same spot, so amusingly told by Boccaccio, in his narrative of the tricks of the two wags Bruno and Buffalmaco. I paid this unknown individual the compliment of imagining that he might be somebody quite as foolish as the unlucky wight aforementioned, and though a subsequent discovery showed that a greater than Calandrino was here, yet I am by no means certain that the noble bard, "the great Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," did not practise a search through life after a phantom, to the full as tantalising and fruitless as Calandrino's hunt after the *invisible stone*.

———"unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst,  
Though to the last in verge of his decay,  
Some phantom lured, such as he sought at first;  
Yet all in vain."

Once or twice after this, I chanced to encounter him on the same route, and heard him characterised by the peasants as a *Milor Inglese*, which appellation, however, they bestow upon any travelling Saunders or Tomkins, who goes a *cavallo* and gives himself airs. I never noticed him in the *Cascine*, which is the regular fashionable drive and promenade, and lies at the opposite extremity of the city: it is an extensive park, and filled every afternoon with crowds of people, particularly of the foreign residents. This, however, was probably the chief reason for his avoiding the spot, in that unsocial humour towards his own countrymen which is so distinguishing a mark in the history of his foreign residence and travels. As a poet, however, he might be excused for resorting to the environs of the Porta San Gallo rather than to the *Cascine*, for there are reasons that justify the preference. The *Cascine* is a level extent of regular artificial walks and alleys, like the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, with a prospect about as circumscribed. The *Contorni* of the Porta San Gallo present a more cheerful diversity of landscape, with variegations of surface, and the most ravishing sunset views of the hill of Fiesole, and the mountains toward the north. The walks, too, in this quarter are little frequented on ordinary occasions, and Byron was "never less alone than when alone."

Having learnt, at length, that the great poet was a dweller in the city, I naturally felt a strong desire of obtaining an introduction to one whose literary fame then pervaded all Europe, and was no less widely extended in the remote hemisphere of the West. But there was no getting access to him—so they said—he was snug as an oyster, and not to be approached without a special letter of introduction. Letters of introduction, I must add, are my abhorrence; I have been something of a traveller, and gone up and down through various sorts of business, and, upon my word, cannot recollect a single instance where a letter of introduction did me any good; at the present day, if I ever take one from a friend whom it would be uncivil to disregard, I commonly light my cigar with it, and introduce myself—I always find it answer;—but this *en passant*. Byron, they said, would see no Englishman; I was an Englishman in language, though not in nationality, and imagined his Angliphobia extended no less to Jonathan than to John Bull. At first, therefore, I was led to think it a useless endeavour to seek an interview with the haughty Child, but was presently informed by an individual somewhat familiar with his habits, that he was not at all shy of the Americans. I therefore lost no time in dispatching him a note, soliciting the honour of paying him my respects in person, to which I received a very polite reply, stating that he would be happy to see me to-morrow afternoon. This invitation, I need not say, was punctually complied with.

I was at that time but a youth, and had no object in view in seeking his company beyond the common purposes of a young man on his rambles. Byron too was young; no one foresaw the abrupt termination that cut short his splendid career. Nothing was more distant, therefore, from my thoughts than the project of bringing away and booking his conversation, or the minutæ of his dress, behaviour, habitation, &c., which become objects of so much curious interest to the world after the death of a celebrated man, but which it is not the best taste to obtrude upon the public during his lifetime. My recollections, therefore, of the several matters which occupy this paper, have become a trifle weakened during the space that has intervened between that day and the present; yet the novelty—to me—of the thing, and that strong interest which attaches to everything connected with so extraordinary a personage, produced so deep and abiding an impression, that the substance, generally, of the conversation that passed between us, remains in my recollection as strongly as ever; though the language, of course, may not be altogether a literal transcript.

Lord Byron lived then in a street in the rear of the church of Santa Maria Annunziata. A large garden at present intervenes between the house he occupied and the Palazzo Ximenes. It is a pleasant and very retired spot, with extensive and delightful views toward the north. He received me with great affability, and began chatting upon all sorts of subjects, asking twenty questions in a breath. I was a good deal surprised at the first sight of him,—first, on discovering that he was the person I had seen on a former occasion, and whom, in my fancy, I had set down as a decided nobody—certainly not for a poet;—secondly, on remarking the total difference between the real Byron and all the portraits of him I had ever beheld. The likeness seemed to be drawn from the “*Corsair*,” “*Lara*,” or “*Harold*,” frowning, supercilious, disdainful

thing; but here was an ordinary-looking man, who, if he was not short and thick, was at least shortish and thickish; and whose countenance had good humour to recommend it, but which in spite of a certain regularity of features, I could not think remarkably handsome. Of his dress I remember but little; only his shirt collar was *not* turned down as in the portraits, and his pantaloons were strapped close over the feet, the lame one drawn up a little out of sight, which I understand was his usual practice.

I began a formal apology for the liberty I had taken with him, and hinted a conjecture that he was already annoyed by too frequent visits, but he cut me short by a laugh, and ran on in a very sarcastic way about the travelling English. I have been strongly induced to believe that the dislike which he affected to feel for his own countrymen was a mere crotchet, whatever his hostility towards individuals might have been. Why write volume after volume to gain the admiration of a people whom he hated or despised? In fact, he no more hated his countrymen in a body than he hated his title, which, in like manner, he pretended at times to hold in disesteem; but the affectation of singularity gets into wiser heads sometimes than people are aware of. However, be this as it will, I had no reason to complain of any coolness of demeanour in his intercourse with me. "I am extremely partial," said he, "to the Americans; and if I enjoy any reputation among them, I can rely upon it as arising from an unbiassed judgment. They can have, of course, no original predilections for a titled personage, and the praise they bestow upon me must be sincere. I remember reading in the biography of George Frederic Cooke an extract from his journal, wherein he mentioned having seen the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' lying on the table of a public-house somewhere in the interior of the United States. This was the first thing that sounded in my ears like real fame." I set this down at the time for a mere compliment, yet, after all, the circumstance, trifling as it was, may have been the foundation of that friendly bias toward the country which displays itself in many passages of his writings. I am aware at the same time that, in some published volume of his conversations, he is reported as saying, that he was never sincere in his praises of the Americans; but as this assertion, according to the same authority, was uttered in a moment of ill humour, occasioned by an attack upon him from some American writer, the insincerity is quite as likely to belong to the denial.

Lord Byron conversed with great readiness, but not at all in a sermonizing, bookish way. He skipped from one subject to another, broke off into digressions, left things half said, was often incoherent, sometimes ungrammatical, and now and then, in spite of his readiness at an idea, was at a loss for a word to express a very simple thing. What he uttered was, in a thousand instances, better said than if it had been coolly elaborated by study, yet it was no more than the prompting of the instant. We talked in a rambling style for some time, in the course of which he grew more cheerful than he appeared to be at first. His countenance struck me as susceptible of a great variety of expression, and his smile was in the highest degree engaging, although the habitual expression of his countenance, when not under the excitement of talk, was rather sombre than lively. I complimented him upon his good spirits, in which he allowed I had judged correctly, as he had not for

many days felt more cheerful, or rather, as he explained it, less vexed with himself and the world. "Nobody's temper," he added, "is subject to greater ups and downs than mine. I am at times so hippish, that I am unfit for any Christian company; I fear many of my visitors go away with the opinion that I am icy and unsocial, though the truth is, when the fit is off, I am as much a boy as any stripling of eighteen. It is surprising how small an affair will damp my spirits: the merest trifle, if I be in a 'concatenation accordingly,'—the recollection of a thing done with and forgotten a dozen years ago,—a word said by somebody that neither I nor the rest of the world care anything about;—things, in short, not worth mentioning. I have actually laughed at myself," continued he, "when I reflected afterwards that such nothings disturbed me. It is but fair to add, that trifles can sometimes cheer as well as vex me."

"You will go to England, of course," said he to me. "Yes, merry England," replied I. "I know of no such place," returned he; "but as to the England that gave me birth, the people there have the saddest way of being merry that can be imagined." I remarked that he had lived some time among the Italians and had adopted their notions on the subject: they can imagine no merriment disconnected with sunshine, vineyards, and the open air, and are unable to conceive how a human being can be cheerful amid fog and coal-smoke. "No, no," returned he; "I retain perfectly well the recollection of all I felt when in England. Society," he repeated, "is in an unnatural state in England: mountains of wealth contrasted with the deepest abysses of poverty. The higher classes are an egotistical, vain, frivolous, and degraded set; the middle classes befool and exhaust themselves in their attempts to ape the higher; and the lower class are miserable. You see I am not blind to the defects of my countrymen; God knows I never flattered them, and they give me no thanks for my honesty. They hate me *en masse* for telling them homely truths, and for showing them that I despise their cant." "Do you really suppose," asked I, "that manners are more depraved now than they were a century ago?" "Yes," replied he; "and the fact is nowhere more evident than in the prevalence of cant and that squeamishness in point of language that has gained ground in proportion as real purity of morals has declined. What is gained in language is lost in virtue, and half mankind are shallow enough to be imposed upon by the deception."

He talked of himself and of his personal affairs with a freedom which rather surprised me. But some one has said that in his poetry he "made the world his confidant." In conversation he certainly was not reserved upon many points where ordinary persons would have felt it incumbent upon them to be specially discreet with an acquaintance of recent formation. His sketches of his friends and intimates were drawn with very bold and dashing strokes. I should conjecture, however, that his judgments of individuals were less correct than his opinions of mankind in the abstract; as, in the former case, his impressions were to a considerable extent the result of sudden impulses, while, in the latter, his convictions arose from long and varied observation. He allowed frankly that he was indebted to the hints of others for some of the most esteemed passages in his poetry. "I never," said he, "considered myself interdicted from helping myself to another man's stray ideas. I have Pope to countenance me in this, '*solemque quis dicere falsum*'

*audeat?* Pope was a great hunter up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff: perhaps I have not been so laborious a searcher, but I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way. Mankind have been writing books so long, that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new; we must select, and call that invention. A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Plagiarism, to be sure, is branded of old, but it is never held criminal except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up. Commend me to a good pilferer,—you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves.”

The conversation happening to turn upon religion—“People give themselves,” said Byron, “a great deal of pains in guessing at my religious belief, if I may judge from the criticisms upon my writings, as well as the anonymous letters sent me;—they pretend to discover so many contradictory sentiments in what I have said, as if they expected me to be settled and distinct in a matter which is clear to nobody. Thousands, I dare say, inquire of one another what my religion is, who have never in their lives thought of asking the same question with regard to themselves. Stop the first man you meet, and put him upon his oath, a hundred to one that he never took pains to satisfy himself what things he truly and confidently believed, though his professions may be as distinct and literal as creeds and articles can make them. It is one thing to believe a doctrine from full and convincing evidence, and another thing to believe it, because we tell one another so. I am not in good odour with the professedly pious, yet I am a better Christian than nine-tenths of them. Most people consider me, I suppose, as something between a Pagan and a Pyrrhonist; but I am one step in advance of the dubitating Greek, for I believe that pleasure is pleasant, and though everything is uncertain, yet something must be true. This, to be sure, is a very comprehensive creed; yet it has the merit of being plain and significant, which can be said of few others.”

I remarked to him the odd effect with which many points in the manners of the Italians struck me, new as I was to this quarter of the world; in particular, the observation of a lady, on my assuring her that I had as yet formed no *liaison* in the city, who exclaimed, with a stare of incredulity, “What! five days in Florence, and no *amorosa* yet?” “Ah!” said Byron, “these people are no hypocrites, say what you will of the freedom of their manners; there is no cant prevalent here. Go to England, and you will find a laxity of morals as great as in any city of Italy, though it does not strike the eye at first sight, under the ostentatious prudery and icy manners of the people.” “But don’t you think it best for the public morals in certain cases,” said I, “to assume a virtue though we have it not?” “No,” said he; “for the consequence must be the common result of all dissimulation: we begin by deceiving others, and we end by deceiving ourselves; so that, in the upshot, we imagine ourselves virtuous, because we have practised telling

the world we are so. Just so has it turned out in England. The English imagine themselves the most moral people in the world, and they are only the best satisfied with their own morality."

"I have been in love a great many times," said Byron, "but I always had a low opinion of women!" This remark, from such a man as Byron, startled me, and I could not avoid expressing my surprise, adding, "that such a declaration would not be believed by his fair readers." But he persisted in the assertion, and asked me if I thought Raphael had a very exalted notion of the sex, because he painted so many graceful and engaging female figures? "As a proof of his actual taste and discernment in female matters," added Byron, "look at his Fornarina, the idol of his affections, a strapping country hoyden—as fat, coarse, and unsentimental in looks, as one could desire. But, after all, as to women, there is no living with them nor without them."

Dante, he observed, could not have been possessed by any very deep-rooted passion for his Beatrice, inasmuch as he married Gemma Donati within a year after her death. "Dante," said Byron, "is a favourite with me; there are many points in which I resemble him. He was a good *hater*; witness the truculency with which he has cut up his enemies in the 'Divina Commedia.' He was exiled from his home—he never ceased to remind his countrymen of their failings—and his misfortunes were the cause of his poetical fame; for had he passed his life as a magistrate of Florence, his grand poem never would have been written. Last, though not least, he separated from his wife. I do not know whether it will fall to my lot to die an exile like him, though, in my present temper of mind, I feel little inclination to avoid such a fate. The kindest wish that an Arab could express was, 'May you die among your friends.' But the refinements of modern civilization have put in our mouths the equally-fervent ejaculation of, 'Save me from my friends.'"

His countenance fell at these words, and I perceived that thoughts, not the most agreeable, had been stirred up by this part of the conversation. But, in a few moments, he resumed a certain gaiety of manner, and exclaimed, "No matter, '*sesta*, let the world slide.' After all, we give ourselves a vast deal of anxiety that turns out to be useless; the greatest error a man can commit is, to think too seriously of the business of human life. The whole is a cheat—a brilliant deception. To fill up a few hours with business, to smile and sigh half a dozen times, and round off the whole with a slumber—is there anything more than this? I don't know," continued he, "whether I shall live to be very old—most probably I shall not; but I feel curious to know how an old man feels, and I make it a point to question every aged man that falls in my way as to the state of his sensations. They commonly tell me life is not worth enjoying; yet all of them wish to live on, which I account vastly foolish. Young as I am in years, I feel old; and how I shall look upon life twenty years hence, causes me some speculation. At my age, one would be called in the prime of life; yet my thoughts are sere and yellow. At eighteen the feelings begin to deaden; at twenty-five the sharpest edge of every sensation is decidedly taken off; and at thirty, there is nothing worth living for. The greatest of all living puzzles is, to know for what purpose so strange a being as man was created. The

most satisfactory definition of the human species is one which I found in a book the other day. It was this, 'Man may be considered as—a digestive tube!' But mind,—the book was a medical one.

"At school," said Byron, "I used to imagine I was thought dull, which mortified me exceedingly; for my own part, I thought myself neither above nor below mediocrity. I was very fond of desultory reading, but went to my task as a task. I remember, however, one occasion on which I was beset by the suspicion, that I had less intellect than the other boys; the thought made me shed tears, but the next day I laughed to think I had been vexed by such an apprehension. I made rhymes, I cannot tell how early; certainly as soon as eight or nine. They were very wretched, of course; but I remembered some of them afterwards, and they were better than I expected. Among other things, I recollect some doggerel in the ballad style, about a sea-fight; for I was possessed at one period with a strong whim to be a sailor, and spent hours in imagining myself an Admiral, strutting on the quarter-deck. This was poetry, for it was one of the first movements of that perpetual inclination of the mind to detach itself from the humdrum scenery of real life, that makes our whole existence a struggle. 'Tis of no use to say what I think of myself now; a great many people pretend to know me much better than I profess to know myself. The judgments men pass upon their own characters are commonly extravagant or preposterous. Dr. Johnson pronounced himself 'a good humoured fellow!' Think of surly Sam pretending to good humour."

Notwithstanding the severe and condemnatory language in which he had indulged in speaking of many individuals of his acquaintance, yet he afterwards reverted to them in a style that showed he felt a sincere regard for them. "Nothing is more false," said he, "than the common notion that friendship is dependent upon similarity of taste and temper. There is \*\*\*\*\* , one of the few to whom I feel really attached; we agree so little in opinion, that whoever heard our disputes would imagine we were born to be eternal antagonists instead of friends: caprice exists as much in friendship as in love. There are hundreds of men, too, whom I dislike, without knowing the reason why, though I have often had the dislike removed upon subsequent acquaintance. I am a great physiognomist, and cannot help forming a judgment of a man by his countenance. One-half mankind have no particular expression in the face, and in half the others the expression is dubious, but the remainder have speaking features. Sir Walter Scott," he added, "had a dubious face; Fox looked like a Dutch burgomaster."

Byron always spoke of Scott in the highest terms of commendation, both as a man and as a writer. "Other authors," said he, "have written better than he, but no one has written so much, and written it all so well. What a rich invention is his delineation of character!" I instanced among his defects the imperfect construction of some of the stories, such as their improbability, &c. "The truth is," said Byron, "no story ought to be well constructed, or probable, in the ordinary sense of the word. If you relate only common events, and ascribe actions to such motives only as would produce them in common characters, what materials have you for a romance? The drama is a picture of life, where the objects represented are real, though the grouping is such as the ordinary business of mankind does not exhibit." "What

do you think," asked I, "to be the best drawn character in English romance?" "Tom Pipes, by all means," replied his Lordship.

Byron had a great fondness for lugubrious subjects, and talked of death in a manner that showed an uncommon tendency of thought that way in a person so young. "I have long been reconciled to the thoughts of dying," said he, which I accounted for by suggesting that an event so far off could excite but little terror. "You mistake," said he; "I contemplate the possibility, and even the probability of an early death, when I make up my mind to welcome it. But there is one thought to which I never could be reconciled, which is that of losing my reason; and the possibility of such a catastrophe late in life makes me willing to withdraw from the scene at an early hour!" These remarks struck me, as I had myself been impressed with the belief that he had a spice of madness in his composition, but never was prepared for the open avowal of such a thing on his part. "Madness, or insanity," he added, is much more prevalent than people imagine; indeed their notions respecting the nature of it are very loose. There are three stages of it, and it goes by three names—oddity, eccentricity, and insanity. One who differs a little from the rest of the world in his whims, taste, or behaviour, is called odd; he who differs still more is called eccentric; and when this difference passes a certain bound it is termed insanity. All men of genius are a little mad." "Do you think," said I, "that Scott is mad?" He seemed a little puzzled at this, and allowed that few people would call him so, and he might pass for the exception that formed the rule. He then spoke of dreams, and said that he once dreamed of seeing his own ghost. "I was not at all frightened," added he, "but was thrown into a strange puzzle of thought in endeavouring to account for the existence of the ghost independent of myself; which proves that one can reason in a dream. I am not certain I should behave with half so much coolness and discretion were I to encounter a ghost wide awake."

I should before have remarked that this conversation was the result of several visits which I subsequently paid him, as at our first interview he confined himself for the most part to such rambling disjointed chat as might amuse and satisfy a visiter whom possibly he might not encourage to repeat his call. I had not thought indeed of going twice, but as he pressed me to do so in a manner that denoted something beyond a mere formality, I complied, and on that and all future occasions he discoursed with the freedom and openness of an old acquaintance. We were looking from the window into the garden, in the midst of which was a well: a pair of asses were trudging round and round to move the machinery by which the water was raised for irrigating the garden. "A thousand times," said Byron, "I have asked myself whether it may not be possible that the notion of Pythagoras may be true; and, in such a case, would a man change his lot for the worse by transmigrating into the body of one of the asses yonder. What is our life but a round of monotonous occupations and wearisome amusements? and what is the result of all human knowledge and human inquiries but to end where we began? Nay, the ass has the advantage of the man, for he does not think. We talk of man's superiority in the possession of intellect, but the only purpose it serves is to make him wretched."

“Civilization,” he continued, “seems to have done nothing for human happiness: no age so civilized as the present, yet at no time has the condition of mankind been so miserable. Nine-tenths of the people you meet will confess that they are weary of their existence, but who ever heard a savage complain that he was unhappy? Even in ancient times there appears to have been a deep-founded belief that he was the happiest or the least miserable who had the least to do with life. We apply the term ‘philosophy’ to a state of mind the least affected by pleasant or painful emotions: if this be correct, a stick of wood is the most philosophical thing in the world.”

He said a great deal more in praise of savage manners, and affirmed that men had deteriorated in consequence of the improvements, so called, of artificial life, which had created new diseases, new wants, and new sufferings. I dissented from him on one point, and stated a fact I had lately met with in some French writer, which was, that by actual experiment the average strength of a savage was ascertained to be considerably less than the average strength of a civilized man. But, as to the general question respecting the comparative happiness of the two, I thought it not equally clear. I went on to relate to him the instance of an American Indian, who was taken from the woods when an infant, brought up among the whites, educated at college, and made a complete gentleman; but the moment he was left free to follow his own inclinations, went back to the woods, and turned savage again: and of another, who was taken out of the woods young and educated in the city, and subsequently became a play actor; but one night, while on the stage, being informed that some of his tribe had come to the city to visit him, threw aside his robes on the instant, went off with them to the forest, and never returned. Byron listened with great interest to these and many other Indian tales which I related, affirming that they possessed great poetical capabilities to one who was familiar with the scenery. Among other narratives, I related that of Daniel Boon, the backwoodsman of Kentucky, which made a strong impression upon him. He appeared surprised when I informed him that Boon’s adventures had been the subject of a long poem in America, and expressed a strong desire to see that and Boon’s life, both which I promised to send him from America. To this conversation probably we owe several stanzas of “Don Juan,” in which Boon and his savage life are lauded with great earnestness.

“You are very young,” said he to me, “and your knowledge of mankind must necessarily be in a great measure strained through books. A great deal of our most useful knowledge must be buffeted into us, and that is the chief good you will reap from mixing with society. A great fault in young men is to trust too implicitly to the opinions of others—quite the reverse of what people generally suppose. Trust your own judgment where you have reason to think you possess any, and a man never need be at any loss in settling this point. Never ask any person’s advice; I mean exactly what I say. You may ask another for information, because another may be better informed upon a given matter than you; but to ask advice, implies that you have no judgment of your own to rely upon; and if you lack the judgment requisite for an undertaking, do not attempt it. Most people,” he added, laughing, “think I have little of the character of a Mentor; but the mariner who has been shipwrecked is surely the best qualified to point out the rocks.

Perhaps you have left home with the belief that life may be made to glide onward as smoothly as the little stream that flows by your door-stone ; but, in the end, you will discover that this is a rough and turbulent world, and he that does not give blows must take them."

I had not imagined before my acquaintance with him that Byron had read so much. He was perpetually surprising me by alluding to works which I never should have supposed he had thought of, and this in a manner that left no doubt he had studied attentively and remembered well. His criticisms upon authors, ancient as well as modern, were in general acute and expressive, though I own he now and then put forth strictures that seemed dictated only by the affectation of singularity. "Tacitus," said he, "is praised by everybody because he praises nobody"—a remark which might have recommended itself to him by its double quality of antithesis and misanthropy, but which struck me as perfectly just. A certain wealthy personage happening to be mentioned, Byron designated him as a fool ; "But, upon second thought," added he, "I must recall that word, for I account no man a fool who knows enough to fill his pockets. Therefore, put money in thy purse." Here he launched out into praises upon wealth, which were reasonable enough as the world goes, but in the mouth of such a man as Byron sounded so oddly, that I could not forbear laughing. He perceived it, and asked if I did not think him serious? I could not deny that I was somewhat incredulous, at which he repeated what he had said, and added that he was grown so worldly-wise, that the saving of the smallest sum gave him a pleasure. To this I replied, "I would not hear your enemy say so." In spite, however, of his averments to the contrary, I still remained in the belief that this miserly feeling was mere pretence ; but if such was the fact, he indulged in the humour for a long time, as other persons have remarked the same thing of him. "It is a man's duty, morally, to be rich," said he ; "for without riches, what is the weight of his good example or precept in the world? Therefore, put money in thy purse."

Byron, as all accounts have stated, was very irregular in his diet, sometimes eating nothing but fish, sometimes restricting himself to vegetables, and sometimes indulging in every sort of luxury. He remarked to me that he never could settle the point to his satisfaction, as to what was the most proper regimen for him, inasmuch as no course of living that he had adopted had been able to secure him a proper amount of health and spirits. "Shelley," said he, "eats no meat, and maintains that half the ills of mankind arise from their carnivorous practices ; yet I cannot say that I feel more than commonly savage after a beef-steak. I once had a strange desire to know how a man feels when starving to death, and went without food four days in the experiment ; my ears rung, and I felt a burning sensation in the throat ; but these and a faintness were all the discoveries I made. At one time I lived solely on potatoes, for fear of growing fat ; but I have since discovered that *embonpoint*, in my case, does not depend either on the quality or quantity of the food swallowed. I am fond of a good dinner, and many of my luckiest thoughts have occurred to me while handling—not the pen, but the knife and fork."

"You are not married, I suppose?" said he to me ; to which I replied that I was not. "But I dare say you will marry," continued

Byron, "and you will do right. A man should marry by all means, yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered, ostensibly, any extraordinary misfortune, as loss of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this, I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in; a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results; yet the reverse is the fact: there is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—the times are out of joint." It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. Doctor Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by appointment of the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the result would be quite as great an amount of domestic happiness as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bands of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident: in this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed."

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TO ———

Were I a star with a ray to spare,  
Were I a breeze in the wandering air;  
Had I a fairy's silent wing,  
Had I the Lydian's viewless ring—  
Like a spirit unseen at a holy shrine,  
Could I watch - yet adore that face of thine;  
The heart of a seraph were dark to mine!

Knew Time the grace of an auburn braid,  
Were Sorrow of radiant eyes afraid;  
Would Peace abide in the fairest breast,  
Like a bird that haunts the loveliest nest;  
Were Joy like the light of the Indian stone  
That is steeped the most in the fairest one—  
Thy life, like the star, whose lot is given  
To be last at morn and first at even,  
Would have come and gone in the glow of Heaven.

Could every heart that face has stirr'd  
Have murmur'd for thine one holy word;  
Could every sigh thou hast brought to air  
From unknown bosoms take form of prayer;  
Could the links of love that bind thee in,  
Unseen, unnumbered, fence from sin,  
Thou hadst risen from earth as exhales the snow  
That has none but wings in its fall below,  
And thy shape in Heaven, save wings, we know!

N. P. WILLIS.

## A NEW SERIES OF POPULAR FALLACIES.

[SPIRIT OF CHARLES LAMB!—of him who, among all the Mr. Lambs of his time, was ever the Right Honourable—we fear not to take thee familiarly by the button, and draw thee into this private nook of a parenthesis—for one minute—for one moment of thine eternity. No longer would we imprison thee, though thou art all gentleness, and would chat and jest with us by the hour. But thou hast scarcely yet had a glimpse of the Elysian beauty of the new fields thy feet are evermore to traverse; thou hast hardly yet broken ground with one of the antique philosophers. Thou hast only shaken hands with Shakspeare—*only!*—and heard his sweet voice bid thee welcome. Thou hast had no gossip of grateful love with the old poets, who enjoy a modern public of thy begetting. We will be as brief, therefore, as our love is lasting. Laughing and sorrowing over thy “Popular Fallacies” the other night, it struck us that there might be some remaining fruits upon the tree from which thy genius plucked the riper and more delicious;—fruits, not of the richest, but haply wholesome, and within our reach. We have gathered a sample—we have essayed at a Fallacy or two. They are crumbs that fell from thy table. In offering them where thy feast was spread—even here, in the “New Monthly,”—is there aught of irreverence—of presumption? We hear thy “no,” and feel that thou patted us on the head. Enough. Dear Spirit, that head will be pillowed even as thine is, ere it forgets to reverence the purity of thy nature.—L. B.]

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THAT TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.—Not they!—We begin not this our challenge with a “damme,” because we hold it to be indecent to swear in print. But “pish!” hath somewhat more politeness in it, and we resent the impertinence of this dogma in no harsher note of exclamation. It is the begotten conceit of a junction of two silly skulls—the laying together of a pair of foolish heads. A single sensible caput would never have conceived it. It strikes at the principle of self-dependence. It tends to make a man droop, and falter, and fancy himself lame, when he is “nimble as the wind” by nature. It takes him out of the way to borrow his neighbour’s worm-eaten crutch, when he needeth only his own good spirit as a prop. It induces him to divide his solitude with a companion, by way of doubling it. It is an odd mode of diminishing one’s own weakness, to ask a friend to lend us the equal force of his. A halo is rarely struck out by knocking one head against another; you may rub two blocks of wood together for a long time before you will get a flame by the friction. What, if two negatives make an affirmative, (which is perhaps the parent-axiom of the elderly child we are dissecting,) does it follow that two nobodies shall be somebody? Are we, therefore, to understand that there is more mental richness in a couple of ordinary Smiths, than there was in him who lavished upon us the “Wealth of Nations?” Take two Thomsons, and try them at a poem; we know of one who shall out-Thomson the pair.

We remember a schoolboy saying that “two mulls are as good as a spin,” and this top-maxim may, for aught we can tell, have helped to give an erring bias to our after-notions, and to lead us to the conclusion

that two heads are better than one. But even a schoolboy will not be brought to admit that 0 0 are superior to 1. He sees at once that this is rather a roundabout way of coming to a straight stroke. You will not make him believe that two tortoises can run faster than a stag, let them double their pace the best way they can. You will not persuade him, that a brace of ducks, stuffed after the sagest fashion, may be of more value than the goose with golden eggs; nor shall you teach him, after you have once taught him his letters, that a pair of one-pound notes, marked "forged," will procure him more comforts than a solid shining sovereign. Why, the first story he laughs at when he has bought his first jest-book, is that of our almost ante-diluvian acquaintance, (so might he well be, for he was Irish, and Ireland is, beyond question, Pre-Adamite,) who thought to halve the distance between Barnet and London, by dividing the miles with his pedestrian partner; (you will meet with the anecdote in the last original farce.) And yet, when he has grown up, we would have him believe that a double-head is not so thick as a single one; and that the object which is invisible to two blind eyes, may be plainly seen by four. To say this, is simply to assert, that a man is all the sincerer for being double-faced; that two bad voices in a duet are infinitely sweeter than a sweet one singing alone. When we hear a human being make such an allegation, we might call him an alligator, and be as true to him, as he is to truth.

Lucky it is for us all, that those who have most truly instructed, most deeply delighted us, looked scornfully on this doctrine, and complacently on themselves. Fortunate for thee—oh! best of worlds that we have yet seen—that Shakspeare did not fling down his pen in the middle of his mighty task, and go forth to take counsel of the commentator, touching the folly of Lear and the wisdom of the Fool!—most fortunate, that he never went about to catch the whisperings of that ancient and most impudent insinuator, yclept Advice Gratis! Happy too, that thy Milton was vain enough to think his own head as worthy of trust as the heads of two of his critics, and to fancy he could hear the far-off harmony of fame, even though he scrupled to "tag" his lines according to other people's tunes.

If two heads be better than one, then four are better than two, and the monster ranks higher than man. Then had Hydra a hundred times more brain than Homer. Let no discreet heart think it. There is one predicament in which two skulls may be better than one—in a boat, going against tide. Two hats, we grant, may be better than one; yet, is one enough at a time. It is so with the head. It should be sole and self-relying. We like to wear ours in single blessedness on our own shoulders, and not let it hanker after a place on other people's. To seek strength and confidence so, is to flatter ourselves that we are in excellent health because we have the doctor always with us. Are two doctors better than one? No; the summoning of the second physician is the summoning of the bell-toller. Or two wives?—at a time? Ask at the Old Bailey. All the nonsense of the notion comes to this assumption, that every hat one meets is equally inhabited, and that a head is a head all the world over. The fallacy is exposed in every room we go into. Wherever two or three are gathered together, one, at least, has left his head at home in his nightcap, or hung it up in his hat as he entered.

Never, when we want a Greek version of Homer, attempt to foist two

English translations upon us ; neither, when we ask for a Pope, affect to palm off a double Dennis as something immensely superior. We care for quality, not for quantity. You can pour out the two glasses of water for yourself, we can sip one—of Burgundy.

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THAT A BURNT CHILD DREADS THE FIRE.—It has just been ascertained beyond a doubt, by a German philosopher, that the world is now about one million eight hundred thousand years old. During this inconsiderable period of time, experience has been trying to make fools wise. She is a fool for her pains, and, like her pupils, will never learn wisdom. In vain does she assure us that her little Solons who have been once scorched are ever after judiciously reluctant to play with live coals ; plain-faced fact bluntly contradicts her. Wisdom is not burnt into us so easily ; our stubbornness is not brought down at a single fire. It is as natural for your burnt child to go forward to the bars as it is for the sparks to fly upward. He will make his way thither again ere his maiden blister is yet healed. The little fire-worshipper can no more be held back by a fear of burning his remaining fingers than the moth can be warned from the candle after the tips of its wings have tasted of the flame. Let the finger-tips, in like manner, be once touched with exquisite torment, and the palm will itch for a hot cinder. Burn one hand to the bone, and its widowed mate will offer itself a voluntary sacrifice to the consuming element. Once a-blaze, always a-blaze. As with the tender juvenile, who sets light to his frock, so with the sweet senior, who sets his fortunes on fire. Even in his maturer time, in his state of cinderhood, he still craves to be further consumed—

“ Even in his ashes live their wonted fires.”

There is no such thing as burning the frailty out of the flesh. We shrink from the first tingling of the flame, but instantly advance again to the scorching point. We insist on self-roasting, by slow degrees, and at regular intervals, to show our contempt for experience, and to develop our chief virtue, which is obstinacy. Man will take anything you like, except warning. Who ever heard of a half-drowned skater dreading the ice ? The oftener it breaks under him, the thinner the sheet he loves to cut his epitaph upon. Would any creature who had endured amputation of the leg by a skilful tiger be prevailed upon to keep the other out of a jungle, if he had but a chance of hopping into it ? Does the angler who has been racked with rheumatism during a long career of no sport shiver at the idea of catching an ague at last ? or would he who has three times dropped from the clouds in a parachute, having broken only three limbs, hesitate at a fourth venture while yet he had about him a neck undislocated ? Assuredly not. A burnt child is fond of the fire. The mariner who has been most frequently shipwrecked is fondest of water. The adventurer who has miraculously escaped the fangs of a dozen fevers in as many parts of the world, is the very man who resolves upon a visit to Sierra-Leone ; and he who has as often survived the all but deadly attacks of thirst and famine, is sure to inquire out his way to the great deserts at last. A burnt child is particularly fond of the fire. Forewarned, forearmed, is sheer nonsense. Who is so indefatigable a scribbler as your abundantly damned author ? Which of our orators speak, so long and so often as he whom nobody listens to ? What actors

are so constantly before the public as those whom the town will not go to see? Who so easy to deceive as the dupe who has been taken in all his days? The gamester is a legitimate child of that frail couple, Flesh and Blood; he loses a fourth of what he is worth at the first throw—esteems himself lucky if he loses less to-day than he did yesterday—goes on staking and forfeiting hour by hour—and parts with his last guinea by exactly the same turn of the dice which lost him his first. Experience leaves fools as foolish as ever. The burnt child burns to undergo a course of roasting. He is a candidate for a skeletonship in the museum of moral anatomies.

**THAT GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH.**—Merit is sure to make its way in the world. Virtue cannot fail of its reward in the end. Genius, trample upon it as we will, still flourishes and grows greenly up, and bursts into blossom. Truth is great, and will prevail. So we assure ourselves; and even with the assurance, sit down satisfied that they require no help at our hands. We pay our homage to the power of these principles by assuming them to be omnipotent. We show how truly we sympathize with them by allowing them to help themselves. Certain that they must prosper and succeed, we take no trouble to watch their progress, but leave them to get on as they may. It would be an impertinence, we think, to dictate to exalted intelligence, and offer bodily aids to ethereal essences. We give ourselves no concern about the virtuous, knowing that a noble action is its own reward. Merit like his, says the world, must make itself known; and this said, the world's lips are ever after sealed. It *must* make itself known; why then make proclamation of its desert? why hang out a "bush," when good wine, like a good familiar creature, is sure to win its way into friendly channels, and to flow into the hearts of men?—a river gliding "at its own sweet will!"

Bad wine only (in our philosophy) requires a bush. Sour things need a sweet recommendation to give them a relish. They can find no favour else. They demand our patronage, seeing that they have no deserts to depend upon. They claim our sympathy by their worthlessness, our help by their destitution. They are poor cordials, and crave cordial protection. *These* are the monopolists of the "bushes"—of the signs and tokens of good cheer—the advertisements of unrivalled excellence—the accessories of renown. The thin potation, thus advertised and lauded, passes for a subtle fluid, a wine of the richest vintage; the rincings of the cask become the nectar of the Gods,

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim."

Thus it is that "the devil gets all the good tunes," and dances to music that belongs to his betters.

Why not give good wine its bush also? why not at least deal justly by the pure and sparkling, when we deal so generously by the flat, the dull, and the insipid? why hold up the sour liquid in a glass, giving it all the benefit of its little brightness, and leave the richer and rosier to shine through a wooden vessel, if it can?

It is surely one of the strangest of our propensities to mark out those we love best for the worst usage; yet we do, all of us. We can take any freedom with a friend; we stand on no ceremony with a friend.

This taking a friendly freedom often means taking somebody by the arm and dragging him into a desperate scrape, because we reverence him above all men. This standing on no ceremony frequently implies sitting below the salt at your friend's board, and being wholly overlooked in the flattering attentions lavished upon a guest whom your friend cares not ever to see again. These things daily happen "in the beaten way of friendship." Dine with a man who had selected you from the whole world as his own, who had eyes and chose you, who plays Hamlet to your Horatio; he sits you down to a family dinner, and gives you his second-best port—no hock—no champagne—no claret. Dine again, when he would not for the world you should be absent, as he is desirous of entertaining an illustrious obscure whom he despises; you occupy no seat of honour to be sure, on that occasion, but you are regaled with your friend's *best* port, and invited to deliver verdicts upon his champagne and claret. You are comparatively certain of being well-treated when the entertainment is not got up on your account—when you play a subordinate part in the friendly comedy; although, even then, if there happen to be a cold plate, or a shabby bunch of grapes, you are sure of getting it, because your friend can "take the liberty" with you; he knows "you don't mind it." We feel bound to be punctual and conscientious with those we are indifferent about; while we can afford at any time, on the frostiest night, to be an hour after our appointment with the single gentleman who occupies an apartment in our heart's core. With him we can play any prank that pleases our humour or suits our convenience. We can fail to visit him when he expects us, if we have to make a call upon an acquaintance; we can leave his letter unanswered for a week, if we have notes about nothings to reply to from unrespected correspondents. The pledge one gives him is as an after-dinner promise to one's wife to be home by eleven, which is rigidly observed if nothing happens to tempt one to break faith. It may be kept, or it may not be kept. We are to be punctual—if we like.

So, in our wisdom and fair justice we go on—

"Giving to dust that is a little gilt,  
More laud than gold e'er dusted;"

proclaiming the merits of the bad wine, and making it, by every token, as enticing as we can; and blessing our stars that the good will be found out by its flavour "without our stir." As it is inestimable, we seek not to win esteem for it; as it is beyond all praise, we bestow no praises upon it.

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THAT OLD BIRDS ARE NOT TO BE CAUGHT WITH CHAFF.—The older the bird, the more he flatters himself that he is worth catching. He is easily caught, were it worth while; but you have caught nothing, perhaps, when you have got him. Chaff is too valuable, too precious, to be expended wastefully; and because you are not so silly as to throw powder away, he conceives himself to be shot-proof. As nobody tries to catch him, he fondly persuades himself that his own exceeding cunning secures him from capture. "Take me if you can," chirps he; and goes dodging about the woods, as though a flock of golden vultures were pursuing him. He is quite safe. He has not the felicity of being in peril. The young condor, pressed even by vulgar appetite, will not do him the honour of dining upon him. His toughness and antiquity

are sure safeguards. He is only not captured, because there is nothing captivating about him. But if, by any chance, he hath a tail-feather fit for plucking, or a bone worthy the distinction of being picked, then is your old bird in imminent danger, for you may catch him when you like with half a pinch of chaff. The tender foxling, not arrived at the maturity of slyness, who never tasted chicken of his own stealing, shall take him without a ruffle of his plumage—only by pronouncing its dingy brown to be rich crimson.

What flocks of old birds flutter about in society, all sure that they never shall be caged, and all safe until a lure is laid for them ! But the longer they live, the less chance have they of avoiding the trap. The older they grow, the slenderer the means of escape. The starched matron is fain to put faith in the compliment which, in her day of youth and grace, she knew to be nonsense. She is now only half-handsome, and can no longer afford to think her eyes less brilliant than she is told they are. She must make up, by exaggerating what is left, for the loss of what is gone. She is not now in a condition to call a fine remark rank flattery ; she is obliged to believe, in self-defence. If her mirror will not admit of this, she has other resources ; she has sage counsel, admirable judgment, perfect knowledge of the world. Admire these, and with the dignity which you call Siddonian, she confesses that she is yours. You have only to convert the compliment to her beauty at twenty, into a tribute to her sagacity at fifty-five. Tell her she is not to be imposed upon, and you impose upon her effectually. Admire her penetration, and you will not find her impenetrable. The old bird devoutly believes he is no goose. The grey-headed adventurer, who would not marry at twenty-six because the lady had only a little beauty and five thousand pounds, is taken in, thirty years afterwards, by a plain widow with a ready-made family instead of an estate. The moralist of threescore is ruined in three mouths by a *figurante* ; and the man of refinement, fastidious up to seventy-two, “marries his cook.” Not caught with chaff ! The old bird sniffs it afar off. Not a curate in the kingdom that does not once a week white in holy wedlock threescore-and-ten to fourscore, or fourscore to onescore. The ancient gentleman who has seen the world, who is profoundly experienced, and much too deep to be the dupe of an age so shallow as this, is to be won by an admiring glance at the brilliancy of his knee-buckle ; praise his very pigtail, and you may lead him by it. None are so easily taken in as the “knowing ones.” The knowing one is generally an egregious ninny. The man who loses his last shilling at Doncaster, is no other than he who was sure of winning ; who could prove by his betting-book that he *must* win by backing Chaff against the field. He is a fine specimen of the family of the Oldbirds. So is the careful, cautious wight, the original Master Sure-card, the man of many savings, who in his old age falls in love with a Loan ; who dies in prison from the pressure of foreign bonds, or drowns himself in the new canal by way of securing what he calls his share. The genuine old bird is a pigeon.

## LINES,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

*Written after seeing the Plates of Audubon's "Birds of America."*

"Painting is silent music:" so said one  
 Whose prose is sweetest painting\*. Audubon!  
 Thou Raphael of great Nature's woods and seas!  
 Thy living forms and hues, thy plants, thy trees,  
 Bring deathless music from the houseless waste,  
 The immortality of truth and taste:  
 Thou giv'st bright accents to the voiceless sod,  
 And all thy pictures are mute hymns to God.  
 Why hast thou power to bear th' untravell'd soul  
 Through farthest wilds, o'er Ocean's stormy roll,  
 And to the prisoner of disease bring home  
 The homeless bird of Ocean's roaring foam,  
 But that thy skill might bid the desert sing  
 The sun-bright plumage of th' Almighty's wing?  
 With his own hues thy splendid lyre is strung,  
 For genius speaks the universal tongue.  
 "Come," cries the bigot, black with pride and wine,  
 "Come and hear me! the word of God is *mine*."  
 "But I," saith He who paves with suns his car,  
 Or makes those suns his coursers from afar,  
 And, with a glance of his all-dazzling eye,  
 Smites into crashing flame the boundless sky—  
 "I speak in this swift sea-bird's speaking eyes,  
 These passion-shiver'd plumes, these lucid dyes;  
 This beauty is *my* language; in this breeze  
 I whisper love to forests and the seas:  
 I speak in this lone flower, this dew-drop cold,  
 That hornet's sting, yon serpent's neck of gold—  
*These* are my accents: Hear them! and behold  
 How well my prophet-spoken truth agrees  
 With the dread truth and mystery of these  
 Sad, beauteous, grand, love-warbled minstrelsies!"  
 Yes, Audubon! and men shall read in thee  
 His language, written for eternity;  
 And if, immortal in its thoughts, the soul  
 Shall live in Heav'n, and spurn the tomb's control,  
 Angels shall re-transcribe, with pens of fire,  
 Thy forms of Nature's terror, love, and ire,

*Thy copied words of God—when death-struck suns expire.*

\* Rousseau.

## LETTERS FROM GERMANY.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

[THE following letters of one of the most amiable and highly-gifted men of our age and country were presented, in 1828, by Mr. Coleridge to the gentleman who permits their insertion in the *New Monthly Magazine*, with the clear understanding that he was at liberty to publish them either altogether or in parts. He printed a few detached extracts from them, but the MS. having been mislaid, he was apprehensive that some accident had led to its destruction. The announcement that another distinguished poet was about to give an account of his travels suggested a further search: fortunately it was successful. The letters of Mr. Coleridge in 1799, from a country then almost as little known to Englishmen as Algiers in 1835, will not be found unworthy of association with those of Mr. Campbell.]

MY DEAREST LOVE,—I write to you from Clausthale, Friday morning, May 17, 1799. On Saturday, May 11, we left Göttingen, seven in party—Charles and Frederick Parr, Greenough, Carlyen, Chester, myself, and one German, the son of Professor Blumenbach, an intelligent and well-informed young man, especially in natural history. We ascended a hill north-east of Göttingen, and passed through areas surrounded by woods—the areas now closing upon us, now opening and retiring from us, till we came to Hesse-Dreisch, which belongs to the Prince of Hesse-Cassel. Here I observed a great wooden post, with the French words ‘*Pays neutre*’ (neutral country) on it—a precaution in case the French should march near. This miserable post forcibly contrasted in my mind with the

‘Ocean, mid his uproar wild,  
Speaks safety to his Island Child!’

I bless God that my country is an island. Here we dined on potatoes and pancakes: the pancakes throughout this part of the country are excellent; but though pancakes in shape, in taste they more resemble good Yorkshire or batter pudding. These and eggs you may almost always procure when you can procure nothing else. They were brewing at the inn. I inquired and found that they put three bushels of malt and five large handfuls of hops to the hogshead; the beer, as you may suppose, is but indifferent stuff. Immediately from the inn we passed into a narrow road through a very lofty fir grove: these tall firs are branchless almost to the tops; consequently no wood is so gloomy, yet none has so many spots and patches of sunshine. The soil consisted of great stones, covered wholly and deeply with a bright green moss, speckled with the sunshine, and only ornamented by the tender umbrella three-leaves and virgin white flower of the wood-sorrel—a most delightful acid to the thirsty foot-traveller; and now we emerged from the fir grove and saw a beautiful prospect before us, with the little village ‘wage’ before us on the slope of a low hill. We pass through this village and journey on for a mile or two, through coombs very much like those about Stowey and Holford, but still more like those at Porlock, on account of the great rocky fragments which jut out from the hill both

here and at Porlock, and which, alas! we have not at dear Stowey. And now a green hill, smooth and green with young corn, faces us; and we pass at its foot, and the coomb curves away into a new and broader coomb, green with corn, both the bottom and the hills, in no way interesting except from the variety. In the former coomb there were two or three neat cottages, with a bit of cultivated ground around them, and walnut trees close by the house, exactly like a cottage, or rather farm-house, in one of the Holford coombs. We passed through Rudolphausen, a village near which is the amtman's house and farm buildings. The government give the amtmen moderate salaries; but then they let them great farms at a very low rent; so the amtmen throughout the Hanoverian country are the agriculturists, and form the only class that corresponds to our gentleman-farmer. From them and in them originate all the innovations in the system of agriculture here. I have never seen in England farm buildings so large, compact, and commodious for all the purposes of storing and stall-feeding, as those amtmen's generally are. They have commonly from a thousand to fifteen hundred acres English. From Rodolph's Housen (*i.e.*, houses) we came to Woman's Housen, a Catholic village belonging to the Elector of Mayence, and the first Catholic village I had seen; a crucifix (*i.e.*, a wooden image of Christ on the cross) at the end of the town, and two others in the road, at a little distance from the town. The greater part of the children here were naked, all but the shirt, or rather the relics of a *ci-devant* shirt—but they were fat, healthy, and playful. The woman at the end wore a piece of silver round her neck, having the figure of St. Andrew on it: she gravely informed us that St. Andrew had been a man of the forest and born near this village, and that he was remarkably good to people with sore eyes. Here we met some students from the university of Halle—most adventurous figures, with leather jackets, long sabres, and great three-cornered hats, with small iron chains dangling from them, and huge pipes in the mouth, the bowls of which absolutely mounted above the forehead. Poole would have called them Knights of the Times. I asked young Blumenbach if it was a uniform. He said no; but that it was a student's instinct to play a character in some way or other, and that, therefore, in the German universities whim and caprice were exhausted in planning and executing blackguardisms of dress. I have seen much of this in Göttingen; but, beyond all doubt, Göttingen is a gentlemanly and rational place compared with the other universities.

Through roads no way memorable we came to Gieloldshausen, over a bridge on which was a mitred statue, with a great crucifix in its arms. The village long and ugly, but the church, like most Catholic churches, interesting; and this being Whitsun-Eve, all were crowding to it with their mass-books and rosaries—the little babies commonly with coral crosses hanging on the breast. Here we took a guide, left the village, ascended the hill, and now the woods rose up before us in a verdure which surprised us like sorcery. The spring has burst forth with the suddenness of a Russian summer. As we left Göttingen, there were buds, and here and there a tree half green; but here were woods in full foliage, distinguished from summer only by the exquisite freshness of their tender green. We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path, the moon above us blending with the evening lights; and every now and then a nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or

other commonly answered and said, as we supposed, "It is yet somewhat too early;" for the song was not continued. We came to a square piece of greenery, completely walled on all four sides by the beeches; again entered the wood, and, having travelled about a mile, emerged from it into a grand plain, mountains in the distance, but ever by our road, the skirts of the green woods, a very rapid river ran by our side; and now the nightingales were all singing, and the tender verdure grew paler in the moonlight, only the smooth parts of the river were still deeply purpled with the reflections from the fiery light in the west. So surrounded, and so impressed, we arrived at Prele, a dear little cluster of houses, in the middle of a semicircle of woody hills, the area of the semicircle scarcely broader than the breadth of the village. We left it, and now the country ceased to be interesting, and we came to the town of Schluchfeld, belonging to Hanover. Here we had coffee and supper, and with many a patriotic song (for all of my companions sing very sweetly, and are thorough Englishmen) we closed the evening, and went to sleep in our clothes on the straw laid for us in the room. This is the only bed which is procurable at the village inns in Germany! At half past seven, Whitsunday morning, we left Schluchfeld, passed through a broad coomb, turned up a smooth hill on the right, and entered a beech-wood, and after a few hundred yards we came to the brink of an enormous cavern, which we descended. It went underground 800 feet, consisted of various apartments, dripping, stalactitious, and with mock chimneys; but I saw nothing unusual except in the first apartment, or as it were antechamber. You descend from the wood by steps cut into the rock, pass under a most majestic natural arch of rock, and then you went into the light, for this antechamber is open at the top for the space of twenty yards in length and eight in breadth—the open space of an oval form, and on the edges the beeches grow and stretch their arms over the cavern, but not wholly form a ceiling. Their verdure contrasted most strikingly with the huge heap of snow which lay piled in the antechamber of the cavern into a white hill, imperfectly covered with withered leaves. The sides of the antechamber were wet stones in various angles, all green with dripping moss. Re-ascended; journeyed through the wood, with various ascents and descents, and now descending we came to a slope of greenery almost perfectly round, with walls of woods, and exactly 170 strides in diameter. As we entered this sweet spot, a hoary ruin peeped over the opposite woods in upon us. We re-entered the woods, and still descending, came to a little brook, where the woods left us, and we ascended a smooth green hill, on the top of which stood the ruined castle. When we had nearly reached the top, I lay down by a black and blasted trunk, the remains of a huge hollow tree, surrounded by wild gooseberry bushes, and looked back on the country we had passed. Here again I could see my beautiful rotunda of greenery; the rest of the view was woody hills swelling over woody hills in various outlines. The ruin had nothing observable in it. But here let me remark, that in all the ruins I have seen in Germany (and that is no small number), I have never discovered the least vestige of ivy. The guard informed us that the castle had been besieged in the year 1760 by a French army of 11,000 men, under General Beaubecour, who had pitched camp on the opposite hills, and was defended for eleven days by 60 invalids, under Prince Ysenburg, and at last taken by treachery and then dismantled,

&c. From the top of the hill, a large plain opened before us with villages. A little village, Newhoff, lay at the foot of the hill; we reached it, and then turned up through a valley on the left hand. The hills on both sides the valley were prettily wooded, and a rapid lively river ran through it. So we went for about two miles; and almost at the end of the valley, or rather of its first turning, we found the village of Lautenberg. Just at the entrance of the village, two streams come out from two deep and woody coombs close by each other, meet, and run into a third deep woody coomb opposite. *Before you* a wild hill, which seems the end and the barrier of the valley; on the right hand low hills, now green with corn, and now wooded; and on the left a most majestic hill indeed, the effect of whose simple outline painting could not give, and how poor a thing are words! We pass through this neat little town, the majestic hill on the left hand soaring over the houses, and at every interspace you see the whole of it—its beeches, its firs, its rocks, its scattered cottages, and the one neat little pastor's house at the foot embosomed in fruit-trees all in blossom, the noisy coomb-brook dashing close by it.

We leave the valley, or rather the first turning, on the left, following a stream; and so the vale winds on, the river still at the foot of the woody hills, with every now and then other smaller valleys on right and left crossing our vale, and ever before you the woody hills running like groves one into another. Sometimes I thought myself in the coombs about Stowey, sometimes between Porlock and Linton—only the stream was somewhat larger. Sometimes the scenery resembled parts in the river Wye almost to identity, except that the river was not quite so large. We turned and turned, and entering the fourth curve of the vale we found all at once that we had been ascending. The verdure vanished. All the beech-trees were leafless, and so were the silver birches, whose boughs always, winter and summer, hang so elegantly. But low down in the valley, and in little companies on each bank of the river, a multitude of green conical fir-trees, with herds of cattle wandering about, almost every one with a cylindrical bell around its neck of no inconsiderable size; and as they moved, scattered over the narrow vale, and up among the trees on the hill, the noise was like that of a great city in the stillness of a sabbath morning, when all the steeples all at once are ringing for church. The whole was a melancholy and romantic scene that was quite new to me. Again we turned, passed three smelting-houses which we visited. A scene of terrible beauty is a furnace of boiling metal, darting every moment blue, green, and scarlet lightning like serpents' tongues. And now we ascended a steep hill, on the top of which was St. Andreas Burg, a town built wholly of wood. We arrived here Whitsunday afternoon, May 12, half-past four. Here we supped and slept, and I not being quite well procured a bed, the others slept on straw. We left St. Andreas Burg, May 13, eight o'clock, ascended still, the hill unwooded except here and there with a few stubby fir-trees. We descended again to ascend far higher; and now we came to a most beautiful road, which wound on the breast of the hill, from whence we looked down into a deep valley, or huge bason, full of pines and firs, the opposite hills full of pines and firs, and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and firs. The valley or bason on our right hand, into which we looked down, is

called the Vale Rauschenbach that is, the valley of the roaring brook, and roar it did indeed most solemnly. The road on which we walked was weedy with infant fir-trees an inch or two high, and now on our left hand came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called the Rehburg, that is, the mountain of the roe. A deer-stealer was, as is customary in these cases throughout Germany, fastened to a roebuck, his feet to the horns, and his head towards the tail, and then the roe let loose. The frightened animal came at length to the brink of this precipice, leaped down, and dashed both himself and the man to atoms. Now, again, is nothing but firs and pines, above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur—what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the dim notion of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down, leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now not concealed, and now half concealed, by the fir-trees, till towards the road it became a visible sheet of water, within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place; the snow lay everywhere on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and water breaks glimmering through the branches in the hill above, the deep bason below, and the hill opposite. Over the high opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on till our road was crossed by a second waterfall, or rather aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other, for a considerable breadth, and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, little firs growing in islets scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake half made by man and half by nature; it is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds between banks, or rather through walls of pine trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river, it crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale, to which it gives the name of the "Vale of the Roaring Brook." We climbed down into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and climbed up again by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shape, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unruly motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea everywhere else. Here and elsewhere we found large rocks of violet stone, which, when rubbed, or when the sun shines strong on them, emit a scent which I could not distinguish from violet; it is yellow-red in colour.

My dear, dear Love! and my Hartley! my blessed Hartley! by hill, and wood, and stream, I close my eyes and dream of you. If possible, I will this evening continue my little tour in a second letter.

Your faithful Husband,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FROM THE SAME TO MRS. COLERIDGE.

MY DEAREST LOVE,—These letters (and the descriptions in them may possibly recall to me real forms, if I should ever take it into my head to read them again, but I fear that to you they must be insupportably unmeaning, accumulated repetitions of the same words in almost the same combinations; but how can it be otherwise? In nature all things are individual—but a word is but an arbitrary character for a whole class of things; so that the same description may in almost all cases be applied to twenty different appearances; and in addition to the difficulty of the thing itself, I neither am, nor ever was, a good hand at description. I see what I write, but alas! I cannot write what I see.—My last letter concluded with the Oder Teich, from thence we entered a second wood, and now the snow met us in large masses, and we walked for two miles knee-deep in it, with an inexpressible fatigue, till we came to the mount called Little Brocken:—here even the firs deserted us, or only now and then a patch of them, wind-shorn, no higher than one's knee, matted and cowering to the ground, like our thorn bushes on the highest sea-hills. The soil was plashy and boggy; we descended, and came to the foot of the Great Brocken without a river—the highest mountain in all the north of Germany, and the seat of innumerable superstitions. On the 1st of May all the witches dance here at midnight, and those who go may see their own ghosts walking up and down with a little billet on the back, giving the names of those who had wished them there: for, “I wish you on the top of the Brocken,” is a common curse throughout the whole empire. Well, we ascended, the soil boggy, and at last reached the height, which is 573 toises above the level of the sea. We visited the Blocksterg, a sort of bowling-green, inclosed by huge stones, something like those at Stonehenge, and this is the witches' ball-room—thence proceeded to the house on the hill, where we dined—and now we descended. My toe was shockingly swollen, and my feet blattered, and my whole frame seemed to be going to pieces with fatigue; however, I went on, my key-note pain, unless when (as happened not unseldom) I struck my toe against a stone or stub, and this of course produced a bravura of torture. In the evening, about seven, we arrived at Elbinrode. I was really unwell. The transition from my late habit of sitting and writing for so many hours in the day to such intense bodily exercise, had been too rapid and violent. I went to bed with chattering teeth—became feverish hot, and remained tossing about and unable to sleep till two in the morning, when a perspiration burst out on me—I fell asleep—and got up in the morning quite well.

At the inn they brought us an album, or Stamm Buch, requesting that we would write our names and something or other as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines, which I send to you,\*not that they possess a grain of merit as poetry, but because they contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbinrode.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw  
 Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,  
 A surging scene, and only limited  
 By the blue distance. Wearily my way  
 Downward I dragg'd, thro' fir groves evermore,  
 Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral forms,

Speckled with sunshine, and but seldom heard,  
 The sweet bird's song, become a hollow sound ;  
 And the gale murmuring indivisibly,  
 Preserved its solemn murmur more distinct  
 From many a note of many a waterbreak ;  
 And the brooks chatter ; on whose islet stones  
 The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell  
 Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat  
 Sat, his white beard slow-waving. I moved on  
 With low and languid thought, for I had found  
 That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms,  
 Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds  
 One spot, with which the heart associates  
 Holy remembrances of child, or friend,  
 Or gentle maid, our first and early love,  
 Or father, or the venerable name  
 Of our adored country. O thou Queen,  
 Thou delegated deity of earth !  
 O " dear, dear " England, how my longing eyes  
 Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds  
 Thy sands, and high white cliffs ! sweet native isle,  
 This heart was proud ; yea, mine eyes swam with tears  
 To think of thee ; and all the goodly view  
 From sovran Brocken, woods, and woody hills,  
 Floated away, like a departing dream,  
 Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses  
 Blame thou not lightly ; nor will I profane  
 With hasty judgment, or injurious doubt,  
 That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel  
 That God is everywhere ; the God who framed  
 Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,  
 Himself our Father, and the world our home.

We left Elbinrode May 14. (N. B.—Rode signifies a place from whence roots have been grubbed up in order for building or plantations.) We travelled for half a mile through a wild country of bleak stony hills by our side, with several caverns, or rather mouths of caverns visible in their breasts. And now we came to Rubelland. Oh ! it was a lovely scene. Our road was at the foot of low hills, and here were a few neat cottages—behind us were high hills with a few scattered firs, and flocks of goats visible on the topmost crags. On our right hand a fine shallow river, of about thirty yards broad, and beyond the river a crescent hill, clothed with firs that rise one above another, like spectators in an amphitheatre. We advanced a little farther, the crags behind us ceased to be visible, and now the whole was one and complete ;—all that could be seen were the cottages at the foot of the low green hill, (cottages embosomed in fruit trees in blossom,) the stream, and the little crescent of firs. I lingered here, and unwillingly lost sight of it for a little while. The firs were so beautiful, and the masses of rocks, walls, and obelisks, started up among them in the very places where, if they had not been, a painter with a poet's feeling would have imagined them.

We crossed the river (its name Bodi), entered the sweet wood, and came to the mouth of the cavern with the man who shows it. It was a huge place, 800 feet in length, and more in depth—of many different apartments ; and the only thing that distinguished it from other caverns was, that the guide, who was really a character, had the talent of finding

out and seeing uncommon likenesses in the different forms of the stalactites: "Here was a nun; this was Solomon's temple; that was a Roman Catholic chapel; here was a lion's claw—nothing but flesh and blood wanting to make it completely a claw! This was an organ, and had all the notes of an organ," &c. &c.; but, alas! with all possible straining of my eyes, ears, and imagination, I could see nothing but common stalactites, and heard nothing but the dull *ding* of common cavern stones. One thing was really striking—a huge cone of stalactite hung from the roof of the largest apartment, which, on being struck, gave perfectly the sound of a death-bell. I was behind, and heard it repeatedly at some distance; and the effect was very much of the fairy kind—gnomes and things *unseen* that toll, mock death-bells for mock funerals! After this, a little clear well and a black stream pleased me the most; and multiplied by fifty, and coloured *ad libitum*, might be well enough to read of in a novel or poem. We returned; and now before the inn, on the green plat around the maypole, the villagers were celebrating Whit Tuesday. This maypole is hung, as usual, with garlands on the top; and in those garlands spoons and other little valuables are placed. The high, smooth, round pole is then well greased; and now he who can climb up to the top may have what he can get: a very laughable scene, as you may suppose, of awkwardness and agility, and failures on the very brink of success. Now began a dance. The women danced very well; and in general I have observed throughout Germany that the women in the lower ranks degenerate far less from the ideal of a woman than the men from that of man. The dances were reels and the walzen, but chiefly the latter. This dance is in the higher circles sufficiently voluptuous; but here the motions of it were far more faithful interpreters of the passion, or rather the appetite, which doubtless the dance was intended to shadow. Yet even after the giddy round and round is over, the walking to music, the woman laying her arm with confident affection on the man's shoulders, or (among the rustics) around his neck, has something inexpressibly charming in it. The first couple at the walzen (pronounced waltzen—*z* is pronounced always *ts*) was a very fine tall girl, of two or three and twenty, in the full bloom and growth of limb and feature, and a fellow with huge whiskers, a long tail, and a woollen nightcap: he was a soldier; and from the more than usual glances of the girl, I presumed, was her lover: he was beyond compare the gallant and the dancer of the party. Next came two Bauers, one of whom, in the whole contour of his face and person, and above all, in the laughably would-be frolicsome kick-out of his heel, irresistibly reminded me of Shakspeare's *Slender*, and the other of his *Dogberry*. O two such faces and two such postures! O that I were an Hogarth! What an enviable talent it is to have a genius in painting! Their partners were pretty lasses, not so tall as the former, and danced uncommonly light and airy. The fourth couple was a sweet girl of about seventeen, delicately slender, and very prettily dressed, with a full-blown rose in the white ribbon that went round her head, and confined her reddish-brown hair; and her partner waltzed with a pipe in his mouth! smoking all the while! and during the whole of this voluptuous dance, his countenance was a fair personification of *true German phlegm*. After these, but I suppose not actually belonging to the party, a little ragged girl and ragged boy, with his stockings about his heels, waltzed

and danced—waltzing and dancing in the rear most entertainingly. But what most pleased me was a little girl, of about three or four years old—certainly not more than four—who had been put to watch a little babe of not more than a year old (for one of our party had asked), and who was just beginning to run away: the girl teaching him to walk was so animated by the music, that she began to waltz with him, and the two babes whirled round and round, hugging and kissing each other as if the music had made them mad. I am no judge of music; it pleased me; and Mr. Parry, who plays himself, assured me it was uncommonly good. There were two fiddles and a bass-viol. The fiddlers—above all the bass-violer—most Hogarthian phizzes! God love them! I felt far more affection for them than towards any other set of human beings I have met with since I have been in Germany: I suppose because they looked so happy! We left them. As we go out of the village, the crescent-shaped hill of firs sinks, and forms an irregular wood; but the opposite hill rises, and becomes in its turn a perfect crescent, but of far other character: higher, and more abrupt, and ornamented—not clothed with firs, the larger part of the hill being masses, and variously jutting precipices of rocks, grey, sulphur yellow, and mossy. Shortly after we meet with huge marble rocks; and about a mile from Rubil-land, we arrived at a manufactory where the marble is polished. The Blankerburg marble has an exquisite beauty: a foot square is valued at 2s. 6d. Blumenbach informed us that marble was a marine substance—that the veins, at least the brown and the red veins, were true corals, and the white was the accidental cement. Here a huge angle of rock comes out, and divides the road. Our path went on the left one way, and the river the other. We left the river Bode unwillingly, for it went immediately into a deep, deep pine-wood, where we saw high pillars of rock, which, I don't know why, seemed to live among the black fir trees, and I wished to be its companion; but one always quits a dashing river unwillingly. Our path led us over a green plain, which heaved up and down in hillocks and embasements of earth, till we came to a village. Hütton rode. We left it; and still the country continued not particularly interesting till we arrived at the foot of a hill, up which our road winded, with many a scattered fir by its side. We reached the top, and behold! now again the spring meets us! I look back, and see the snow on the Brocken, and all between the black mineral green of pine groves—wintry, endlessly wintry. The beech, and the birch, and the wild ash, all leafless; but lo! before us a sweet spring! not indeed in the full youthful verdure as on the first days of our journey, but timidly soft, half wintry, and with here and there spots and patches of iron-brown.

Interesting in the highest degree is it to have seen in the course of two or three days so many different climates, with all their different phenomena! The vast plain was before us—rocks on the right hand—huge walls of rocks on the left, and curving round to the front view hills of beeches—soft surges of woody hills. At the foot of the hill lay the castle and town of Blankerburg, with all its orchards of blossoming fruit-trees. Blaukerburg is a considerable town, containing 500 houses and 3000 inhabitants, and belongs to the Duke of Brunswick. Immediately opposite our inn is the house where the unfortunate Louis XVIII.

was during twenty-one months. He left Blankenburg last February in consequence of a lordship having been given him by the Emperor of Russia in Livonia. Some inquiries which we had made concerning him at Rubelland had occasioned a suspicion of our being spies, and one fellow whom we asked, answered us—'I'll die for my king and country, and what sort of French fellows are you?' Hence we were shy of the subject; but our landlord, a most communicative fellow, soon relieved us, and for at least two hours talked incessantly of the king, with whose most minute and daily occupations he had made himself as well acquainted, or better, than I am with Poole's. These are a chapter of contents for his conversation:—1. His Majesty was very religious—had prayers in his house every day, and an open service there on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. 2. He kept a regular mistress—a large fine woman of a fair complexion—a French woman, whose husband at the same time lived in the same house, observing the most distant civilities of respect towards his wife. 3. A washerwoman's daughter, however, of Blankenburg, had struck his Majesty's eye—a young girl of no unimpeachable chastity; and once or twice a week his Majesty was graciously pleased to send one of his nobles for her. On the first interview he presented her with twelve Laub dollars (about fifty shillings), which she had shown with much glee to the landlord. Afterwards his presents declined. 4. He had eighty-three persons in his household, eight of whom were dukes; and his daily expenses were about 100 dollars (20*l.*), and he received his money always from Hamburg; and our landlord had been informed by his relation, the postmaster, that he received regularly 40,000 dollars (6000*l.*) at a time. 5. He never on any occasion rode out of his own gardens; and had so much personal fear of regicides, that he had a subterraneous secret passage under his house. 6. The number of his coaches was fifteen—all very handsome, and all ball-proof, and the blinds likewise ball-proof. 7. He had seventy horses, and at one time seven princesses in the same house with him. The quantity of meat used and wasted in the household was prodigious. There were every week two oxen regularly consumed. 8. Twice a week his Majesty bathed in gravy soup, for which purpose eighty pounds of beef were constantly used, which soup, with the meat, was after given to the poor. 9. He ordered his surgeons and physicians to attend the poor gratis. 10. And wept when he quitted the place.

We went and visited the castle, which was shown us by a young woman. Such an immense number of ugly rooms, with such an immense number of pictures, not one of which possessed the least merit, or rather not one of which was not a despicable daub, and almost all obscene! So false is it that our ancestors were more innocent than we: the passions are much the same in all ages, but obscenity and indelicacy are the fit and peculiar company of ignorance and barbarous manners. One thing amused me. The young woman opened a room, pointed us to go in, and then herself turned up another pair of stairs. On entering we perceived a parcel of execrable daubs on execrable subjects, but the half modesty of the girl was interesting. There was no reason on earth for her showing us the room, and many which she stood looking at with great calmness were not a whit better. We returned and spent the evening with a round of old English songs, among which

'God save the King' and 'Hail Britannia' were, as you may suppose, repeated no small number of times, for being abroad makes every man a patriot, and a loyalist almost a Pittite.

God bless you, my dear love, and good night.

May 17.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

May 19, 1799.

MY DEAREST POOLE,—I arrived at Göttingen last night at nine o'clock, after a walk of thirty miles, somewhat disappointed at finding no letter for me, but surprised that Chester had none. Surely his family do not behave over-attentively towards him: we have been about eight months and ten days, and he has received one letter from them! Well, now to conclude my all too-uninteresting Journal. In my second letter to Sarah I was still at Blankenburg. We left it on Wednesday morning, May 15, taking first one survey more of the noble view which it commanded. I stood on the Castle-hill—on my right a hill, half wood, half rock, of a most grand outline. The rude sketch of its outline is given in that little drawing at the top of my first letter to Sara. Then a plain of young corn—then rocks, walls and towers, and pinnacles of rock—a proud domain, disdainful of the seasons! These formed the right hand. On the left, and curving round till they formed the front view, hills here green with leafy trees—here still iron-brown—dappled, as it were, with coming spring and lingering winter—not (like the single hill) of abrupt and grand outlines, but rising and sinking, yet on the whole still rising in a frolic surgingness. In the plain (or area of the view) young cowherds of cattle, troops of goats, and shepherds at the head of streams of sheep. We left the town, proceeded through the plain, and, having walked about half a mile, turned to contemplate the backward view, to which was added the towers and castle of Bermburg, that looked in upon us from the distance on our right hand as we then stood.

We proceeded, and a mile from Blankenburg we came to a small lake quite surrounded with beech trees—the margins of the lake solid marble rock; two or three stone thrushes were flitting about those rocky margins. Our road itself was for a few strides occupied by a little one-arched bridge, under which the lake emptied itself, and at the distance of ten yards from the bridge, on our right hand, plunged itself down (its stream only once broken by a jutting rock nearly in the midst of the fall) into a chasm of 30 feet in depth, and somewhat more in length, (a chasm of black or mossy rocks,) and then ran underground. We now entered the woods—the morning thick and misty; we saw a number of wild deer, and at least fifty salamanders. (The salamander is a beautiful lizard, perfectly harmless.) I examined several in my naked hand; its length from six to seven inches, with a nightingale's eye, and just twenty-two yellow streaks on its glossy black skin. That it can live in the fire is a fable; but it is true that if put on burning coals, for the first or even the second time, it emits a liquid so copiously as to extinguish the coals. So we went up hill and down dale, but all through the woods, for four miles, when we came to a sort of heath, stubby, with low trunks of old fir-trees; and here were women in various groups sowing the fir-seed, a few ceasing their work to look at us. Never did I behold aught so impressively picturesque—or rather statue-esque—as these groups of

women in all their various attitudes. The thick mist through which their figures came to my eye gave such a soft unreality to them! These lines, my dear Poole, I have written rather for my own pleasure than yours, for it is impossible that this misery of words can give to you that which it may yet be able to recall to me. What can be the cause that I am so miserable a describer? Is it that I understand neither the practice nor the principles of painting? or is it not true that others have really succeeded? I could half suspect that what are deemed fine descriptions produce their effect almost purely by a charm of words, with which, and with whose combination, we associate feelings *indeed*, but no distinct images. From these women we discovered that we had gone out of our way precisely four miles; so we laughed and trudged back again, and contrived to arrive at Wemingar Rode about twelve o'clock; this belongs to the princely Count Stolberg, a cousin of the two brothers, the princely Counts Stolberg of Stolberg, who both of them are poets and Christians—good poets, great Christians, and most kind-hearted princes. What a combination of vanities for Germany!

The princely Count Stolberg, of Wemingar Rode, gave, on this day, a feast to his people, and almost all the family of Stolbergs were assembled; the nobles and people were shooting for a prize at a stuffed bird, placed on the top of a high Maypole. A nobleman of the family, who had lately been at Göttingen, recognised Parry, and was about to have introduced us; but neither our dress nor our time permitting it, we declined the honour. In this little town there is a school, with about twelve or thirteen poor boys in it, who are maintained by the tenants and citizens. They breakfast with one, dine with another, and sup with a third; managing their visits so as to divide the burden of their maintenance according to the capabilities of the people, to whose table they solicit admission. Through a country not sufficiently peculiarized to be worth describing, we came to Drubeck, a pretty village, far off on the right hand, a semicircular vale of an immense extent; close by on the left (its figure the concave of a crescent), a high woody hill, the heights clothed with firs, with an intermixture of beeches, yellow-green in their opening foliage; but below this, and flowing down the hill into the valley, a noble stream of beeches of freshest verdure. Greeneries of every size and shape, but always walled by trees; and always as we entered, the first object which met us was a mount of wild outline, black with firs, soaring huge above the woods. One of these greeneries was in shape a parallelogram, walled on three sides by the silver-barked weeping birches, on the fourth by conical firs. A rock on the fir-side rose above the trees just within the wood, and before us the huge fir mounts; it was a most impressive scene—perhaps not the less so from the mistiness of the wet air. We travelled on and on. Oh! what a weary way! Now up—now down—now with a path—now without one—having no other guide than a map, a compass, and the foot paces of the pigs which had been the day before driven from Harzburg to Dribbock, where there had been a pig-fair; this intelligence was of more service to us than map or compass. At last we came to the foot of the huge fir mount, roaring with woods, and winds, and waters; and now the sky cleared up, and masses of crimson light fell around us from the fiery west, and from the clouds over our heads that reflected the western fires. We wound along by the foot of the mount, and left it behind us; close before us a

high hill—a high hill close on our right, and close on our left a hill. We were in a circular prison of hills, and many a mass of light, moving and stationary, gave life and wildness to the rocks and woods that rose out of them. But now we emerged into a new scene! Close by our left hand was a little hamlet; each house with its orchard of blossom trees, in a very small and narrow coomb. The houses were built on the lowest part of the slope of the steeply-shelving hills that formed the coomb. But on our right hand was a huge valley, with rocks in the distance, and a steady mass of clouds that afforded no mean substitute for a sea: on each side, as ever, high woody hills; but majestic river or huge lake, oh! that was wanting here, and everywhere.

And now we arrived at Harzburg. Hills ever by our sides, in all conceivable variety of forms and garniture. It were idle in me to attempt by words to give their projection and their retiring, and now they were in cones, now in roundnesses, now in tongue-like lengths, now pyramidal, now a huge bow, and all at every step varying the forms of their outlines; or how they now stood abreast, now ran aslant, now rose up behind each other, or now (as at Harzburg) presented almost a sea of huge motionless waves too multiform for painting—too multiform even for the imagination to remember them; yea, my very sight seemed incapacitated by the novelty and complexity of the scene. Ye red lights from the ruin-clouds, ye gave the whole the last magic touch! I had now been walking five-and-thirty miles, over the roughest roads, and had been sinking with fatigue; but so strong was the stimulus of this scene, that my frame seemed to have drunk in new vitality; for I now walked on to Goslar almost as if I had risen from healthy sleep on a fine spring morning, so light and lively were my faculties. On our road to Goslar we passed by several smelting houses and wire manufactories, and one particularly noticeable, where they separate the sulphur from the ores. The night was now upon us, and the white and blue flames from this building formed a grand and beautiful object. So white was the flame, that in the manufactory itself it appeared quite like the natural daylight. It is strange that we do not adopt some means to render our artificial lights more white. As the clock struck ten, we entered the silent city of Goslar, and through some few narrow passages, called streets by courtesy, arrived at our inn. My companions scarcely able to speak, too tired even to be glad that the journey was over—a journey of forty miles, including the way we had lost.

On Thursday, May 16th, we saw the vitriol manufactory and the Dome Church at Goslar. The latter is a real curiosity; it is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, in Germany. The first thing that strikes you on entering it, is a picture of St. Christopher, wading through the river with Jesus Christ (a boy with a globe in his hands) on his shoulders: this is universal in all the churches that I have seen, but noticeable here for the enormous size of the picture, and for the conceit of putting in the hand of the giant saint a fir tree, "with which the mast of some tall amiral hewn on Norwegian hills were but a wand," and giving this huge fir tree a crack in the middle, the face of the holy giant, with a horrid grin of toil and effort, corresponding with the said crack in proof of the huge weight of the disguised Deity. The next was an altar of the god Croto, the only assured antiquity of German heathenism. On this altar human sacrifices were offered: it is of metal—brass I be-

lieve—with diamond holes all around it, and supported by four grotesque animals. Then two stone baboons, with monks' cowls on them, grinning at each other, said to have been likewise the work of the said savage pagans, when the monks first preached christianity in Germany. Then an altar-piece by the celebrated Lucas Cranach, in which the faces of the Apostles are marvellously ugly, but lively and natural; it is an admirable painting. Then tombs and thrones of emperors, and queens, and princesses, for Goslar was formerly the seat of the Saxon emperors of Germany. The hole where the devil entered, and how he set two bishops by the ears, and how they fought in this church, and how one killed the other; a huge crown of bell-metal, seven strides in diameter, given by the victor bishop for penance; also relievo of the bishop who poisoned an emperor in the Lord's Supper, and the under petticoat of leather that the devil took from the woman who rose at midnight, supposing it to be matin time, entered the church, begun praying, &c., wondered rather to see the church so full, when all at once she heard the clock strike twelve, cried aloud "God and Christ! Rausch! Rausch! Rausch! all nothing but ghosts." Off flew the woman, but as she ran over the threshold she tripped, fell down, and ere she could get up again the devil had pulled off her petticoat. I was much interested by this ruinous old church, half-heathen, half-catholic, the occasion of which I will explain when I come home.

We left this ugly old desert of a city, and strolled on through hill and dale of pines, up which the little mists crept like smoke from cottage chimneys, till we came to Clausthall, a large town with a number of mines around it, one of which all but myself descended. I had before read a most minute description of the said mine, and from the same concluded that I should see nothing new after what I had seen at Stowey; and by Chester's account, my conclusion was perfectly right; so I stayed at home and wrote two letters to Sara. I saw the whole progress of minting, for all the Hanoverian money is here minted, and other little curiosities, which I have ever found hideously stupid.

We were such a hospital of bruised toes, swelled ankles, blistered soles, and excoriated heels, that we stayed in the town till Saturday morning, May 18th. We passed up and down over little hills through a pine-covered country, still looking down into wild and deep coombs of pine and fir-trees—(I scarcely know the difference between pine and fir)—till we came to Lehrbeck, a little village of wood, with wooden tiles on the house-tops, lying in the bottom of a narrow coomb, three or four of the houses scattered on the slopes of the hills that formed the coomb. The coomb is rich with the green, green beeches; the slope of the hills have beeches and firs intermixed, but the heights are wholly the property of the firs. From here we proceeded to Osterode, a hilly, pleasant country; the soil heaved up and down in hillocks, with many a little dell and hollow, and the pine-trees picturesquely scattered. Osterode is a large and very ugly town, the people looking dirtier and poorer than is common in Germany. Over the town-hall is the rib of a giant. These are common in the inland towns of Germany. They are generally whale's ribs. In the dark ages it was of course extremely unusual for man to leave his plough, as the song goes, "to go ploughing the seas." When any did, they were of course ambitious to bring something curious home as a present to their countrymen, and this is

no doubt the origin of the whale's ribs. From Osterode we proceeded to Catlenburg. [Mem.—The view of the almshouse on a woody hill, part of the wood cleared, and the space occupied by a fine garden.] From henceforward the views became quite English, except that in England we have water ever in our views, either sea, or lake, or river; and we have elmy hedges, and single cottages, and gentlemen's seats, and many a house, the dwelling of knowledge and virtue, between the cottage and the gentleman's seat. Our fields and meadows too are so green, that it is a common thing for novelists and describers here to say when they praise a prospect, "It had a British greenness." All this, and more, is wanting in Germany; but their woods are far finer, and their hills more diversified, and their little villages far more interesting, every house being separate, with its little garden and orchard. This answers to my idea of human nature, which distinguishes itself equally from the tiger and the sheep, and is neither solitary nor gregarious, but neighbourly; add to this, too, that the extreme misery, and the earth and heaven alarming wickedness and profanity of our English villager, is a thing wholly unknown in Germany. The women, too, who are working in the fields, always behave respectfully, modestly, and with courtesy. Well, I must hasten on to Göttingen. We proceeded; but I ought to say, that in the churchyard of Catlenburg I was pleased with the following epitaph:—

"JOHAMI REIMBOLD OF CATLENBURG.

Ach si haben	}	{ Ah, they have	
Einen braven			{ Put a brave
Man begraben.			{ Man in grave.
Vielen war ermehr.			{ He was more than many."

This is word for word.

About a mile and a half from Catlenburg we came to a lovely scene, hillocks, and scattered oaks and beeches, a sweet though very small lake, a green meadow, and one white cottage; and this spot, exactly so filled, was completely encircled by the grandest swell of woods that I ever beheld. The hills were clothed as with grass, so rich was the verdure, so complete was the circle, that I stood and looked around me, in what part the wood opened, to admit our road. We entered the wood, and walked for two miles under a complete bower, and as we emerged from it—Oh! I shall never forget the glorious prospect. Behind me the Harz Mountains, with the snow-spots shining on them, close around us woods upon little hills, little hills of an hundred shapes—a dance of hills, whose variety of position supplied the effect of, and almost imitated *motion*; two higher than the rest, of a conical form, were bare and stony, the rest were all hid with leafage; I cannot say trees, for the foliage concealed the boughs that sustained it; and all the hills, in all their forms and bearings, which it were such a chaos to describe, were yet all in so pure a harmony! Before us green corn-fields, that filled the plain, and crept up the opposite hills, in the far-off distance, and closing our view in the angle at the left, that high woody hill on which stands the monarch ruins of the Plesse; and close by me, in a sweet dell, was a sweet neighbourhood of houses, with their orchards in blossom. Oh! wherefore was there no water? We were now only seven miles from Göttingen. I shall write one letter more from Germany, and in that letter I will conclude my tour with some

minuteness, as it will give you at the same time the account of the country near Göttingen. I hope to leave this place in about a fortnight, but Sara must not be uneasy if I am home a week later than she expects: it may be a week earlier, but as I pass through Brunswick, &c., I may perhaps have opportunities of acquiring information about Lessing, which it were criminal in me to neglect; but I pine, languish, and waste away to be at home, for though in England alone I have those that hate me, yet there only I have those whom I love.

God bless my Friend!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

## WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

### No. III.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

#### 1. SOLITUDE.

HERE let us turn and gaze. O Solitude!  
 Long-loved, long-lost, so many years my friend,  
 Companion never rude!  
 And do we once again together bend  
 Our steps into the forests dark and green,—  
 The calm, grave forests, where nought else is seen?—  
 Lo! what cool welcomes, in this burning day,  
 The sweet trees give us! Say,  
 Can the still desert, or the stiller sea,  
 (The summer ocean where no billows be,)  
 Match the green silence which is here always,  
 From March to sunny May,—  
 From May until the fresh October morn  
 When Autumn winds her horn,  
 Chasing the winged leaves from every wood?  
 O Solitude! O social Solitude!  
 Companion of grave joy (as well as grief),  
 The pleasure is not brief,  
 Nor worthless, which we glean and share with thee  
 Under the greenwood tree!  
 The thoughts which there spring up, like sylvan flowers,  
 Survive and bloom through all life's after hours,—  
 Through stormy passions, and through winter days,  
 More surely than the joy (yet, *is* it thus?)  
 We gather when the summer torches blaze,  
 Or merry masque, or in the dance's maze,  
 At midnight in the city populous!

#### 2. THE SPARTAN MOTHER.

Begone to the battle, my son!  
 The world of renown is before thee!  
 If thou diest,—why thy glory is won;  
 If thou livest,—Oh! thy country and I will adore thee  
 Ay, thy mother will bow  
 To a conqueror's brow;  
 So, begone to the battle, my son!

Arm, arm for the battle, my son !  
Bright Justice looks down on the quarrel ;  
Fierce wrongs on thy country are done ;  
Doth thy forehead, my brave one, not ache for the laurel ?  
Shall the land of thy birth  
Be disgraced on the earth ?  
Oh, away to the battle, my son !  
However the day may be won,  
• Whoe'er write the record of glory,  
Do *thou* what by man may be done,  
And the heart of thy mother shall swell at the story.  
Now, away to the fight,  
Like the spear in its flight !  
Oh, begone, and—*come back* from the battle, my son !

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3. AN OLD STORY.

The lady of the castle sits  
With crimson cheek and restless eye,  
And a heart that bounds and stops by fits,  
Gazing upon the wild and blackening sky.  
She heareth not the roaring rain,  
She sees no storm go sweeping by ;  
But sigheth out her soul in pain,  
Ah ! is there love—or peril—nigh ?  
What means the lonely torch that throws  
Its guilty fire upon the night ?  
What mean those cries and random blows,  
That shake the thicket on the right ?  
A shout—a scream—a deadly word,  
The blaze and bursting of a gun ;  
And nothing more is seen or heard,  
All's o'er : the fight is lost and won.  
No murmurs did the lady cast,  
Her cheek alone (which waned to pale)  
Told us she might lament the past,  
And gave us subject for our tale.  
She died, without a word or sign,  
And when the toil of life was o'er,  
The last one of a noble line  
Was hid in dust for evermore.  
Oh, fond, fair orphan ! Beauty's child,  
By tender passions overblown !  
What pity that the heart is blind,  
And cannot save the gentle mind !  
Which thus (how oft !) by a fate unkind  
Is wreck'd and overthrown !

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Session of Parliament—A Mem. for Mahagers—The Princess Victoria's Visit to Holkham—Satirical Honours.

THE SESSION OF PARLIAMENT which commenced on Tuesday, the 19th of February, was closed on Thursday, the 10th of September, by the King in person. Nearly seven months have therefore been occupied—a period of unusual length—and yet it is impossible for us to record that any measures of large public benefit have been passed by the three estates of the realm. “Flint Glass” was, indeed, relieved from taxation by the Budget of 1835; but other relief was not extended in any shape to the agriculturists, the manufacturers, the artisans, or those who are interested in the “shipping” of Great Britain. On the 10th of September the country was pretty nearly in the same position as on the 19th of February; and this would be very gratifying intelligence, if we could persuade ourselves that at the beginning of the year 1835 our state of prosperity was such that improvement was impossible, or at least unnecessary. Meanwhile, the two great parties by whom the venerable Whigs and Tories of past times have been displaced, are putting forth their energies to obtain or retain power. The Conservatives are busy in all the towns and counties of Great Britain. They consider that recent events have greatly enlarged their influence, and that moderate principles are gaining ground from day to day; that appeals to the good sense and reflection of the people must, in the end, triumph, and that although they may be for a time led astray by wild theorists, the sober judgment of Englishmen will still lead them to confide in rulers who, while they avoid rash speculations on the one hand, are studying how they can introduce useful changes on the other. The ultra-Radical party are also on the alert. It was impossible not to foresee that the recent contest between the House of Peers and a majority of the House of Commons, would lead to an appeal to the people—an appeal to be made either directly or indirectly. The results of the registry of votes were unquestionably not such as to justify our present Ministers in an attempt to strengthen their numerical force by a dissolution of Parliament: they therefore prudently accepted the Corporation Reform Bill as amended by the Lords, rather than retire from office, or abide the issue of a new election. Some of their partisans are occupying the period of the recess by seeking to raise throughout England an outcry against one of the three branches of the Legislature. They are labouring to excite hatred against the Peers; and are employing agents and arguments both equally un-English. In England there is, and always has been, a stern love of truth and justice; those who calculate on destroying the glorious characteristic of the English people will find they have deceived themselves while working to deceive others. The chief agent to whom we refer is Mr. Daniel O’Connell, who has found in several of our large towns and cities persons eager to receive him as a visiter, and willing to listen to his Irish mode of mis-stating facts. The curious have assembled in crowds to hear him; such places as Newcastle and Glasgow have enjoyed rare treats; but according to all accounts he has found much less pliable *materiel* to work upon than in his own less reflective and more excited country. It is evident in all his speeches that he is perfectly aware his Scotch and English auditors are not to be addressed in the style he adopts in Ireland. He cannot talk to us as to the “hereditary bondsmen”—we have no gross wrongs to complain of—no terrible evils to be averted—no rights unacknowledged—no oppression to be protested against. It is to the woes and wants of Ireland, therefore, that he principally

alludes during his progress through England; but he takes especial care to exhibit only the dark side of the picture, keeping out of sight the startling fact that the Irish peasant pays nothing for the protection he receives from the State—that in Ireland direct taxation is unknown, and that the poor obtain relief only when their claims to such relief have been made good in England. The persons he has met wherever he has spoken are precisely those who would comprehend and appreciate such a comparison between the Irish and English labourers and artizans; and O'Connell is not thoughtless enough to exceed his instructions, by explaining the whole matter to his hearers in the North. We have no doubt that the results of these journeyings from place to place will be so many mere nothings, and that ere long O'Connell will assume his old tone of abuse against "England and everything English." This event of the month is one that we could not pass over without comment. The newspapers are full of the speeches of the Member for Dublin; they are certainly "vain repetitions," and those who have read one are completely conversant with the other. Nevertheless they serve to amuse, if they do not alarm, now that the adjournment of Parliament has left us little to think about in the way of public affairs. His ravings against the Peers make us laugh. When the great leader of the Irish mob speaks of the *moral* power of the Upper House, he may find hearers ignorant enough to believe his assertions; not so, however, when he talks of the *physical* incompetency of their Lordships, and promises to find a sturdy kitchen-maid to "whop" them all with a broom-stick. Our thoughts at once revert to the muscular arms of Lord Winchelsea, and the horsewhip of Lord Alvanley.

A MEM. FOR MANAGERS.—The closing of one pair of Houses has left the town at leisure to speculate upon the opening of another pair, equally involved in disaster, equally creative of anxiety, though relieved for some two or three seasons past from all risk of "collision," by being both under the same control, that of Mr. Premier Bunn. The Siamese system, however, has not succeeded, and a separate maintenance is the consequence. Mr. Bunn retains Drury; and up to almost the last day of the month, everybody in the world is to have Covent-garden. Even Mr. Fitzball has been for a considerable number of seconds on the brink of the lesseeship, as Jack Cade was once almost Prime Minister. He (not Jack) was to have commenced the season with his own inimitable drama, called "Jonathan Bradford"—a production which, although it has been played for a thousand nights together in scores of theatres, has never had its due place assigned it in the dramatic literature of the country. It has scarcely been read at all, though heard and seen by the whole world. The exquisite poetry, the harmony, the dignity, the loftiness, of such passages as the following, have consequently escaped the higher class of critics. The reviews, we must say, have preserved a shameful silence respecting this extraordinary drama.

"Jon.—I've brought the lemons and the nutmegs, Ann;  
The sugar and the comfits for the children.  
And look you here,—what think you this is, Ann?"

Ann.—I do not know.

Jon.— A present for your birth-day.  
It is a pair of buckles,—though not diamonds,  
Glittering bright they shine, as stars at even.

Jon.—My worthy guest's asleep. I will not wake him.  
I'll place upon the table the Canary and water.  
He said not if a lemon he would like.  
No matter;  
The lemon, too, I'll leave,—this knife also.  
Then if he wakes, why, he can help himself.  
So—softly, softly, softly."

[Exit.]

We quote literally. This, it will be owned, is rather unlike anything which Sheridan Knowles can do in the way of calling the dramatic spirit from the vasty deep; yet we doubt whether its sweetness would not be lost on the desert air of Covent Garden. It is too natural, too true, too exquisitely simple and touching for effect. The degenerate public will not listen. It is a disgraceful fact, that the few people who do go to the large houses, go to see; the poetry of the very finest and costliest spectacles is listened to by nobody but the prompter. No, we fear that even Jonathan would not tell; though there is a Jonathan who has, indeed, pointed out the path to success so plainly, that the blind may see it. It is indicated by a fact recorded in the "New York Mirror," that a young lady has "dramatized 'Mrs. Butler's Journal,'" and that the same "is in rehearsal at the Bowery Theatre." Here then, at last, is a novelty. There *is* something new under the sun; and to what an endless succession of new things does it point! Dramatize "Mrs. Butler's Journal?" If that may be done, why not adopt the suggestion of a weekly contemporary, and dramatize "Johnson's Dictionary?" Why not adapt the new Municipal Bill for stage representation? or the Almanac for 1836? or "Hervey's Meditations," or Fish-sauce? or the London Directory? or all these, and hundreds of other capable subjects in succession. Want novelties! Why, novelties are so common as to be positively hacknied. Let the new lessee Americanize his system. Let him dramatize the days of the month, and miscellaneous comments upon society. The whole world would be attracted by a play-bill setting forth a series of original personifications.

*A Flippant Remark*, by Mr. Vining.

*An Indelicate Allusion*, Mr. John Reeve.

*A Profound Sentiment*, Mr. Cooper.

*A Sagacious Opinion*, Mr. Farren.

*An Inuendo*, Madame Vestris.

*A Bitter Sarcasm*, Mrs. Glover.

*A Double Entendre*, Mesdames Humby and Honey.

And so on, through all the commentaries and the company. Mr. Fitzball could fit them all, down to the supernumeraries; who might personate the shabby passages and loose observations.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA'S VISIT TO HOLKHAM.—A little Princess may produce a vast convulsion. Her acceptance of an invitation to an evening party at No. 10, instead of No. 11, may throw a nation into a panic—her going to Norfolk, instead of Suffolk, may shake a realm—her wearing a green sash instead of a red one may agitate all Europe. We should deeply regret anything that might tend to diminish the fervent feelings with which the opening character of the youthful Heir-presumptive to the throne has inspired all classes of her (probably) future subjects. She is high in favour; and the amiable character of her parent and guide gives assurance that the general hope will not be disappointed—that the blossoms of promise will be succeeded by pleasant fruits by-and-by. We would fain, therefore, avert the perils of the storm which is gathering over her head, in consequence of her present visit to Mr. Coke, at Holkham. The Princess, and those who have advised the visit, are represented as being guilty of a crime scarcely to be expiated, in visiting a person who, in his political vocation, delivered a strong invective against the grandfather of the Princess, George III. Really, we must be sadly off for a grievance, before we can accept this as an affair to be shocked about. The Princess was a mere child when that speech was spoken, and her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, has remained in habits of the closest friendship with the speaker ever since. This may be in good or bad taste; but example must be pleaded, on behalf equally of the Duchess and her daughter. The present King has, in the noblest manner, shown how easily he can forgive

and forget the most splenetic attacks upon himself and his family, uttered under similar circumstances of strong political excitement. His relatives act most wisely in imitating his conduct. Besides, it should be remembered that, if Mr. Coke spoke disrespectfully of the character of her grandfather, he was for many years one of the most intimate and esteemed friends of her *father*; and it is natural that mother and daughter also should forgive what the father himself would not have remembered beyond the hour.

We deprecate, for the sake of all, and for the Princess's particularly, the attempts that are constantly made to draw political inferences from private visitings of this nature. It is a hard price to pay for being heiress even to a throne, to have every little indication of personal feeling watched, criticized, suspected, and ultimately denounced as abominable, by one party or the other. Let the Princess, say we, have full freedom of action; the character of her mother, and the general course of her education and bearing, are sufficient guarantees for the perfect propriety of her line of visits. In the present case it is absurd to impute the smallest political bias. Mr. Coke is very aged, and, prodigy as he is, he cannot be very active in politics. He has retired altogether from party contests; and, when engaged in them, his politics went no farther than those of the late Duke of Kent, or, judging by his acts, the present King. Perhaps it is criminal in the Princess to visit either of her uncles. Let her visit whom she likes, without having the happy time of youth embittered by party taunts, jealousies, and discriminations.

**SATIRICAL HONOURS.**—A joke is doubled by being inadvertent; it is more than doubled when unconsciously played off by ourselves at our own expense. The Reformers of Kent have just evinced this unpremeditated spirit of self-martyrdom, in a fine piece of practical satire, that will survive as long as a column sixty feet high shall endure. They have erected a monument to the memory of "that spirited Reformer, Mr. Charles Larkin;" and the papers inform us that "the site selected for this remarkable object is *Gadshill*, a spot immortalized by Shakspeare." Of its immortality there is little question; nor is there more doubt that its peculiar appropriateness will be readily recognized by every dissenter from reform doctrines. But Reformers will surely perceive, upon reflection, that they have chosen the most unlucky spot in all Kent for the erection of a monument to their departed associate, though sanctified by the genius of Shakspeare. They have forgotten *how* he immortalized Gadshill—the agents he employed—the act he so inimitably describes. Gadshill is immortalized by the medium of Falstaff and his Bardolphian followers. And what was the feat they performed there?—the achievement by which they rendered the spot ever memorable? *The robbery of the King's Exchequer!* It is a little odd that this awkward fact should have been forgotten; and that our Kentish Reformers should have played off a most humorous prank at their own cost, in selecting the very scene of that ancient robbery as the site of a monument to modern reform. Why, they admit all the imputations of their enemies. They charge themselves, in this voluntary association with the immortal cut-purses of Shakspeare, with designs upon the Exchequer of no equivocal character—robbery, in the name of reform! They throw a stigma upon the principles and character of the dead whom they would render illustrious. Gadshill!—Well, there is no accounting for taste; but henceforth, Reformers need not fall into a frenzy when they are charged with designs of spoliation. If men will not be true to themselves—Gadshill!—of all places in the world, Gadshill! Falstaff, we doubt not, is chuckling in his grave.

## MEDITATION ON MICHAELMAS-DAY.

“ While man exclaims (thus argues Pope)  
 ‘ See all things for my use !’  
 ‘ See man for mine !’ (quite right, we hope,)  
 Replies a pamper’d Goose.”

A Goose was brought to table ; as it lay  
 Roasted before me,  
 My appetite began to ooze away,  
 Odd thoughts came o’er me.  
 The great Lake Lyrist ranks the humble bee  
 With eagles proud,  
 And claims an equal age and ancestry  
 For all ;—allow’d !  
 Oh ! he is right. Dear Wordsworth, ere the bird  
 Had lost a wing,  
 One thought about his *ancestry* had stirr’d  
 Wild Fancy’s spring.  
 His Ancestor—the first ! Ah, who was he ?  
 Thought *will* break loose :  
 Who was the founder of his family—  
 The first Great Goose ?  
 What stars have shot, what wrecks of worlds sublime,  
 Since *that* egg burst !  
 Why Jove himself was christen’d since the time  
 Of Goose the First.  
 Aye, Belzebub, now known by many titles,  
 Was nameless then ;  
 Oh ! since, what worms have dined upon the vitals  
 Of god-like men.  
 Thy Ancestor, oh Goose ! sat down to sup  
 Ere snakes laid eggs ;  
 Walk’d ere the centipede first counted up  
 His hundred legs.  
 Of higher lineage none, who creep or fly,  
 Or swim or walk—  
 The whale in the great deep, the lark on high—  
 Or geese who talk.  
 Oh ! sacred bird, that Ancestor remote,  
 Older than Vice,  
 Set up his first queer cackle of a note  
 In Paradise !  
 Even in Eden old his course began ;  
 He had no brother,  
 Save, as some think, in Mr. Adam Man,  
 Who proved another.  
 Marvellous truth ! one’s brain begins to swim,  
 Think of that age,—  
 And of this fat, brown bird here—think of him—  
 Thus stuff’d with sage !  
 Sublime, ridiculous ! and *may* his race  
 So high be carried ?  
 And stood his old, old parent face to face  
 With Eve unmarried ?  
 Even so.—The dish was pass’d ; I made excuse,  
 And tried another :  
 For who could eat the son of that same Goose  
 That saw man’s mother ?

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Steam-Voyage down the Danube, with Sketches of Hungary, Wallachia, Servia, and Turkey, &c. By Michael J. Quin, Author of "A Visit to Spain." 2 vols.

THERE were two rivers which, though known from the earliest times, were still unexplored objects of interest and curiosity. Though many travellers had fallen in with them in detail, had crossed them in various places, and knew in general the direction of their current, yet no one had pursued them to their exit, or could exactly tell what course they took to the sea. One of these was the Niger, and the other the Danube. We do not mean to say that there were the same difficulties to encounter, and the same obscurities to clear up in both; but as far as they were available for any purposes of intercourse, or description, or knowledge, or public utility, the Danube, though passing through the centre of civilized Europe, was as little known as the Niger, making its way through the deserts of barbarous Africa. The first person, we believe, who has sailed along it for any considerable distance, and passed through the semi-barbarous region which it penetrates in its way to the Euxine, was Mr. Quin, and we think his voyage, to a certain extent, as interesting and as curious as that of Lander's.

Of all the people that inhabit its shores, the Hungarians are the most intelligent, spirited, and enlightened. They have largely participated in that expansion of mind which is now dispelling the mists of ignorance in most parts of the world, and it does not appear that they will be much longer controlled by the despotic ascendancy of Austria. Count Szechenyi (we must take our chance for spelling him right) was one of those enlightened men who had felt the general impulse, and who determined to avail himself of the advance of science, and by accommodating this noble river to steam-navigation, to open his own country to European intercourse, to which it had been nearly inaccessible. He resided for some time in England, like another Peter made himself acquainted with all the details of navigation, and returning to Hungary, applied them to the hitherto impassable Danube. Rising in the eastern confines of the Black Forest, not far from the source of the Rhine, it turned in an opposite direction, and while one brought the solution of the Alpine snows to the German Ocean, the other conveyed them to the Black Sea, running a noble course of 1600 miles. Through this progress it was capable of being rendered navigable from Ulm, within 150 miles of its rise, but various political and natural impediments obstructed it; the petty jealousies of the states through which it passed excluded others from its advantages, and the sundry impediments from shallows and rocks confined its navigation to the short distance that occupied the space from one obstruction to another. From Moldavia to Orsova, a distance of twenty-one miles, the water was so shallow as not to afford a depth of six inches; and between Orsova and Gladova in Wallachia, it is shut up by "an iron door"—a series of rapids extending for three miles, and formed of rocks of a ferruginous hue, giving occasion to the name, as well from the obstruction which it offers as from the materials of which it is composed. It was these and similar impediments the Count proposed to overcome. Gangs of workmen were employed in various parts of the stream, and an impulse was given to the torpid and lazy Wallachians and other inhabitants of the banks, which seemed to them like a disturbed dream. The navigation is now effected from Pesth to Rudschük, with only one impediment not yet removed. One steam-boat carries the passengers from the former place, and another takes them up and conveys them to the latter. The navigable

stations on the river, as given by our author, are seven, exclusive of the distance from its mouth to the Bosphorus and Constantinople, and the whole amounts to 435 German, or 1958 English miles. A company is now established in Germany, for the purpose of opening a communication between the Rhine and the Danube. When this is accomplished, and we have no doubt it soon will be, what a scope for delightful anticipation does it not afford! Conceive a steamer leaving London with an agreeable party for a summer's excursion, entering the continent of Europe on the west side, by the mouth of one great river, and issuing from it on the east by the mouth of another, and after penetrating the centre of one quarter of the globe through its whole extent, and passing through all that is romantic in nature, and all that is improved in social life—mountains and forests, cities and corn-fields, highly cultivated nations and semi-barbarous tribes, are again set down in London in a space of time shorter than it formerly took to visit Scotland, and with much more ease, comfort, and security.

Besides the information contained in Mr. Quin's book, his personal narrative is very entertaining. He is a traveller of a cultivated and well-informed mind, sees objects with a curious eye, and sketches them with an agreeable pencil; but, above all, he seems an amiable man, with a kindly heart. He dedicates his book to his wife, and incidents continually occur to call forth the social and domestic affections which dictated the dedication. He embarked in the steamer at Pesth, in Hungary, and continued his aquatic excursion to Rudschûk, in Bulgaria. He met on his way a variety of characters, which he describes well. One was a very extraordinary being, with his person and dress in a very mutilated state; yet he displayed a versatility of talent that renders probable the story of the admirable Crichton. Another was Hussein Pasha, who was so distinguished a character in the extirpation of the Janissaries, and who is now governor of one of the Turkish provinces; and a third, was the good and accomplished Hungarian Count, to whose patriotic exertions the navigation of the Danube owes its origin. At Rudschûk, Mr. Quin left the river, crossed the Balkan Mountains, and proceeded to Constantinople. This journey, a short time ago so curious and interesting, is now as common as "the road between London and St. Alban's." From Constantinople he proceeded to Smyrna, thence to Greece, and so by the Ionian Islands to Italy and England; but what he saw in passing, though detailed in his usual agreeable manner, has been so recently and so frequently anticipated, that little new was left him to say, except that his book contains the "latest news" from those places. He embarked on the Danube on the 24th September, 1834, and arrived in London on 5th February, 1835, having accomplished this most interesting tour in four months, which fifty years ago could not have been performed in as many years.

Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief. By the Rev. James Wills.

As a work which unites sound philosophy with a spirit of truly Christian piety, a convincing series of arguments with the utmost temper and candour, and which, by meeting the unbeliever by reasoning drawn from his own principles, turns the very weapons forged against Revelation into powerful instruments for its defence, we know not of any production of late years, which can be considered superior to the letters of Mr. James Wills on the important subject to which he has devoted his consideration. The works of Addison, Butler, Paley, and others, devoted to the most obvious arguments which could be alleged in support of Christianity, left many points of vantage unoccupied, which in modern times have been observed and made good by succeeding writers, and as instances of this, we are not aware that we can cite better proofs than the appearance of Mr. Sheppard's book on the "Divine Origin of Christianity," and the publication of the volume before us. It is true that the writings on this sub-

ject are sufficiently voluminous, yet, that they are superfluous no one, we think, who considers the importance of the question, and the extent to which opposite sentiments have been latterly advocated, will be disposed to affirm. To the sincere believer, also, the contemplation of the same basis upon which his faith is founded is anything but an unsatisfactory or unprofitable exercise. Religion, in respect to its evidences, resembles those gems which, at whatever point they are viewed, continue to present a succession of the fairest shades of colour to the eye of the spectator; and if the Psalmist of old delighted to mark the battlements, and to number the towers of that spiritual fortress, which he was permitted in anticipation only to behold, with how much greater pleasure should those among whom it is reared as a present dwelling and place of shelter, dwell upon its stately defences and aspect of impregnable strength. We do not enter at large into Mr. Wills's arguments, because they are incapable of being compressed into the space within which necessity confines our critical notices, and are in consequence compelled to refer our readers to the book itself; but if, after a perusal of its contents, they do not consider it deserving a place in every theological library, and, as far as human means can be considered such, eminently qualified for effecting the object which the writer has in view, we are willing to acknowledge ourselves under a greater aberration of judgment, in the present instance, than any under the influence of which through the course of our lives we can recollect ourselves to have fallen.

The Life and Times of General Washington. By Cyrus R. Edmonds.

Pregnant as the history of the last century has been in characters which, from their own intrinsic qualities, or from the important and extraordinary circumstances under which they have been called to act, have acquired a lasting claim upon the attention or admiration of posterity, there is not one on which the regards of mankind at large can be more advantageously fixed than on that of the chief actor in the war of American independence. With respect to the question itself, from which that unhappy contest originated, there is now we believe but one prevalent opinion. The personal feelings which some time ago warped the judgments of our fathers upon the subject have long since passed from existence. Upon most of those actually engaged in that first of the long series of struggles which have since continued at different times and places to convulse the civilized world, the grave has already closed, burying with them the bitterness and the prejudice, the sense of humiliation from defeat, and the consciousness of recent national dishonour widely and perniciously incurred, which so long prevented many even of the most enlightened among us from taking correct views of those events under the consequences of which they suffered too keenly to enter with any great degree of impartiality into the question of abstract justice, connected with their causes. We are now, however, enabled to pass a judgment upon this portion of our history without any individual interest, and consequently with little inducement to err; and our eyes, freed from the mists which so long prevented a true contemplation of the subject in its general character and relations, have at length been taught to look upon the efforts of America to escape from our dominion as a great and permanent benefit to mankind at large; and to ourselves in particular, an example by which the principles of our own constitution have been more strongly established, and from the teaching of which our children's children may derive practical wisdom in ages yet to come.

Under this consideration, we cannot but consider Mr. Edmonds's work as a most valuable addition to the series of publications of which it forms a part; nor can we refrain from expressing a sincere wish that, among our domestic circles in particular, it may obtain a speedy and general circula-

tion. He has modestly stated that his performance is to be considered in the light of a compilation alone. All history, to a great extent, must necessarily be such; but without stopping to dispute the justice of the title he has bestowed upon his labours, it must be acknowledged that his extracts are always connected by an interesting and elegant style of narrative. The portrait of the great subject of the work is drawn with an impartial and accurate hand; and the scenes in which he figured are well and graphically described. We see again the storm gathering over the western world, which our own imbecility and injustice at first provoked, and subsequently in vain attempted to allay. We listen once more to the impassioned eloquence, which—if any human means could have done so—must have persuaded to reason the infatuation of the British Senate—to the elaborate and poetical rhetoric of Burke, and the fervid and energetic declamation of that Pericles of England, the upright and high-minded Lord Chatham; nor are we less interested in the tumult of warlike preparation, the march of armies, and the alternate vicissitudes of that remarkable war, to the sharp arbitrement of which the question of colonial rights was ultimately confided. Mr. Edmonds's first volume conducts us from the causes and beginning of this momentous struggle, through the alternations of victory and defeat on both sides, to the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British forces, and the subsequent battle of Monmouth. Within this period events of great importance and absorbing interest are thickly sown, nor have they been recorded by an unworthy pen; and few readers, we imagine, will follow the drama of American Independence thus far, without looking forward with pleasurable expectation to the description of its closing scenes by the same author. We should add, that a considerable portion of the original correspondence of Washington gives an additional value to the volume.

#### Gleanings in Natural History. By Edward Jesse. Third Series.

Mr. Jesse says that these are the *last* of his Gleanings! Does he mean that the great book of Nature affords no more leaves for a gentle, skilful hand like his to turn? Does he wish us to believe that his broad and beautiful Thames is dry, or that the birds, and bees, and butterflies which crowd the parks he ranges, have deserted their homes, and that he can look on them no more? This volume is proof positive that the feeling which has taught him to look from "Nature up to Nature's God" is warm around his heart as ever; that he has an eye to perceive, a heart to feel, a head to comprehend the beauties, if not the mysteries of "all mysterious Nature." No, no; we shall look for another, and another sheaf from his great storehouse—there is no stint in Nature's granaries. He has observed much, and recorded much; but there is still more to observe, more to record. We hope he will continue to investigate, and "make notes." We regard naturalists as the benefactors of the animal creation; they teach us to do justice to the inferior world—they show us the wisdom that dwells with Nature—they developé the tenderness of the Almighty—they seek the sunshine of God's countenance, and rest content beneath the smile which smiles "on all that he has made;" they have nothing to do with the storms and passions of the multitude—they behold the abundance of nature—they breathe the purest air—they strengthen themselves by wholesome exercise—the trees, and birds, and animals, are their friends—the wilderness, to them, is peopled—the hills and valleys are full of music! They see how good are all things—they learn, and teach "more than content e'er taught." No, we will not hear of "*last books*" while such men live.

To those who desire an acquaintance with our parks and palaces, this volume will prove the most valuable of the series; it is a perfect guide to Hampton Court, Windsor, and Richmond—a guide-book without stiffness

or tedium, and yet entering more fully into the interesting minutiae of what is necessary to be known, than any volume that ever was compiled for the mere purpose. Mr. Jesse has also collected a number of anecdotes of dogs—of whom, like all good-hearted people, he is remarkably fond. We need not wish the volume success—it cannot fail of popularity; all that is left for us to do is to request another.

Tales of the Ramad'han. By J. A. St. John. 3 vols.

This year has been fertile in Eastern productions; and those who would feel pleasure in being reminded of the "Arabian Nights," and who consequently enjoy stories and descriptions of the East, will appreciate Mr. St. John's tales as they deserve.

The Ramad'han is, as our readers know, the great Oriental *fast*—a *fast* by day, a *feast* by night,—at which feast-stories are told, songs are sung, dances are performed, and the disciples of the Prophet indulge in pastimes which it is to be supposed the Prophet would not quite approve of;—the Ramad'han, in short, is the Mussulman's carnival; and, according to Mr. St. John, the female portion of the community manage to partake more largely of Easter pleasures than we in general believe; they bribe (he says) the eunuchs, and receive more company than the "bearded Turk" would care to admit.

The scene of the tales is laid at Cairo, and the description of the "City of Victory—the great metropolis, both in fable and history, of the Eastern world," is new and curious,—curious, because it is so essentially different from anything we have ever seen. Mr. St. John, though not a quick, is a very correct observer. Some travellers see everything in a moment; but the effect produced is seldom faithful, and still more seldom lasting. Over such he has a decided advantage; and his pictures of Eastern manners, sufficiently gorgeous in reality, are given with a minute fidelity that keeps the reader on the *qui vive* from page to page. He renders his story-tellers literally the circulating libraries of the East, and has gathered from their stores much that cannot fail to interest and amuse.

Fatima's story of the "Dervish King" was, to us, a treat: it commences at page 56 of the first volume, and is carried on to page 202. The tales are held together by a light net-work, composed partly of dialogue, partly of *incident*, which relieves the monotony of story-telling, and contributes to the fitness of the whole.

Origin of Universities. By H. Malden, M.A.

Professor Malden, by his production of the above unpretending but useful little volume, has thrown no small light upon a question which, although of late years extensively agitated, has hitherto been but imperfectly understood, and rendered an essential service to the cause of truth and justice on a point, with respect to which they have both been lamentably abused or mistaken. His treatise tends to prove, and that beyond the chance of refutation, that whatever may be the condition of Oxford and Cambridge in the nineteenth century, they are both essentially different from the Universities of Europe at the period of their first institution of these seats of learning, and totally at variance with their own constitution and discipline, at the time of their early history. It is very true that, in viewing the question in this light, he has merged the greater argument in one of far less importance. Precedent could be no warrant for that which is in itself unwarrantable; nor should all the wisdom of our ancestors, who, living, as we should presume, in a time of especial inspiration, and no doubt of far greater development of the mental faculties, than it is permitted their unfortunate descendants to attain, were unquestionably better

judges of these matters than ourselves, lead us astray, when it is as evident as the sun at noonday that even the venerable genius of antiquity has been, notwithstanding its superior means of acquiring information by inquiry and experiment, in some slight degree mistaken. Yet as the practice of ages, of whatever intellectual character, is a ground to which prejudice and ignorance when foiled at all other points never fail to fly for refuge, it is making assurance doubly sure, on the part of Professor Malden, to give them battle upon the field of their own selection, and to show how incompetent they prove themselves in the management of the weapons which they themselves have chosen. To show how effectually this has been done, we merely observe that Professor Malden points out the widest and most important differences between the practice of ancient and modern times; first, "in the mode of communicating instruction, and secondly, in the internal government of Universities." We have satisfactory evidence that, according to the original usage of our Universities, the reception of a degree was accompanied with a necessity of publicly teaching; that almost all the instruction communicated to student was given openly and in the public schools; and that the present plan of leaving the tuition of those in *statu pupillari* in the hands of the college tutors is a palpable encroachment upon the duties of the authorized Professors.

On proceeding to a consideration of the higher degrees in the faculties of arts and theology, in civil law and medicine, we find differences equally remarkable. The residence, formerly required by statute, has dwindled by degrees into a non-entity; and the examinations, enacted no doubt for the purpose of ascertaining how far the means of instruction have been made use of by the candidate for further degrees, now scarcely exist in any thing but the name. The changes introduced in process of years into the internal government of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford are of less public and general importance, yet they answer equally well for the purpose of proving the point attempted to be established—the gradual introduction of serious and extensive changes among bodies of men whose institutes and practice, in all that regards their corporate existence, some wise advocates for things as they are in our own day, would persuade us to be as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Thus far Professor Malden, who, leaving the great question of fitness and efficacy, by which, after all, those national institutions, which make it their boast, whether invidiously or not it is not our place to determine, of monopolizing the learning as well as the literary honours of the realm, must sooner or later submit to be tried, has, by attempting the somewhat less usual path of demonstration drawn from the practice of former times, gained a more creditable victory over his opponents, than by pursuing the more obvious and less difficult method. That he will draw upon himself no small share of obloquy as the reward of his exertions is only what may naturally be expected. With the outcries of the enlightened Senate-house of Cambridge, and the fierce denunciations of the "awful Aristarchs" on the banks of the Isis yet ringing in our ears, it requires no great proficiency in the art of prophecy to foretell with what feelings this attempt to prove their revered Palladium of a rather questionable antiquity will be received. It is not to these, that we presume to recommend Professor Malden's volume; but to the enlightened and liberal-minded of both learned communities, to the general good sense of the nation, and to the universal opinion of a more enlightened period shortly to come, we boldly and confidently appeal in its behalf. As sincere admirers of all the institutes of our fathers which deserve praise, we venture to thank Professor Malden for the good service he has rendered antiquity, by clearing it from the reproach of any such illiberal policy, as some modern interpreters of its academical institutes would induce us to believe it once entertained; and as some consolation

for any censorious remarks to which he may be subject, we would remind him that "to do good and to be evil spoken of" is an adage with the remote date of which no one can be better acquainted than himself.

Horse-shoe Robinson. 3 vols.

This is one of the most vigorous and spirited novels of the American school. In a former review, which, from the press of matter, we found it impossible to insert, we had entered fully into its merits, and analyzed its motives and construction; but its intrinsic merits have already recommended it to our readers, and the popularity of Mr. Kennedy's story leaves us nothing to desire for it. This is as it should be; America has been gradually putting forth her claims to literary distinction, and in literature all men are, or ought to be, as brothers. Irving and Cooper were first in the field, and though Mr. Kennedy lacks the delicacy of the former, and has not as yet put forth the strength and originality which Mr. Cooper displayed in his earlier productions, still he has, as we before said, written a vigorous and spirited novel, one that will be read with interest long after the ephemeral productions of the day are forgotten. There have been lately published a number of American books—or rather books by Americans—and certainly there is no dearth of invention or industry amongst our transatlantic brethren. An open field and fair play is the best motto; and the more the Americans write, the better we shall be pleased, for a two-fold reason—it will put our English authors on their mettle, and it will be an additional proof of the wide spreading influence of literature and literary exertion.

Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan. By Emma Roberts.  
3 vols.

Amusing! graphic! good-tempered! effective! spirited! original! We have nearly exhausted our set stock of praise-words, and yet have not conveyed an idea of half the enjoyment we experienced from the perusal of these entertaining volumes. Take them up at any time—open them at any page, and you cannot fail of being instructed—amused—or perhaps both. They are totally devoid of pretension, and yet they contain a large store of information. We see India, and become acquainted with Indian society as it really exists; the minutia of everything is successfully developed, and however lengthened the details, they are prevented from being tedious by the kindly feeling and untiring sprightliness of the narration. Those who have been in India will have their memories refreshed at every page, and those who have never "voyaged" so far will be pleased to be introduced to the "land of the sun" by one so popular and so free from all species of affectation. We cordially wish Miss Emma Roberts success in all her undertakings. Whatever she has hitherto done, she has done well, and her writings, particularly those papers which treat of Indian society, prove that entertainment can be afforded without the aid of mere gossip or petty scandal.

Outre-Mer; or, a Pilgrimage to the Old World. By an American.  
2 vols.

The only fragment of affectation in these delightful volumes is the title—"Outre-Mer"—how *outré*! "A Pilgrimage to the Old World" is a thousand times to be preferred; though a lighter sounding name would have been in better keeping with the work. Happy is the book which has no fault beyond its title-page!—whose leaves we have *cut* through, but can *cut* in no other manner! Gentle reader, these volumes are only a collection of sketches; not a story—not a finished picture

amongst them—yet they are the sketches, not perhaps of what ought to be called a “master” spirit, but of one who sees and notes, and has a quick perception of the lights and shades of human character. We have but now been with him in the “Norman Diligence,” and would recommend the study forthwith to any artist, who, not having been in France, has yet a desire to appear “travelled.” We sat in his company at the bed-side of poor “Jacqueline,”—heard the sobbings of her mother’s heart, and the tinkle of the priest’s bell;—and we should not object to make affidavit of our acquaintance with “The Sexagenarian.”

“The Pilgrim Sketches,” in the second volume, are from Spain and Italy. Of his Spanish etchings—“The Tailor’s Drawer,” if need was, would render Wilkie what to be sure he is already—immortal. What a beautiful picture it is from beginning to end! and the papers upon “Ancient Spanish Ballads,” and upon the “Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain,” are poems in themselves, without being “prose run mad.” “Rome at Midsummer” is delightful to read of, for you do not *feel* its desolation as you would were you really there during the deep heavy sultriness of summer; but where all is beautiful, it is almost unfair to particularize—the traveller’s pen was steeped to the feather in some blessed liquid that endowed it with no ordinary power, and entitled all that it has written to a place beside Washington Irving’s immortal “Sketch Book.”

#### Songs of the Prophecies. By M. S. Milton.

The admirers of ancient magnificence, and of glowing descriptions of the glories and fall of nations, of which Time has not left a single wreck—of gorgeous pictures of the once mighty kingdoms of Nineveh, Babylon, and Tyre, with their accompanying pageantry and splendour,—will find all that the most ardent imaginations are accustomed to connect with these former seats of power and opulence here expressed in stately and imposing verse. Mr. Milton aims at one of the highest divisions of his art, and will one day, we have little doubt, excel in it. At present, the labour at effect is rather too obvious, and the style of expression a little too florid, even for the Eastern scenery amidst which the scenes of his poems are laid; but his faults are those peculiar to a redundancy rather than to a deficiency of strength, and such as we are ready to believe time and continued practice will entirely remove, or refine into merits. It is not too much to say, from the specimen before us, that he is one of the most promising writers of our day in his own department of ancient and mysterious song. We wish he had another name.

#### The Monikins. By the Author of “The Pilot,” &c. &c.

No one who looks over the volumes written by “the American Walter Scott” can doubt for a moment that Cooper is a man of decided genius and large habits of observation. He achieved a reputation by his portraiture of American life, or rather of *Indian-American*, that placed him at once on the pinnacle which many men take years to climb. Having attained so high a station, the author of the “Spy” should take care how he descends. A reputation such as his will sell a sufficient number of copies to repay a publisher; but something more is necessary to support such fame. Hundreds of persons imagined that the “Monikins” were a tribe of hitherto-unrecorded Indians, and anticipated a treat such as they had before enjoyed. Had this been a *first* instead of a *last* production, we should have laughed over it, and been very sincerely amused by many of its scenes and characters—should have treasured some of the ideas—and made up our minds that

though we had few sympathies with the "Monikins," yet the book *promised* better things than were yet performed. This is not the case now; Mr. Cooper *has* done better, and *can* do better still. He is either idle, writing for his own amusement only, or he is whimsical, and would fain make others the same; in either case he is wrong. One, or even two, inferior publications will *sell*, upon the strength of former richly-deserved fame; but he will lose the station he has so justly attained if he produces such another olio as the "Monikins." Mr. Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson" is a proof that stories of the American war, when properly treated, can be made most entertaining, and we desire no greater treat than to read what Cooper *could* again write on so highly interesting a subject.

#### Hints and Examples, illustrative of Analytic Teaching.

By T. Bligh.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note that attention to education and its principles are daily on the increase. Persons interested (and indeed who is not, or ought not to be?) in so important a matter cannot do better than read Mr. Bligh's able and intelligent production. His views agree with those of Doctor Bryce, and his plan is simply and satisfactorily explained.

#### The Mechanics of Law-Making. By A. Symmons, Esq.

This is a highly useful and much required volume, replete with sound sense and practical wisdom. The confused style and verbiage of our English laws and acts of legislature have long been a subject of justly incurred reprehension. Mr. Symmons has well and efficiently shown in what respects the technicalities and redundancies which disfigure them, and, indeed, in many instances lay them open to misinterpretation and evasion, may for the future be amended. At a time when so many important changes are daily taking place in our civil code, such information is loudly called for, and we hope will not have been laid before the public without being productive of beneficial results: every one engaged in practical legislation should be in possession of Mr. Symmons's remarks upon the subject.

#### Tragedies. By W. Tucker.

Of Mr. Tucker's tragedies we have only to remark, that among considerable indications of a power to do better, we have to censure a slovenliness of composition, which almost renders him amenable to an accusation of ignorance of the mere mechanical department of his art.

#### Random Shots from a Rifleman. By Captain Kincaid.

"*Random Shots!*" If so, gallant Captain, you are a marvellous good marksman; for every shot tells, either upon our hearts, our imagination, or our memory.—The present volume is to the full as pleasant and, what is still more strange, as *original* as the last. Criticism would become a sinecure if many such volumes were written; all left for us is, to admire and recommend.

## LITERARY REPORT.

THE October Number of "Colburn's Novels" consists of Captain Marryat's "Frank Mildmay," complete in a single volume, for six shillings. By a new arrangement, each Work introduced into this series will in future be published on a similar plan. Each volume will, therefore, contain a quantity equal to double that of the Waverley Novels, with new prefaces, corrections, and occasional notes by the respective authors, expressly made for this edition. The purchaser will thus be enabled to obtain an entire work at *one-fifth* of its original cost.

A new edition, at about one-half its former price, is just published of Dr. Granville's "Travels to St. Petersburg," accompanied by seventy illustrations, a complete marche-route and posting diary, as well as maps of the principal towns, &c. The author proceeded to the Russian capital *via* Flanders, the Rhenish Provinces, Prussia, &c., and returned through Poland, Silesia, Saxony, Germany, and France.

The Eleventh Part of Burke's "History of the British Landed Gentry" is now ready for delivery. This national work now comprises detailed accounts of about 35,000 individuals, and will, when completed, together with the "Peerage and Baronetage" of the same author, embrace the whole body of the British nobility and gentry.

The Rev. Eustace Carey has in the press, A Memoir of the Rev. Wm. Carey, D.D., more than forty years Missionary in India, Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of Fort William, &c.

A History of British Quadrupeds, by Thos. Bell, Esq., F.R.S., Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy at Guy's Hospital, is preparing for publication.

Baxter's Agricultural and Horticultural Annual, for 1836, is in the press, and to be published during the month of October.

Shortly will be published, a little treatise, entitled, What is Phrenology? its Evidence and Principles familiarly considered.

Schliermacher's Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato, translated from the German, by Wm. Dobson, M.A., is in the press.

The First Volume of the long-expected edition of Cowper, by Dr. Southey, containing a new Life of the Poet, will appear early in October.

Preparing for publication, The Book of Gems, to consist of specimens of the Poets from Chaucer to Prior, each poet illustrated by engravings from the works of the most distinguished painters, and each accompanied by a Biography of the Poet.

Nearly ready, Miss Landon's new Poem, The Vow of the Peacock, with a Portrait of the talented Authoress.

Mr. Gratian has in the press a new Historical Novel of the time of Elizabeth.

Mr. James has nearly ready a work descriptive of the Educational Institutions of Germany, the details of which were obtained by much personal application and inspection, during his recent residence on the Continent.

The Translation of Schlegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History, by James Burton Robertson, Esq., with a Life of the Author, is now completed, and will be published in a few days.

Mr. Chorley's new Series of Tales will appear early in the present month.

Miss Stickney's new work, The Poetry of Life, is just ready for publication.

Dr. Hogg's Visit to Alexandria, Damascus, and Jerusalem, is now ready for publication.

The concluding Volume of Mr. Grimshaw's edition of Cowper is also on the eve of publication.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburg, new edition. 2 vols. 8vo. 70 plates, cloth, 38s.

Captain Marryat's Frank Mildmay, the 3 vols. in one, with a Portrait of the Author, and a Vignette, 6s. boards.

Burke's History of the Commoners. Part 11th, with the Armorial Bearings of each Family. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Land of Visions; or, Glimpses at the Past, Present, and Future. Post 8vo. 8s.

Indian Sketches; taken during an Expedition to the Pawnee and other Tribes, by J. T. Irving, Jun. 2 vols. 14s.

Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History. Vol. III. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Toasts and Oddities, by H. Heath. 4to. 24 cold. Plates, 21s.

The Act for amending the Poor Laws, by J. F. Archbold. 3d edition, 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Paracelsus (a Poem), by Robert Browning. 12mo. 6s.

Sunday; a Poem in Three Cantos, by the Author of the "Mechanics' Saturday Night," 2s. 6d.

A New Dictionary of Music, by W. Wilson, Esq. 7s. 6d.

Tremordyn Cliff, by Frances Trollope. 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.

The Scottish Tourist's Steam-Boat Pocket-Guide. 2s. 6d.

Lexicon Ægyptiaco-Latinum, ab H. Tattam, M.A. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. 11. 10s.

Letters from Brussels in the Summer of 1835, by Mrs. Arthur Thorold. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 3rd Series, Vol. XXVIII. 8vo. 30s.

The Conquest of Florida by Hernando de Soto, by Theodore Irving. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. boards.

Scripture Biography, by Esther Copley. 8vo. 14s. cloth.

De Berenger's Helps, &c. to Protect Life and Property. 8vo. 14s.

Seacome Ellison on Baptism. 8vo. 7s.

John Phillips on the Geology of Yorkshire. Part I. 4to. 11. 11s. 6d.

Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth, by Edward Ostler, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

Account of the Writings and Opinions of Clement of Alexandria, by John Bishop of Lincoln. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Dr. Beattie's Switzerland, Vol. II. 4to. 20s.

## FINE ARTS.

THE old masters have had their full share of popularity in England ;— their works at one time brought immense prices. Happily the wealthy men of taste among us have of late years turned their attention to the productions of our own artists ; patronage has been judiciously bestowed upon the painters of Great Britain ; and the consequence has been, that art has thriven and is thriving. We have, even now, to boast of some who need not blush to see their productions placed beside the best of the olden time. The engravers also have been too long employed in multiplying copies of ancient art. More recently, however, they have been comparatively deserted for works that come more home to our ideas and our hearts—the creations of our own artists. Still, some of their finest, and, indeed, most elaborate, works, have been transferred to copper or steel upon a scale too small and insignificant to afford just notions of the original ; it therefore gives us sincere pleasure to find upon our table an announcement to the following effect :—

“ Mr. Finden is, we understand, preparing for early publication, in a larger and more important form than has hitherto been attempted, a work to be entitled, we believe, ‘ The Gallery of British Art.’ It is to appear quarterly, under the highest patronage in the realm, and to contain the choicest specimens of British Painters, from the foundation of the Royal Academy to the present time. The prints will be engraved by the most accomplished historical and landscape engravers, and the work will vie with the noblest productions of the Continent. It will be, in the strictest sense, *National*, and remove from us the reproach of having paid greater attention to ancient than to modern art. It is also to be issued at a price which will bring it within the reach of all who appreciate the best productions of the English school.”

We sincerely trust that this plan will be successful: it cannot fail to be so, if British painters will aid in forwarding it. The public will unquestionably support such a work, if the promise of the prospectus be realized ; and we have a guarantee that it will be so, in the established character and reputation of Mr. Finden. It is strange, indeed, that such a publication should have been so long delayed ; it is precisely that which is wanting to English art. We shall gladly lend our aid to assist it.

The Annuals, with their gay binding and fine prints, are again giving token of the coming season of their harvest ;—a little too early. Already some specimens of the “ Book of Beauty,” the “ Forget-me-Not,” the “ Amulet,” and Fisher’s “ Scrap-Book for the Drawing-Room ” have been laid before us ;—the last-named, indeed, in its completed form. Next month we shall doubtless be called upon to notice each and all of them. For the present, we content ourselves with this slight allusion to the claims they are once more about to put forth upon public patronage. We understand that none of them have ceased to exist.

**The Eleventh Hour.** Engraved by Bromley, from a Painting by Prentis.

This is a painful subject ; telling the tale of a miser’s last hour ; and portraying the debauched rake who is to squander the scrapings of a wretched life. It is a clever work by a clever artist, and has been well engraved by Mr. Bromley ; but we question if it is ever likely to become popular. Works of art should be always pleasant to look upon.

## THE DRAMA.

In the dearth of comic writing of the higher kind, a pretty good comedy is a capital thing. The very production of a five-act piece, a full-length of genteel human nature, gives one a sensation, and arouses one from that apathetic indifference in which the general state of dramatic literature, and the degraded system of management visible almost everywhere without exception, have succeeded in shutting up our younger and more ardent enthusiasm. The *Hints for Husbands*, produced at the Haymarket, many, many nights ago, continue to be offered even down to the present date, and are nightly accepted with goodwill and cordiality. A fact like this—the certificate of a run—is at all times a testimony of merit of some kind; in this especially; because, as a sad tale doubles sadly when 'tis long, the author of these *Hints* had to encounter the difficulty of contending with the prejudices of his audience, now transferred from five to two acts. He who now writes in five, must be prepared to be five times as entertaining as he who writes in two. People have become accustomed to the “short reign and a merry one;” the little episode, the light “comediotta,” the mere trifle in its fifty forms, which the example of our “lively neighbours” on the continent, and the want of a higher cast of invention at home, have lately rendered so abundant. They cannot, therefore, sit unfatigued through a full five-act comedy, if the liveliness of it be not equal to the length. They unconsciously yawn at the opening of the third act, and are quite insensible to its gentle dulness at the opening of the fifth. Writers of comedy must return to the plan of showing, that there are as frequent and as full sources of laughter in character itself, as in caricature, and that it is by no means necessary to be monstrous in order to be diverting; and this we hope they are beginning to do. There are writers living, who may yet live in five acts. Perhaps Mr. Beazley may, if he improves in his *Hints*, and proceeds with them unweariedly.

We confess, however, to some share of the prejudice we have just referred to in favour of shorter pieces, and a smaller number of acts. We can enjoy the old masters, well acted, over and over again—we shall ever enjoy them; but we fear that time, as it runs on, runs in favour of briefer entertainment, and less elaborated portraiture. Occupation is now much more varied and pressing than it was a century ago. Men have not the same undivided attention to bestow upon a picture in little. They have come more actively into collision with human nature itself. The events of the time have made them restless, impatient—anxious for something else, even while something they like is going on. They have, besides, learned to read. The mass—even the “swinish multitude”—buy books, and printed sheets weekly, large enough to

“take the prisoned soul,  
And lap it in Elysium.”

They have the less necessity for studying human nature at the same length in the theatre. The knowledge they once got there, they now can get even at home; and it is to be feared, therefore, that they stir abroad and repair to the theatre, with no better motive than the desire of being amused.

The *Dice of Death*, a dish of horrors, with one or two redeeming ingredients, has helped on the English Opera season as successfully as Mr. Beazley's comedy has served the Haymarket. Both theatres will doubtless end their seasons with the career of these pieces. The other houses, three or four of them, are opening just at the close of the month; and these will supply us with full *matériel* for criticism and chit-chat.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

We extract from the Athenæum some parts of the proceedings of the British Association for the advancement of science, the fifth meeting of which took place in Dublin during the month of August. Setting aside the distraction of mind incidental to the crowding together of so much business (for pleasure as well as science has been made a business), the vast numbers of all classes and pretensions who have joined the Association, and flocked to its halls, cannot but have disturbed the march of the proceedings. Imagine the Rotunda, a room capable of accommodating from 1500 to 2000 individuals, thronged to excess on some of the hottest evenings of this hot and cometary season; the ladies flirting and fanning, the gentlemen casting one eye upon science and another upon beauty; and the whole (saving the reader's presence) mopping and puffing, and ready to drop with exhaustion and fatigue. Then reflect on the sort of attention which those in earnest about the business in hand could give to the discourses of the orators. First, they were fatigued with the labours of the sections; then trotted about the city to see sights and walk off the repletion of the copious and elegant breakfast which preceded them;—then came the hot and crowded ordinaries, with hundreds seated round the smoking viands; and finally hurried off to encounter the jostlings and the stewing of the evening meeting. But the business of the day was not even then concluded, for the rout and the supper had yet to be gone through; and the next morning, with bodies jaded by the labours of the previous day, and minds still clouded with the yesterday's feast, the itinerant savans had again to brace themselves for encountering the like routine. Even in the sections themselves, the scientific were not left in peace; both sexes were eager to attend them; and the ladies, as they could not be in the whole at once, made the best they could of their case, by crowding in shoals to that particular section where the business was of the most abstract and recondite description. These inconveniences were not, perhaps, very seriously felt at the moment; amusement and gratitude disarmed criticism; but the truth will, we fear, soon start into evidence, that the Irish meeting has been, all things considered, rather too splendid an affair. Again, will not all this expense, show, and excitement, throw cold water on the meetings of future years? Many will grudge a costly and troublesome journey that is to end in a junketing; and those for whom the pleasure has had its charm, can hardly expect to see the *éclat* and splendour of the Dublin meeting maintained hereafter. Heaven help the people of Bristol, whose turn comes next! In a city which is nothing but commercial, with no university, no learned and scientific corporations to keep up the ball, not all the turtle in their next fleets can vivify their proceedings. On the whole, then, we cannot but fear that the pleasure has been overdone; that the Association has been killed with kindness; and that the institution will feel the *ricochet* of this hot fit of delight; but so far as Dublin itself is concerned, the success, it must be admitted, has been complete.

*Mathematics and General Physics.*—Mr. Whewell read his report in this department. Amongst the numerous interesting topics discussed on that part relating to heat, the following are the most easily rendered intelligible:—

The sun, from day to day, is pouring upon the earth a quantity of heat; this, as it descends, by the conducting powers of the parts of the earth, follows certain laws of increase and decrease; and the entire quantity of each year descends to a certain depth, where it is succeeded by the quantity thrown upon the earth in the preceding year, which had not yet been dissipated; below that lies the stratum occupied by the solar

heat of the preceding year, and so on, until at length, at a certain depth, this solar heat ceases to be perceptible. He showed that the mean annual quantity of this solar heat was such as would melt fourteen metres of ice encircling the entire surface of the earth. He next considered the central heat of the earth, and the experiments and observations by which its existence was placed beyond doubt, and the law of its distribution, as it ascended to the surface, traced; and he stated that the issue from the surface at each part was so much in a century, as would be capable of melting three metres of ice heaped upon that surface. He then discussed the subject of cosmical heat—showed the probability that the regions of space were not of a uniform temperature, and hence he concluded that all the bodies of the solar system had a tendency to acquire the temperature of that part of space in which they are placed; and that the heat of the planetary spaces was only about fifty degrees below the freezing point. The delivery of this report was listened to with deep attention and interest, and its conclusion greeted with much applause.

Professor Harris gave an interesting account of his views of electrical action and distribution:—

He first described some entirely new apparatus by which the most exact quantitative measures of the charges given to electrified bodies, as well as the attractive forces exercised by them on each other, reduced to indications or measures by weight. His unit measure of quantity of electricity thrown into a Leyden jar struck us as peculiarly interesting. A very small jar is insulated, and its internal coating brought into connexion with the prime conductor of an electrical machine: from the wire thus connecting the inside coating, another wire stands at right angles, being carried by a small collar, which enables us to set it higher up or lower down: a small knob of brass, on the end of this wire, can thus be brought nearer or farther from another small knob at the end of another wire, connected with the outside coating of a small jar. This outside coating is then connected by a wire with the inside of a very large jar, into which it is intended to pour, as it were, a certain charge of electricity. The electrical machine being then put into motion, every time that the charge in the small jar reaches a certain intensity, a spark passes between the knobs, and the large jar receives a certain very small part of its charge; a second spark passing, adds as much more; a third as much more, and so on: hence, by counting the number of sparks, you can be certain of having exactly the same quantities in the jar when various experiments are tried; or you can throw in quantities in any desired proportion. A neatly-fitted up balance on the other side of the instrument, with pieces of gilded wood of various shapes and sizes replacing one of its scale pans, becomes the means of reducing to the indications of weight the several attractive forces excited by given measures of electrical charges. He performed a number of curious and interesting experiments with this instrument before the section, by which he clearly proved certain laws of direct and reflex actions of electrified bodies, which, he conceived, were at variance with certain results of Coulomb and of the mathematical theories of electrical action. Mr. Harris also described another delicate instrument, in which an index, mounted on friction wheels, was caused to traverse a graduated arc, by a pulley on its axis, one end of the silk thread round which carried the electrified body; at the other end a small counterpoising cylinder of varnished wood, which dipped into a vessel of water, acted as a means of estimating the force of attraction, by the alteration of the buoyant force of the fluid exerted upon it, as it became more or less immersed. Professor Whewell highly eulogized the simplicity and beauty of the apparatus, and the ingenuity displayed in its use.

*Mechanical Science, applied to the Arts.*—Mr. Cheverton read a paper on mechanical sculpture, on the production of busts and other works of art by machinery, and illustrated the subject by specimens of busts, and a

statue in ivory, which were laid on the table. They were beautifully executed, and excited universal admiration. The machine, like many others, produces its results through the medium of a model, to govern its movements, but it has this peculiarity, that the copy which it makes of the original may be of a size reduced in any proportion; and that it is enabled to effect this result, not merely on surfaces such as bas-reliefs, but in the round figure, such as busts and statues.

*Geology and Geography.*—A memoir was read by Captain Denham, on the basins of the Mersey and Dee:—

The paper was regarded by every one as of extreme value, and was received with great enthusiasm. We regret we can merely refer to it with great brevity, but we understand it will be speedily made public. He showed the difference between the horizontal impetus of running water, and its force when acting downwards by pressure. Channels had been opened to receive the tide, being more perpendicular to its course, and yet the tide had capriciously avoided them, and no mud had been deposited. By many experiments and observations, he has determined, that while the high and low water levels are variable, the height of the mean tide or half tide is the same at all times; a fact of the highest importance, both in a scientific and practical point of view. Let us hope that future observations may speedily confirm this matter, and thus give us a secure standard as a base line for all our measurements.

*Statistics.*—Mr. Babbage read a paper, illustrated by curves, on the effect of co-operative shops. The workmen, in the employment of Mr. Strutt, of Derby, had combined to set up a joint-stock shop for the sale of necessaries among themselves. It was carried on from 1818 to 1832, but finally proved a total failure. He showed, on the curve, that the amount sold was greatest in the fourth year, and the profit greatest in the beginning. He assigned, as causes of failure, the want of mercantile knowledge in members of the committee; the corrupt influence of bribes from the wholesale dealers, and the want of that stimulus which the extra indulgences, which they could purchase when their wages were paid in money, gave to the women and children.

The Rev. E. G. Stanley read a paper on the religious attendances and state of education in the parish of Alderley, in Cheshire, from which it appeared, that about one-sixth of the population attend day-schools, one-tenth Sunday-schools, one-sixth attend morning, and one-tenth evening-service, and one-sixth are communicants. There are no Dissenters in the parish.

Dr. Reid delivered his views upon a plan tried at Edinburgh, for the extension of the study of physics. He proposed to have large classes formed for observing chemical experiments, and that nothing should be employed in these experiments which were not easily procurable by every person. A bit of glass, such as glaziers throw away, a piece of charcoal, and a blow-pipe, would be instruments enough with which to make from one hundred to one thousand experiments, and these would illustrate the essential operations of chemistry. By this means a peculiar knowledge would be obtained, and the mode of conducting an examination on a small scale. Dr. Reid here made some experiments on a small piece of glass, and afterwards on paper, showing the formation of crystals, &c., and the effects were as distinctly marked as could be desired. He recommended that the pupils should write down on paper, at the time, the changes observed by them during the experiments. Dr. Reid then made some beautiful experiments, by applying tests to different liquids and solids. He took some lead ore, and adding nitric acid to it, myriads of little globules were at once reduced from the ore, and fell upon the paper. At the termination of each experiment the persons present were handed the specimens. The lecturer said, that a common beer-bottle with a tube,

and another bottle for a receiver, would answer for the preparation of gases, and the conducting of operations on a small scale was the better to the student, as the substances passing from one state to another were distinctly seen in a simple apparatus. From calculations made in different places, he found that from 2*l.* to 5*l.* would provide apparatus and materials sufficient to show many thousand experiments. The great object was to render this department of knowledge accessible to all persons; and, as to the time its study should be commenced, he (Dr. Reid) would say from three to nine years of age would not be too early. This species of information was easier of acquisition than that of language. The greatest difficulty with children was to arrest their attention, on account of the liveliness of their sensations, and abstract subjects were not sufficient to excite interest. Objects in external nature they observed, and were ready to attend to any instruction afforded in reference to them. The lecturer then noticed the necessity of persons devoting a short time to informing themselves of the principal practical results of chemistry in relation to the knowledge of the purity of water, the component parts of agricultural materials, &c. This species of knowledge would be of the highest utility to the emigrant, and by imparting it to the natives of the district in which he located himself, he would be elevating the character of his own countrymen, and receiving the friendship and support of strangers.

#### VARIETIES.

*Spirituous Liquors.*—The number of gallons of proof spirits distilled in England in the year ending January, 1835, from a mixture of malt with unmalted grain, was 4,652,838. In Scotland, from malt only, 5,994,623; from a mixture of malt with unmalted grain, 3,198,468; total, 9,193,091. In Ireland, from malt only, 62,895; from a mixture of malt with unmalted grain, 9,307,448; total, 9,370,343. In the United Kingdom, from malt only, 10,710,356; from a mixture of malt with unmalted, 12,505,916; grand total, 23,216,272 gallons.

The number of gallons of proof spirits which paid a duty of 7*s.* 6*d.* per gallon in England in the year ending 5th Jan. 1835, for home consumption, was, from malt, 279,047; from a mixture, 7,365,254; total, 7,644,301; amount of duty, 2,866,612*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* In Scotland, at 3*s.* 4*d.* per gallon, from malt, 5,466,702; from a mixture, 578,341; total, 6,045,043 gallons; amount of duty, 1,007,507*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* In Ireland, from malt, 160,777; from mixture, 4,572,511, 4,733,288, at 3*s.* 4*d.* per gallon; and from malt, 167,970; from mixture, 4,807,204, 4,975,174, at 2*s.* 4*d.* per gallon; amount of duty, 1,369,318*l.* 6*s.* The United Kingdom, from malt only, 6,074,496; from mixture, 17,323,310; total, 23,397,806 gallons; total amount of duty, 5,243,438*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.*

The number of gallons of proof spirits imported into England from Scotland, which paid a duty of 7*s.* 6*d.*, in the year ending 5th January, 1835, was 2,575,316, upon which the total amount of duty was 965,743*l.* 10*s.*, of which 493,308*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* was paid on removal from bond, and 472,434*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.* after arrival at place of destination. From Ireland, 416,147 gallons, paying 7*s.* 6*d.* per gallon; amount of duty, 156,055*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, of which 106,695*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* was paid on removal from bond, 49,359*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.* after arrival at place of destination. From Scotland, 247,976, at 3*s.* 4*d.*, 302,318, at 2*s.* 4*d.*; total amount of duty, 76,599*l.* 15*s.* 4*d.*

The number of proof gallons of malt whisky imported into England from Scotland was, in 1834, 252,181; and in 1835, 274,960. The number of proof gallons of rum that paid duty in England, was 3,206,650, net amount of duty, 1,442,816*l.*; of brandy, 1,326,204 gallons, net amount of duty, 1,491,200*l.*; Geneva, 13,229 gallons, net amount of duty, 14,850*l.*;

other foreign spirits, 8003, net amount of duty, 8323*l.*; total foreign spirits, 4,554,086 gallons, net amount of duty, 2,957,191*l.* Spirits of the manufacture of the United Kingdom, 7,644,301 gallons, net duty, 2,866,609*l.*; spirits of the manufacture of Guernsey or Jersey, 10,164 gallons; net duty, 3809*l.*; total spirits of all kinds, 12,208,551 gallons, net duty, 5,827,609*l.*

In Scotland—Rum, 111,169 gallons, net duty, 50,027*l.*; brandy, 37,075 gallons, net duty, 41,710*l.*; Geneva, 6139 gallons, net duty, 3906*l.*; other foreign spirits, 1534 gallons, net duty, 983*l.*; total of foreign spirits, 155,917<sup>o</sup> gallons, net duty, 99,626*l.*; spirits of the manufacture of the United Kingdom, 6,945,043 gallons; net duty, 1,007,505*l.*: total spirits of all kinds, 6,200,960 gallons, net duty, 1,107,131*l.*

In Ireland—Of rum, 27,358 gallons, net duty, 12,297*l.*; brandy, 25,360 gallons, net duty, 28,517*l.*; Geneva, 2264 gallons, net duty, 2547*l.*; other foreign spirits, 364 gallons, net duty, 491*l.*: total of foreign spirits, 55,346 gallons, net duty, 43,852*l.*; spirits of the manufacture of the United Kingdom, 9,708,462 gallons, net duty, 1,368,960*l.*: total spirits of all kinds, 9,763,808 gallons, net duty, 1,412,812*l.*

Total United Kingdom—Rum, 3,345,177 gallons, net duty, 1,505,140*l.*; brandy, 1,388,639 gallons, net duty, 1,561,427*l.*; Geneva, 21,632 gallons, net duty, 24,303*l.*; other foreign spirits, 9901 gallons, net duty, 9799*l.*: total of foreign spirits, 4,765,349 gallons, net duty, 3,100,669*l.*; spirits of the manufacture of the United Kingdom, 23,397,806 gallons, net duty, 5,243,074*l.*; ditto, of Guernsey and Jersey, 10,164 gallons, net duty, 3809*l.*; spirits of all kinds, 28,173,319 gallons, net duty, 8,347,552*l.*

*Hulley's Comet.*—Professor Airy says this remarkable body has at length made its appearance. As early as August 6 it was seen at Rome; but though carefully sought it was not discovered in this country until Thursday, August 20. We may probably fix on Nov. 15 as the day when the comet will be nearest to the sun. On that supposition, the comet will be nearest the earth about Oct. 14, and its distance will then be less than one-fourth of the sun's distance. For the first ten days of October the comet will not set to this country; and on the 6th or 7th of October it will probably be seen within the square formed by the four principal stars of the Great Bear, or Charles's Wain. The comet at present exhibits no tail; in all its former appearances it is described as having a tail of considerable length. There is, however, reason to believe that all comets diminish in splendour on each successive appearance. The comet is only visible at present with a telescope of at least six inches aperture. The near agreement of the observed time of re-appearance with the predicted time (the error not exceeding nine days in seventy-five years) must be considered an astonishing proof of the accuracy which has been introduced into astronomical calculations. The neglect of the most trifling disturbing cause would have many times increased this error, as is evident from the circumstance that the periodic time of this comet has once been increased more than a year by the attractions of the planets.

*The great American Aloe in Flower.*—This exotic, though not uncommon in its ordinary state amongst us, yet rarely gratifies the lovers of nature's great productions, even in its natural soil and climate, by displaying its floral honours, and in our climate such exhibitions are very rare indeed. We were, therefore, much pleased to have the opportunity of inspecting one of the finest that perhaps has ever expanded its blooming crest in this country. It is now on view at Bute House, Old Brompton (Viscountess Dillon's). This surprising plant, as we have been informed by H. Bryant, the gardener, has been known in that establishment for seventy years, and was brought from South Carolina in 1760, by the gentleman who occupied the cottage previous to the Marquis of Bute, who built the present mansion: The stem has grown about twenty feet within seven weeks, and the bunches of flowers, all of which are near the top, are twenty in num-

ber, of a bright yellow colour, forming globular-shaped masses, the individual parts somewhat in the shape of the woodbine without its curvature, each mass being about fifteen inches in diameter. It is rich in honey, which actually drops from it in the mornings, and the incessant visits of the bees prove that there is much business to be done in their line. The stem at its lower extremity is about six inches in diameter, gradually tapering to about half that size, and about seventeen from the base commences the first bunches of flowers, and in proportion as the circulation of its juices ascend, so the lower parts decay, and the thick fleshy leaves which form the plant, as we see it ordinarily, become dry and lose their colour; the lowest go first, and this effect gradually ascending to the flowering head, that droops at length, and the flowering aloe is no more, for it never vegetates again.

It appears by a Parliamentary return, that the number of persons ordered to be imprisoned by the House of Commons since January 1, 1825, is nineteen; for though the return mentions twenty-one warrants, it gives but nineteen names. Of these persons, eight only were imprisoned from May 20, 1825, till May 31, 1832, inclusive; the other eleven warrants were all issued by the present Reform Parliament since June 11, 1835. Add the name of Maclean, who has been ordered into custody since the return was published, and we have twelve vouchers of the new system of justice in the course of two months; a proportion of about eighty to one!

*The Slave Trade.*—A treaty has been just concluded with the Spanish government, which will, it is believed, have the effect of wholly putting an end to the slave-trade. By the new treaty, the owners and crews of slavers are to be punished as piratical robbers,—vessels fitting and preparing may be seized and condemned as if they were laden with their cargo, and previous to their sale are to be broken to pieces, so that they may never be used again,—and all slaves captured by British cruizers are made over to the British Government, which will thus have the power not only to give liberty to those unfortunate creatures, but to secure it. In short, the new treaty puts the abolition of the slave-trade, which now almost solely flourishes under the Spanish flag, entirely in British hands, and the result may be readily anticipated. It may be hoped, that in a very short period the enormous expense attendant upon keeping numerous cruizers for this object in the most sickly part of the globe will cease to be necessary, and that, in our endeavours to prevent the horrors of the slave-trade, we may not be called upon to sacrifice the lives of great numbers of our most valuable fellow-countrymen.

*Malt Consumed in Brewing.*—The total number of brewers in England is 1,907; of licensed victuallers, 53,207; of persons licensed for the general sale of beer, 35,354; of victuallers who brew their own beer, 25,483; of persons licensed for the general sale, who brew their own beer, 14,698. The number of bushels of malt used by the brewers from the 5th of Jan., 1834, to the 5th of Jan., 1835, was 15,837,409; by the licensed victuallers, 9,373,026; and by persons licensed for the general sale of beer, 3,724,288. The total number of brewers in Scotland is 217; of licensed victuallers, 17,239; of victuallers who brew their own beer, 360. The number of bushels of malt used by the brewers from the 5th of January, 1834, to the 5th of January, 1835, was 997,771; by the licensed victuallers, 141,830. The number of brewers in Ireland is 240, and the number of bushels of malt used by them in the year ending the 5th of January, 1835, 2,055,326.

—*Parliamentary Paper.*

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Proof of French Silk.*—The French have adopted a system of security against fraud in the sale of silks, by submitting it to examination and experiment in an establishment called the *condition*. Silk exposed to a humid atmosphere, and yet more to wet, will imbibe a considerable quantity of humidity without undergoing any perceptible change in external appearance. This establishment, of which there is one at Lyons and another at St. Etienne, receives about three-fourths of the whole consumption of silk. It is submitted during twenty-four hours to a temperature of from 18 to 20 degrees of Reaumur ( $72\frac{1}{2}$  to 77. of Fahrenheit), and if the diminished weight be from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent., the application of the high temperature is continued during another twenty-four hours. On a certificate granted by the *condition* as to its true weight, the invoice is made out. The means of correctly ascertaining the real humidity of silk are now the subject of investigation at Lyons, and it is believed that the purity of the material will, ere long, be as accurately tested as is that of metals by an assay. The quality of silk is estimated by deniers, which represent the weight of 400 ells wound off on a cylinder; the number, of course, increases with the fineness. The Alais silk is sometimes reeled from three to four cocoons, and weighs only from eight to ten deniers; sometimes from seven to eight cocoons, which will give eighteen to twenty deniers. Of French organzines, the quality varies principally from twenty to thirty-six deniers, and of French trams from twenty-six to sixty deniers.—*Dr. Bowring's Report.*

*The Submarine Vessel.*—The experiment with this machine took place at St. Ouen, as proposed. The vessel was repeatedly sunk to the depth of ten or twelve feet, and reappeared on the surface at different points. M. Godde de Liancourt got into it, and remained there a quarter of an hour. He stated that he did not experience the least inconvenience, or any difficulty of respiration, during his voyage under water. An official report upon the subject is about to be submitted to the French Government.

A letter dated the 29th August from the town of Bex, in Switzerland, gives an account of one of those phenomena to which that mountainous region is liable. On the 26th of August a considerable portion of the principal peak of the Dent du Midi, one of the great spurs of Mont Blanc, fell with a tremendous crash into a deep and narrow valley, situate about a league to the eastward of St. Maurice, on the road to Martigny, where an accident of a similar nature occurred in the year 1818; but it ended with much more disastrous results, as then no less than four hundred houses were washed away in a moment. In this recent instance the peak in its fall carried with it a glacier, which, filling up the valley, dammed up the stream which ran through it, until it had acquired sufficient force to drive before it the whole mass of earth and rocks into the bed of the Rhone, the course of which became so completely barred as to dry up all below it, and convert the upper part of its rugged and rocky course into a sort of temporary lake. It was on the fourth day after the fall from the Dent du Midi that the letter before me was written, and up to that time this extraordinary interruption to the course of the Rhone still continued, disturbed from time to time by intermitting bursts of the growing flood across the barrier, the recurrence of which was so uncertain as to deter the approach of the curious. It was not known that any lives had been lost, but it may be well to add that the passage across the Alps, by the Great Simplon road is at present cut off. An attempt had been begun to re-open the communication by a provisional road, which was to describe a considerable circuit, but it was not yet known what success was likely to attend it.

*Fountain of Sea Water.*—A clockmaker in Malta, who possessed some

land towards the N.W. point of Gozza, tried to establish pits in it for the making of salt; several pits were dug, and there being a cavern underneath the ground which communicated with the sea, a hole was bored into the cavern and machinery erected for drawing up the salt water through it, for the filling of the pits. In a short time, however, the poor clock-maker found that the calcareous nature of the soil of his manufactory caused so rapid an absorption of the water that little or no salt was left; he, therefore, abandoned the enterprise, and fell sick from the disappointment. But his misfortunes were not over; for no sooner did the stormy season set in than a fresh disaster occurred, for every time a tempest came from the N. or N.W., the sea forced itself through the hole, and spouted forth into a magnificent fountain in the shape of a wheatsheaf; but such was its force that it covered the lands of the neighbours, and destroyed their crops. Action after action was brought against the unhappy owner, who at length died of grief. No sooner was his death known, than the injured neighbours hastened with large stones to fill up the hole, which stopped the nuisance for a time; but when the storms again made their appearance, the stones were either sucked in, or scattered above, and the water again rose to the height of sixty feet. Three times has this occurred with a noise resembling subterranean thunder, and firing of cannon, and the inhabitants expect a repetition of the annoyance.—*Athenæum*.

In making a new sluice to the citadel of Calais, an ancient vessel, 45 feet in length, 12 in breadth, and 8 in depth, was discovered in the ground, strongly built, though its measurement does not exceed 80 tons, and has evidently never been covered with a deck. Coins were found in it with the date of 1219, and as it lay twelve feet below the foundations of the inner wall of the fortifications erected by the Count Boulogne, it is to be presumed that the vessel was not discovered at that period. It cannot be ascertained whether it was ever at sea, but there is reason to believe it was erected before Calais was made a regular port, and when the sea ran far up the present land.

The Marseilles papers give a very favourable account of this year's produce of raw silk in the department of the Bouches du Rhone, where the silk harvest has been completed, and where all the spinning establishments are in full activity. The gross produce of the department is estimated at 7000 quintals, and the average price is stated at 165 francs per quintal. This quantity ought to produce 650 quintals of spun silk, which, at 22 francs a pound, would be worth 1,430,000 francs, and would leave a profit of 200,000 francs to the spinners.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

At this season of the year the attention of all classes interested in the trade in corn, whether growers, merchants, or consumers, is necessarily directed to the reports of the harvest; and it must fairly be confessed that perhaps there is no subject upon which there is so much difficulty in obtaining accurate information; for the sale of no other commodity is so greatly or so instantly affected by opinion. The farmer knows this, and, in his depressed state, is naturally anxious to ameliorate his own condition by any expedient. Thus arises the almost proverbial dissatisfaction attributed to agriculturists. If the crop be good, a deficient price renders complaint loud; if the crop be deficient, no rise of price can compensate the defalcation. If the harvest be dry, the grasses and turnips are ruined; and if wet, the corn crops are got up in so damaged a condition that it only makes bad worse. Nor is it less a consequence of the profitless state of agriculture that the farmer should depreciate his products while he looks

with the jaundiced eye of a forlorn hope upon a crop of which the value is, and probably must be, kept down so infinitely below the computations of the men who formerly deluded themselves, and endeavoured to amuse the world by imaginary calculations. The computed "remunerating price" to the grower—for that has been the favourite phrase—has descended, since the Parliamentary Report of 1814, from 96*s.* a quarter to an absolute practical average of something less than 36*s.*, which is taken upon at least eight counties. Indeed, the average of the hundred and fifty towns which governs the duty, was, on the 21st of August, no more than 39*s.* 2*d.*, and when made up to the middle of this month (September), it will be found probably some shillings lower. It seems, therefore, little short of a miracle that any trade should be able to go on at all under a depreciation of nearly 200 per cent., not upon the profits alone, but upon the return. And although expenses are lowered, still we say, the fact would be incredible but for the corroboration which the markets of the kingdom and the continuance of cultivation afford. We repeat, no other trade can be found that exhibits such appearances. And what makes the matter more singular is, that if a farm becomes vacant, there are twenty competitors for it. An instance is at this moment within our knowledge of an occupation of about 1200 acres, leased to a person of competent capital, sedulous industry, and perfect skilfulness. This gentleman has made no secret of the appalling truth that he has lost the amount of his whole rent during the last three years; yet, nevertheless, a next door neighbour, perfectly acquainted with all the circumstances, a man equally capable, and perhaps more cautious, has relieved him of his burden and taken the farm. How are such anomalies to be accounted for? But to return to the point from which we set out—the effect of such losses and depression upon the general returns of the harvest. These, as we gather them from the public prints, are very much at variance with the hitherto received belief,—that the wheat crop was good and the barley above an average—the later and more correct judgment hazarded previous to the corn being cut. Now it is stated that the wheat crop is deficient both in quantity and quality, and that the barley is by no means what it was thought. So far as the personal observation of the writer of this article has gone, and his correspondence extends, this judgment is scantily borne out. The wheat varies, it is true, but still it should seem that it does not fall short of an average, and the state of markets go some way to justify this belief. The first sample came into Mark-lane this year about a week later than those of last. The fine white wheats then obtained from 48*s.* to 54*s.*; and although the few first this year reached from 48*s.* to 52*s.*, they are now not to be computed at more than from 43*s.* to 45*s.*, speaking, too, of *selected* samples, others varying from 40*s.* to 42*s.* at the very utmost. This is undoubtedly in some measure attributable to the belief almost universally entertained that there is on hand a stock of old wheat equal to three months' consumption, and to the fact of this year's crop coming generally into use from a fortnight to three weeks later than that of last year. Thus augmenting the stock by shortening the period of consumption for the year to come.

There is also the corroborating circumstances, that the price upon the continent has declined and is declining. The produce of France is above an average, and the quality good. The price at Paris varies from 29*s.* 9*d.* to 36*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, and the weights are from 60 to 64lbs. In Italy the appearances are correspondent to those of France, a low and declining price. At Messina, in Sicily, the average is 25*s.* per quarter; in Russia the prices are nearly nominal; at Dantzic a new sample fetched only 22*s.*, but its weight was not more than 59lbs. At Hamburgh the prices have not ranged higher than from 22*s.* to 26*s.* Barley bears a better estimate, and is firmer in sale. The slightly declining price, however, sufficiently demonstrates the universality of the belief that the supply is more than equal to the demand all over the civilized world, and this is the most

important conclusion of the whole, for while it is difficult to say what is to be done with the surplus, it predicates a price declining to the very lowest, a consequence always attending severe competition.

An attempt has been made to induce Government to allow the bonded wheats to be ground into flour for exportation, to which Ministers have lent some attention. It is urged that several advantageous results would attend this indulgence. First, that a quantity of capital which is now hopelessly locked up in foreign corn would be set free for speculation in the home growth. Secondly, English labour would be employed in lieu of foreign, for the continental millers obtain the trade; and thirdly, that the merchants, both sellers and buyers, would obtain the profit, and the consumers the advantage, instead of allowing the Dantzickers, Americans, and other foreign millers, to displace our own manufacturers. Notwithstanding the difficulties which might attend the practice from the impositions that might follow, Ministers are so ready to do anything that promises relief to agriculture, that it seems not improbable the desired opportunity may be effected in the next few months. We would not, however, hold out any general hope contingent on so partial an operation. The grand phenomenon of the world, we repeat is, that the supply equals, and probably exceeds, the demand; a fact which, so long as it exists, must incontestably keep the price at the very lowest, and thus eventually compel attention to the first, but too long neglected principle, which lies at the very foundation, namely, that the expenses of cultivation must now be regulated by the price rather than regulate it. To secure this most desirable understanding on the part of the farmer is the end of throwing the trade open. Demand and supply would then regulate price, and contracts for hire, tithe, and labour would find their natural and true level. Hitherto the farmer has been deceived by delusive promises of prices never realized.

Barley still seems to offer more benefit to the grower than wheat. The quality and weight are both certainly fine. It is stated on good authority that the average shipping weight will be greater than that of last season, or indeed of many years last past. Chevalier has obtained 31s. to 32s., common malting runs are worth 30s., and for distilling, 27s. to 28s. But the malting season has yet scarcely begun. A week or two will give more decisive symptoms of future expectation.

The turnip crop, and the latter grass feed, although infinitely improved by the late rains, must still be very much below the wants of the country, and although the abundance of hay will help out, the general feeling of the probable necessities of the winter is shown by the slack business at the cattle and sheep fairs, where the supply has been superabundant, the demand sparing and cautious. Feed must be short, and the prudent farmer is not only eking it out by resowing the large bare brown spots of naked earth which everywhere show the failure of the turnips, and by ploughing up his stubbles, and casting on rye or vetches for the sake of a little spring feed, but by abstaining from the purchase of stock; hence the fairs have been inactive, and the price depressed almost throughout the kingdom. The show of lambs also bears out the belief expressed last month by Lord Fitzwilliam at Peterborough, that the flocks have been recruited during the last two years to the numbers before they were diminished by the disease which had lessened them. These things cannot be considered propitious to the landed interest, but to the country they hold out the cheerful prospect of plenty and cheap subsistence; and upon the whole, the kingdom never wore a more prosperous face. The manufacturing districts are in full employment, which, by creating consumption, must in the end realize the greatest promise to the agriculturist. Game is in tolerable abundance, but the sport is universally bad, owing to the newly-introduced custom of mowing the wheats, and to the defective turnip

crop. These disadvantages will affect the poacher even more than the fair sportsman, for the birds are as wild at night as during the day, from the absence of all cover. The price of partridges is a trifle higher. The shooting will improve as the turnips thicken, and the quantity of game left will perhaps be greater than in any season within the last five or seven years, for the period of breeding has been very favourable during the last three years. There is need of some counterbalance to the improved gun-making, and the altered manner of sporting, which must, but for strict preservation, annihilate the game, a contingency which we trust will not soon happen, since shooting seems to be the great *tie* that now binds the landed proprietor to his estate. God forbid absenteeism should increase!

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Trifolium Incarnatum*.—The *Trifolium Incarnatum* has done better this year than ever. The general plan has been to sow on the stubble, and harrow it in without ploughing; this plan has succeeded better than fallowing. In several places where the land has been fallowed, the plant has died away two or three weeks after its appearance: in this case, where the roller has been applied, it has been successful in saving the crop. As an instance, one farmer had fallowed eighteen acres, and sowed the latter end of August; in three or four weeks after the plant appeared, he perceived it going off in various parts of the field; he took a heavy roller, and put on as much weight as three horses could well draw about, and from that day it improved; the result was that in May he cut two tons and a half of prime hay per chain acre, and in four or five weeks after had another heavy crop. The *Trifolium*, it is stated, supersedes the vetch in every respect. In the first place there is no expense in cultivating the land where there is a clean stubble; in the second, it produces more than double the quantity of fodder. It is said to make as good hay as common clover, and as green fodder it is much better, being more solid and much more nutritious. The *Trifolium* should be sown in August and September; fourteen to fifteen pounds of seed is the proper quantity per acre.

*To destroy Caterpillars in Turnip-fields*.—A novel method has been successfully practised by some of the Cornish farmers. After strewing corn all over their fields they have turned in barn-door fowls, chickens, and ducks, which have nearly cleared the turnips of the noxious insects.

*Potatoes*.—A Mr. Lowell, of the United States, declares that, for the last twenty years, he has been accustomed to feed his milch cows with roots mixed with hay; during the time they are constantly kept in the stable. He begins by allowing them beet-root, because it keeps less time than others; he then proceeds to carrots, and from February till May, their rations consist solely of raw potatoes. On this food they remain strong and healthy, though inclined to be too fat, and their milk is of an excellent quality. The species esteemed the best for this purpose, by Mr. Lowell, is the long red potatoe.

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Improvements in the Steam-Engine*.—Mr. Price, of the Durham glass-works, has published a plate of a steam safety-valve and chest, which has been in constant use for upwards of seven years, without accident. The

following is a brief description of his apparatus, which, if we mistake not, we had the pleasure of noticing when it was first used:—Instead of the common valve, there is placed on the top of the steam-chest a cup, with an aperture for the steam to escape. In this cup a loose brass ball (weighted to the pressure the boiler can bear) is placed. When the steam rises above that pressure, the ball also rises, and allows the steam to escape through the waste. There is an elbow-pipe connected with the steam-chest below the ball-seat, which also enters the waste-pipe. In this is a handled valve, by which the engineer can blow off his steam, or regulate it. Let it be perfectly understood the ball cannot be weighted by the engineer; so soon as the steam rises above the safety-pressure, it escapes, and when sufficiently blown off, the ball returns to its seat.

*Substitute for Steam.*—The following plan has been addressed by Mr. John Galt to the editor of the *Greenock Advertiser*:—Take a cylinder and subjoin to the bottom of it, in communication, a pipe; fill the pipe and the cylinder with water; in the cylinder place a piston as in that of the steam-engine, and then with a Bramah's press, and a simple obvious contrivance which the process will suggest, force the water up the pipe, the pressure of which will raise the piston. This is the demonstration of the first motion. Second. When the piston is raised, open a cock to discharge the water, and the piston will descend. This is the demonstration of the second motion, and is as complete as the motion of the piston in the cylinder of the steam-engine, and a power is attained as effectual as steam, without risk of explosion, without the cost of fuel, capable of being applied to any purpose in which steam is used, and to an immeasurable extent. The preservation of the water may, in some cases, be useful, and this may be done by a simple contrivance, viz., by making the cock discharge into a conductor, by which the water may be conveyed back at every stroke of the piston into the pipe, at the end of which the Bramah's press acts.

*Electric Light.*—Mr. Lindsay, a teacher in Dundee, formerly lecturer to the Watt Institution, succeeded, on the evening of Saturday, the 25th ult., in obtaining a constant electric light. It is upwards of two years since he turned his attention to this subject, but much of that time has been devoted to other avocations. The light, in beauty, surpasses all others; has no smell, emits no smoke, is capable of explosion, and not requiring air for combustion, can be kept in sealed glass jars. It ignites without the aid of a taper, and seems peculiarly calculated for flax houses, spinning-mills, and other places containing combustible materials. It can be sent to any convenient distance, and the apparatus for producing it may be contained in a common chest.

#### NEW PATENTS.

To Frederick Bowman, of Great Alle-street, in the county of Middlesex, sugar-refiner, for an improvement in the process of renewing the virtues of animal charcoal, when exhausted or impaired, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To Henry Phillips, of Exeter, chemist, for his invention of certain improvements in purifying gas for the purpose of illumination.

To William Banks, of Springhill Terrace, near Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, manufacturer, for his invention of a certain improvement in machinery pens and presses, for rulling and pressing paper.

To Henry Pinkus, late of Pennsylvania, in

the United States of America, but now of 76, Oxford-street, in the county of Middlesex, Gentleman, for his invention of improvements in inland transit; which improvements are applicable to, and may be combined with, an improved method of, or combination of method and apparatus for communicating and transmitting or extending motive power; by means whereof carriages or waggons may be propelled on railways or roads, and vessels may be propelled on canals; for which improved methods, &c., letters-patent were granted to the said Henry Pinkus, dated the 1st day of March, 1834.

To William Johnson, of the Horsley Iron-

works, in the parish of Tipton, in the county of Stafford, Gentleman, for his invention of a certain improvement, or certain improvements in the construction of boots and shoes.

To William Lucy, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, miller, for his invention of certain improvements in steam-engines.

To Theodore Schwartz, technologist, formerly of Stockholm, but now of Bradford-street, Birmingham, in the county of Warwick,

for his invention of a practical application, or practical applications of known principles to produce mechanical power.

To Charles Appleby, of Sheffield, in the county of York, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in manufacturing files.

To John Lane Higgins, of Oxford-street, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of, and in working vessels for navigation.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 25, TO SEPTEMBER 25, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

August 25.—S. COX, Hendon, Middlesex, horse-dealer. G. PHIBBS, Blenheim-street, Bond-street, wine-merchant. T. DEANE, Park-place, Greenwich, lodging-house keeper. J. FELL, New Mills, Derbyshire, grocer. J. T. THING, Westminster, scrivener. J. MUSKUN, Birmingham, innkeeper. G. SOWERBY, Hibalastowe, Lincolnshire, carpenter. J. LEES, Bilstone, Staffordshire, grocer. M. TURNER, Haigh, Lancashire, bleacher. J. RUDKES, Longwood, Huddersfield, clothier.

August 28.—W. MATTHEWS, Bushey, Hertfordshire, timber-merchant. B. CHESTERMAN, Blackmore-street, Drury-lane, licensed victualler. T. MORGAN, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire, grocer. W. H. COX, Cheltenham, printer. J. JACKSON, Burslem, Staffordshire, earthenware-manufacturer. W. T. WREN, Chichester, brewer. G. FISHER, Liverpool, merchant. J. GRACE, Preston, Lancashire, draper. J. TRAVIS, Manchester, dry-salter.

Sept. 1.—S. EVANS, Castle-street, Leicester-square, victualler. H. KERR, Woolwich, tailor. E. JONES, Hemel Hempsted, saddler. T. MATTHEWS, Bushey, Hertfordshire, carpenter. W. WAKERHAM, Plymouth, roman-cement manufacturer. A. CRAIG, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cabinet-maker. H. DODD, Ambleside, Westmoreland, innkeeper. G. W. SAWYER, Brighton, builder. H. BRITTAIN, Hessle, Kingston-upon-Hull, innkeeper. W. MATHEWS, Staverton, Devonshire, miller. J. POWER, sen. and J. POWER, jun., Atherton, Warwickshire, hat-manufacturers. J. TAYLOR, Cheetwood, Lancashire, brushmaker.

Sept. 4.—T. PULVERTOFT, Wisbeach, Cambridgeshire, ironmaster. J. RAVEN, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street, grocer. G. HEATHER, St. Ann's-place, Limehouse, and F. ARKLES, Brunswick-terrace, Commercial-road East, mahogany merchants. T. TUBERVILLE, Worcester, grocer. J. A. SMITH, Bilston, Staffordshire, grocer. W. HINDELL, Brayton, Yorkshire, victualler.

Sept. 8.—J. BROWN, Southampton, jeweller. T. MOLYNEUX, Falmouth, linen-draper. J. HENDERSON, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars, master mariner. J. and J. A. WEBSTER, Wadley, Yorkshire, paper-manufacturers.

Sept. 11.—G. HEYWOOD, St. Martin's-lane, chemist. J. ANGOLD, John-street, Tottenham-court-road, timber-merchant. T. W. BRIGHTON, Cheltenham, draper. G. MACEY, Rose-street, Newgate-market, cattle-salesman. J. WILLETT, Brandon, Suffolk, grocer. J. MOUNTAIN, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, common-brewer. C. REDMAN, Herne Bay, builder. J. KEYSK, Abersychan, Monmouthshire, grocer. R. KILSBY, Donhead St. Andrew, Wiltshire, victualler. J. NOAKES, Hincley, Leicestershire, hosier. I. J. WEATHERLEY, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant.

Sept. 15.—I. PEMBERTON, Worcester, brush-maker. H. MASON and H. M. KETTLEWELL, Camberwell, Surrey, coal-merchants. H. BREAKWELL, Throgmorton-street, tailor. W. HOUGH, Manchester, builder. J. POSTLETHWAITE, Liverpool, draper. W. HODGENS, Liverpool, merchant. G. BISHTON, Parkfields, Staffordshire, iron-master. JOSEPH MAYBURY, JOHN MAYBURY, and JOSEPH MAYBURY, jun., Bilston, Staffordshire, tin-plate manufacturers.

Sept. 18.—H. WRIGHT, Norwich, wine-merchant. T. KNIGHT, Gilbert-street, Oxford-street, corn-chandler. S. GODSON, Mincing-lane, wine-merchant. W. BAILEY, Gate-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, currier. S. ROBERTS, Farringdon-street, floor-cloth manufacturer. W. J. POTTER, Little Compton-street, Soho, victualler. W. AYLING, Great Portland-street, Marylebone, chemist. J. SEABER, Newmarket, scrivener. J. WRIGLEY, Manchester, fustian-manufacturer. R. HIDES, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer. S. HIDER, Brighton, builder.

Sept. 22.—J. W. BUCKLAND, Union-road, Albany-road, Old Kent-road, Surrey, British-plate manufacturer. J. BAILEY, Southampton, hatter. R. J. M'ENTIRE, Belfast, Ireland, merchant. R. JONES, Carnarvon, draper. G. PEARSON and T. PEARSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, paper-merchants.

Sept. 25.—P. CAMPBELL, Jerusalem Coffee-house, City, master mariner. C. BASAN and T. G. BAENTUN, Strand, licensed victuallers. E. EDWARDS, Kingston-upon-Hull, common brewer. S. LORYMER, Bristol, brewer.

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.—HOUSE OF LORDS.

Aug. 24.—**LORD MELBOURNE** moved that their Lordships resolve into Committee on the Irish Church Bill. On clause 10 being put, Lord Ellenborough said that the clause, as it at present stood, opened the composition of the tithe without any limitation. He should move that the clause be omitted.—Lord Melbourne having declined to divide the House, the clause was negatived, and struck out of the Bill.—On clause 40 being proposed, which provides that the average value of corn should be the standard of value for tithes, Lord Ellenborough moved that this clause be also struck out.—The House divided—for the motion, 35; for the amendment, 126; majority for rejecting the clause, 91.—The other clauses were passed without comment, up to clause 60, inclusive.—On clause 61 being put, the Earl of Haddington opposed it, and the remaining clauses of the Bill—the sequestration and appropriation clauses.—A long discussion ensued, in the course of which Lord Melbourne deemed it right to declare, that if this motion were agreed to, he should not be the party to send back the Bill to the Commons; it would expose the measure to the rejection of that House.—Eventually their Lordships divided, when there appeared, for the clauses as they stood, 41; for their rejection, 138; majority for the rejection, 97.

Aug. 25.—On the presentation of several petitions against the Imprisonment for Debt Bill, Lord Brougham suggested that it would be advisable to allow the Bill to be brought in next session in exactly the same state as it was left by the other House. Agreed to.—The Municipal Corporations' Bill was re-committed. On clause 59 being put, Lord Lyndhurst proposed an amendment—that town-clerks should hold their offices during life.—After a long discussion, the House divided, when there appeared, for the amendment, 104; against it, 36; majority in favour of the amendment, 68.—On the motion of Lord Lyndhurst, an amendment was agreed to, without a division, to the effect that none but members of the Established Church should be the disposers of the ecclesiastical patronage of corporations. The other clauses of the Bill were then agreed to, after a few verbal corrections, which produced no discussion.

Aug. 26.—On the motion for the second reading of the Constabulary Force (Ireland) Bill, considerable discussion arose, and the Earl of Roden moved, as an amendment, that it be read a second time that day six months.—Upon a division, the numbers were, for the amendment, 51; for the motion, 39; majority against the second reading, 12.

Aug. 27.—Lord Melbourne, on the presentation of the Report of the Municipal Corporations' Bill, declared his dissent from the amendments adopted in the Committee.—Their Lordships eventually divided on the proposition of Lord Melbourne, to omit the word "aldermen" in the sixth clause. Contents, 80; Non-Contents, 160; majority for retaining the clause in its amended form, 80.—The other amendments were then adopted.

Aug. 28.—Lord Wharnccliffe moved that the Great Western Railway Bill be read a third time.—After a short discussion, the Bill was read a third time and passed.—Lord Melbourne moved that the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill be read a third time.—Earl Winchilsea moved, as an amendment, that the Bill be read a third time that day six months.—Strangers were ordered to withdraw, and their Lordships divided; when there appeared—for the third reading, 69; against it, 5; majority, 64.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed.

Aug. 31.—Lord Lyndhurst presented a petition praying their Lordships to pass the Imprisonment for Debt Bill—a measure which his Lordship said required fuller consideration than could be given to it this session.

Sept. 2.—Lord Duncannon moved the second reading of the Voters' (Ireland) Bill. His Lordship entered into some details of the measure, which he said would tend to assimilate the Irish to the present English system of registration.—A long discussion ensued, and, on a division, the Bill was thrown out by a majority of 81 against 27.

Sept. 3.—The Music and Dancing Licenses Bill, upon the motion of the Marquess of Salisbury, was ordered to be read a third time that day three months.—Lord Lyndhurst expressed his surprise that Ministers had adopted no further proceedings on the Irish Church Bill. In not proceeding with it, and returning it to the other House, great calamities would fall on the whole of the Protestant clergy of Ireland, and consequently a heavy responsibility would rest on the Government.—Lord Melbourne admitted the evil that must result to the clergy from the failure of this Bill, but denied that the responsibility rested with the Ministers.—Lord Brougham brought in a Bill to consolidate the law of marriage in Scotland, which was read a first time.—A message from the Commons prayed their Lordships' assent to a conference with the Commons on the subject of certain amendments in the Municipal Reform Bill.—Lord Melbourne, the Lord Privy Seal, the President of the Council, Lords Shaftesbury, Falmouth, Hatherton, the Duke of Richmond, and others, were appointed managers of the conference, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst declining to attend.

Sept. 4.—Lord Brougham called the attention of the House to some returns which had been laid on the table relating to the Court of Chancery; and gave notice that, early next session, he should call the attention of the House to the great exertions and valuable reports made by the Common Law Commissioners.

Sept. 6.—The Report of the Committee for drawing up the reasons to be assigned to the Commons as those on which their Lordships differed with the Commons, on a portion of their amendments to the Corporation Reform Bill, was brought up, read, and ordered to be printed.

Sept. 7.—The following Peers were named to manage the conference with the House of Commons on the amendments in the Corporation Reform Bill:—The Earl of Devon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Bishop of Bristol, Lord Wharnccliffe, the Earl of Haddington, and Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci.

Sept. 9.—Lords Denman, Rosslyn, and Shaftesbury sat as his Majesty's Commissioners, and gave assent, in the usual form, to the Municipal Corporation Reform Bill, and several other Bills.

Sept. 10.—The King, surrounded by his great officers of state, having entered the House of Lords, and taken his seat upon the Throne, the Members of the House of Commons were summoned to appear at the bar by the Usher of the Black Rod. They arrived accordingly in considerable numbers, headed by the Speaker, who addressed his Majesty briefly on the labours of the session; and the Royal Assent having been given formally to the remaining Bills of the session, his Majesty proceeded to read the following gracious Speech to both Houses, proroguing Parliament:—

“My Lords and Gentlemen,—I find, with great satisfaction, that the state of public business enables me to relieve you from further attendance, and from the pressure of those duties which you have performed with so much zeal and assiduity.

“I receive from all Foreign Powers satisfactory assurances of their desire to maintain with me the most friendly understanding, and I look forward with confi-

dence to the preservation of the general peace, which has been, and will be, the object of my constant sollicitude.

"I lament that the civil contest in the northern provinces of Spain has not yet been brought to a termination; but, taking a deep interest in the welfare of the Spanish monarchy, I shall continue to direct to that quarter my most anxious attention, in concert with the three Powers with whom I concluded the treaty of quadruple alliance; and I have, in furtherance of the object of that treaty, exercised the power vested in me by the Legislature, and have granted permission to my subjects to engage in the service of the Queen of Spain.

"I have concluded with Denmark, Sardinia, and Sweden, fresh conventions, calculated to prevent the traffic in African slaves: I hope soon to receive the ratification of a similar treaty which has been signed with Spain. I am engaged in negotiation with other Powers in Europe and in South America for the same purpose; and I trust that ere long the united efforts of all civilized nations will suppress and extinguish this traffic.

"I perceive with entire approbation that you have directed your attention to the regulation of Municipal Corporations in England and Wales, and I have cheerfully given my assent to the Bill which you have passed for that purpose. I cordially concur in this important measure, which is calculated to allay discontent, to promote peace and union, and to procure for those communities the advantages of responsible government.

"I greatly rejoice that the internal condition of Ireland has been such as to have permitted you to substitute for the necessary severity of the law which has been suffered to expire, enactments of a milder character. No part of my duty is more grateful to my feelings than the mitigation of a penal statute in any case in which it can be effected consistently with the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the readiness with which you have voted the supplies. You have provided not only for the expenses of the year, and for the interest upon the large sum awarded to the owners of slaves in my colonial possessions, but also for several unexpected and peculiar claims upon the justice and liberality of the nation. It is most gratifying to observe, that not only have these demands been met without any additional taxation, but that you have made some further progress in reducing the burdens of my people.

"I am enabled to congratulate you that the terms upon which the loan for the compensation to the proprietors of slaves has been obtained afford conclusive evidence of the flourishing state of public credit, and of that general confidence which is the result of a determination to fulfil the national engagements, and to maintain inviolate the public faith.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—I know that I may securely rely upon your loyalty and patriotism; and I feel confident that, in returning to your respective counties, and in resuming those functions which you discharge with so much advantage to the community, you will recommend to all classes of your countrymen obedience to the law, attachment to the constitution, and a spirit of temperate amendment, which, under Divine Providence, are the surest means of preserving the tranquillity and increasing the prosperity which this country enjoys."

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Aug. 25.—The Lectures Publication Limitation Bill was considered in Committee, Lord J. Russell declaring that he could not consent to the Bill, except it provided that lectures might be subject to extracts or comment, as was the case in reviewing books.—The Bill ultimately passed through Committee, with an amendment permitting notices of lectures.—Mr. Wilks announced that, on the third reading of the Bill, he should propose a clause, extending to "sermons" protection similar to that given by this Bill to lectures.—Counsel were heard at the bar on the part of the East India Company against Mr. Buckingham's Compensation Bill.—Further consideration of the Bill was deferred, in order that the arguments of Counsel might be duly deliberated upon.

Aug. 27.—Mr. Wilks deferred his motion regarding the practical grievances of the Dissenters till the next session.

Aug. 28.—**Sir S. Whalley** presented a petition from the parish of **St. Pancras**, praying the House to withhold the Supplies until the Corporation Bill was passed into a law in the same state as when it left the Commons.

Aug. 29.—**Mr. Ewart** moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inspect the Lords' Journals as regarded any proceedings on the Prisoners' Counsel Bill and the Capital Punishments Bill, which had been sent to the Lords some time ago.—The motion was agreed to, and a Committee appointed.

Aug. 31.—After the presentation of several petitions on the subject of the Municipal Corporations' Bill, **Lord J. Russell** rose to explain the course which Ministers intended to pursue in reference to that measure. His Lordship declared his intention to acquiesce in all the amendments their Lordships had introduced, with one or two exceptions. To the election of aldermen and town-clerks for life he could not consent, although he had no objection to having them elected for six years. The same thing he might say with respect to the Corporation justices, whom the amendments of the other House would convert into justices for life. He should recommend, also, that the boroughs to be divided into wards should be those that had 9000 instead of 6000 inhabitants. He would also reject the amendment which gave the nomination of justices to the Crown instead of the town-councils. The division of boroughs into wards, and the settling of boundaries, he should entrust to the Revising Barristers, subject to the approbation of the Privy Council. He could not accede to the qualification for town councillors introduced in the motion of **Lord Lyndhurst**, but submitted to that of the **Earl of Devon**; neither could he concur in the amendment by which it was proposed that none of the governing body of Municipal Corporations, who were not members of the Established Church, should present to livings belonging to that Church.—**Sir R. Peel** expressed his intention to support the Noble Lord in some of his objections to the amendments of the Lords, and urged the House not to lose the opportunity of obtaining an amicable settlement of so important a measure.—After a long discussion, the Lords' amendments were read from the Chair. The words "for life" were then left out of the clause, and words substituted, the effect of which is to continue aldermen in office for six years, half to be elected every three years. The amendment of the Lords, which made aldermen members of the council for life, was rejected, on the motion of **Lord J. Russell**. Several verbal amendments were then agreed to in the 24th and several following clauses, in order to carry out the principle of the amendment agreed upon in respect to the duration of the aldermen's office.—The further proceedings were eventually adjourned.

Sept. 1.—The House resumed the consideration of the Corporations Bill. The first amendment embraced the question of "qualification." There was a good deal of discussion on the subject.—**Lord J. Russell** adhered to his disapproval of the change.—**Sir R. Peel** suggested that for town councillors, &c., there should be added the qualification on rating—namely, in large towns, where there are four or more wards, being rated at 30*l.*, in the smaller towns at 15*l.* This addition to the Lords' qualification was adopted, **Lord J. Russell** preferring, as there was to be a qualification, to adhere to **Sir R. Peel's** terms.—On the clause regarding "town clerks," **Lord J. Russell** moved, as an amendment on the Lords' amendment, that those officers be appointed "during pleasure," which was eventually adopted. His Lordship then proposed to reject the Lords' clause providing that members of the Church only exercise the patronage of Corporations regarding benefices, &c. After some discussion, **Lord J. Russell** suggested the postponement of the clause, that it might be considered more deliberately. His Lordship then moved that the amendment respecting the ap-

pointment of justices of peace should be omitted, and, after a long discussion, the House divided on the question, that the Lords' amendment be agreed to, which was negatived by a majority of 95, the numbers being for the motion, 69; against it, 164. The original clause was then restored.

Sept 2.—Mr. Roebuck gave notice, that next Session he should propose that the *veto* be taken away from the House of Lords, and that in its place they should be endowed with a suspensive power; but that any Bill which twice in one Session passed the House of Commons should, after receiving the Royal assent, become law without the concurrence of the House of Lords.—The discussion on the Lords' amendments to the Municipal Corporations Bill produced the following results:—The amendments of the Lords for the preservation of the rights of freemen were agreed to, with the exception of the exemption from toll. The words "during his continuance in office" were added to the amendments made upon clause 47 (the qualification clause), after a division of 155 to 66.—The amendment of the Lords regarding the Cinque Ports was adopted.—On the subject of Church patronage, the proposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to the effect that all the Church patronage belonging to corporations should be forthwith sold, was assented to; as was another empowering the Bishop of the diocese to appoint to any livings becoming vacant between the passing of the Act and the sale.—A population of 9000 was agreed upon, on the motion of Lord J. Russell, as the *minimum* which should require that a borough be divided into wards. It was also resolved that boroughs of 48,000 inhabitants and upwards be divided into six wards.—Lord J. Russell then moved the appointment of a Committee to draw up the resolutions stating the reasons of the House for their dissent from the amendments of the Lords, which was agreed to.

Sept. 3.—Lord J. Russell presented the report of the Committee appointed to draw up reasons for having disagreed to several of the amendments introduced by the Lords into the Municipal Corporations Bill.—Agreed to.

Sept. 4.—Mr. S. Rice having moved the third reading of the Instalment Suspension (Ireland) Bill, Mr. H. Grattan gave notice of a motion for next Session for the total abolition of tithes: and that, in lieu of tithes, a tax, equal to the amount of composition, should be levied on property. The hon. member also gave notice of a motion, to the effect that the House of Lords had, during two successive Sessions, rejected various measures calculated for the benefit of Ireland, and that it would be expedient to repeal the Union, which would be calculated to remove those evils which afflicted that country.—The Bill was then read a third time and passed.

Sept 7.—A message from the Lords having demanded a Conference, and that being granted, according to the usual form, the House went into discussion upon the Lords' amendments to the Corporation Reform Bill.—Lord J. Russell proposed that they be adopted, which was carried without a division.—The report of the Orange Lodge Committee was brought up, and ordered to be printed.

Sept. 9.—The House met, and adjourned to the next day.

*Municipal Registration and Elections.*—In the "Gazette" has appeared an Order in Council, in pursuance of a provision of the Municipal Reform Act, the effect of which is, to postpone the operation of the Act two months, to cause the first election of Councillors to take place at Christmas, and to have the new governing bodies completed on New Year's Day, 1836. First, it is ordered, in regard to section 15 of the said Act, that the overseers shall make out and deliver to the town-clerk of the several

boroughs, their several burgess-lists on the 7th of November, in lieu of the 5th of September, as provided in the Act; copies of the same being kept by the overseers for free examination, from the 7th to the 17th of November, in lieu of from the 5th to the 15th of September; and the town-clerk is to cause such lists to be affixed to the doors of the town-hall every day during the week next preceding the 17th of November. Secondly, it is ordered, in regard to the 17th section, that all notices of omission and objection shall be given before the 17th day of November, instead of the 15th day of September; lists of such claims and objections to be publicly posted, like the original lists, by the town-clerk, during the eight days next preceding the 1st day of December, instead of the eight days next preceding the 1st of October; and lists are to be kept by him for free inspection during the same time. Thirdly, the revision of the lists, provided for by sections 18 and 20, shall be made by the revising-barristers between the 1st and the 15th of December, instead of between the 1st and the 15th of October. Fourthly, the completion of the burgess-lists, provided for by section 22, is to be effected by the town clerk on or before the 22nd of December, instead of the 22nd of October. Fifthly, the first election of councillors, under section 30, is to be made on the 26th of December in lieu of the 1st of November. Sixthly, the first election of aldermen, under section 25, is to be on the 31st of December, instead of the 9th of November. Seventh, and lastly, in relation to sections 40, 61, and 69, the first quarterly meeting of the council of every borough is to be holden at noon on the 1st of January, 1836, instead of the 9th day of November, 1835; and at this meeting the first mayors are to be elected, in lieu of on the 9th of November, and the first sheriffs appointed, in lieu of on the 1st of November.

## THE COLONIES.

### WEST INDIES.

*Jamaica.*—The Marquess of Sligo has opened the session of the House of Assembly. The prospects of the colony, as affected by the recent change in the condition of the Negro population, are set forth as generally satisfactory. The Noble Governor states that “the crop of this year has been got off in a much more favourable manner than could have been anticipated, considering the extraordinary change which has taken place in the social system of this colony. That it has fallen somewhat short is undoubtedly true, as I find, by reference to the Custom House returns, (one of which, from Annotto Bay, I have not yet received,) that up to the 1st of July, 1835, 68,001 hogsheds of sugar had been shipped, showing a diminution of 4444, or about one-sixteenth in comparison with the previous year; but as I have not heard of a single instance of any canes remaining uncut, this diminution is to be attributed more to the failure of the produce of the canes, in consequence of the weather, than to any want of sufficient labour to take them off.”

With respect to the working of apprentices, Lord Sligo states—“I am happy to be enabled to inform you that so general is the habit of working for wages, and so very few the instances where it has been refused, that the idea once generally entertained, of the apprentices being likely to decline labouring at all in their own time, must be abandoned.”

Let us hope that the favourable expectations entertained by his Lordship, of the well-working of the new system, may be abundantly realized, and that the permanent prosperity of interests so important to the mother country may be really promoted by those great changes which humanity, and the strong-expressed voice of the nation, so imperiously called for.

*Bermuda.*—The Legislature was prorogued by the Governor in person, on the 30th of July, to the 3rd of September. His Excellency, in his speech, thanked the House of Representatives for the supplies they had granted him to meet the exigencies of the colony, and congratulated the Legislature on a year having elapsed since the emancipation of the slaves without it being thought necessary to secure tranquillity by any further enactments relative to that class of the population, notwithstanding the apprentice system had not been adopted in that colony.

## CANADA.

We have accounts from Canada which furnish us with the Address of the Constitutional Association of Quebec to Lord Aylmer, on the occasion of his recal, and also with his Lordship's reply, in which, at considerable length, he seeks to justify himself against the attacks made upon him by the House of Assembly, and concludes thus:—"The flattering testimony of the regard and good opinion of the Constitutional Association of Quebec, addressed to me in the concluding passage of your Address, could not fail to prove highly gratifying to my feelings, under any circumstances. How much more so is it when I consider the efforts which have, with such unwearied perseverance, been made to blacken and defame my character, from the very hour of my arrival in Canada to the present time, and that during that period every act of mine has been made the theme either of virulent invective or unworthy detraction."

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

By a return made to the House of Commons it appears that in 1834 the population of this colony was, exclusive of the troops, 1875, of which 1094 were males, and 781 females. At Swan River, the principal district, there were 911 males and 712 females; at Canning River, sixty males and thirty females; at York, twenty males and three females; at Murray River, eight males and seven females; at Augusta, thirty-six males and twenty females; at King George's Sound, fifty-nine males and twenty-nine females. The total amount of the revenue for the year was 2319*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.*; of which 2292*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* was raised by import duties on spirits, and licenses to sell the same; fees in public offices, 11*l.* 15*s.*; sale of land and town allotments, 15*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* The exports from this colony in the same year were of the value of 1020*l.*—wool, 500*l.*; seal-skins, 500*l.*; and salted fish, 20*l.* The stock consisted of 162 horses, 500 horned cattle, 3545 sheep, goats and pigs, 492. The number of acres of land under cultivation was 1036½. In Fremantle there are buildings to the amount of 15,000*l.*; in Perth, 10,000*l.*; in the smaller towns, similar investments to the amount of 15,000*l.* The gross amount laid out in the improvement of land may be stated at 20,000*l.*; and the value of cattle, horses, and sheep, actually in possession, 10,000*l.* The goods in hands of traders may be worth 30,000*l.*; and the amount of outlay incurred in passage-money, or fruitless or unproductive expenses on the part of individuals not classed in the above, may be estimated at 100,000*l.*; making a total private expenditure in the formation of the colony, up to the present time, of about 200,000*l.*

*Inter-Colonial Apportionment.*—The Commissioners appointed by the Act for the Abolition of Slavery have, according to the directions, and in the mode prescribed by the 45th clause of that Act, assigned and apportioned the sum of 30,000,000*l.* sterling to and amongst the said colonies, rateably and in proportion to the product so ascertained for each respectively in the manner following, that is to say:—

COLONY.	Number of slaves by the last registration in this country.	Proportion of the 20,000,000. to which the Colony is entitled.		
		£.	s.	d.
Bermuda . . . . .	4,203	50,584	7	0½
Bahamas . . . . .	9,705	128,340	7	5½
Jamaica . . . . .	311,692	6,161,927	5	10½
Honduras . . . . .	1,920	101,958	19	7½
Virgin Islands . . . . .	5,192	72,940	8	5½
Antigua . . . . .	29,537	425,866	7	0½
Montserrat . . . . .	6,355	103,558	18	5
Nevis . . . . .	8,722	151,007	2	11½
St. Christopher's . . . . .	20,660	331,630	10	7½
Dominica . . . . .	14,384	275,923	12	8½
Barbadoes . . . . .	82,807	1,721,345	19	7
Grenada . . . . .	23,536	616,444	17	7
St. Vincent's . . . . .	22,997	592,508	18	0½
Tobago . . . . .	11,621	234,064	4	11½
St. Lucia . . . . .	13,348	335,627	15	11½
Trinidad . . . . .	22,359	1,039,119	1	3½
British Guiana . . . . .	84,915	4,297,117	10	6½
Cape of Good Hope . . . . .	38,427	1,247,401	0	7½
Mauritius . . . . .	68,613	2,112,632	10	11½
Total . . . . .	780,993	20,000,000	0	0

FOREIGN STATES.

FRANCE.

The French Session has closed. Like our own, it was of extraordinary length; but the French legislators cannot be accused of want of activity in passing laws. The laws against the press are now in operation. It is said several journals will be given up, and that much discontent is already expressed. The Government has strengthened itself, we think needlessly, in the Upper Chamber, by the creation of thirty dependent Peers.

GERMANY.

The Emperor Nicholas and the King of Prussia met at Leignitz on the 31st of August, where they were soon joined by the Austrian Archdukes Francis and John, Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, and several German princes. On the 5th ult. the royal and imperial army accompanied the King of Prussia to the camp at Kapsdorf, whence, after reviewing the troops, they were to proceed, by the way of Breslaw, to Kalisch. The Emperor and Empress of Austria arrived at Suchenthal on the 2nd ult. on their way to Kalisch. On reaching the Bohemian frontier, they were received with great pomp by the authorities, and it appears also with enthusiastic rejoicings on the part of the people.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia has ordered that all sons of soldiers, who are brought up by their parents or relatives, shall not be allowed to contract marriage before they have entered upon effective military service.

SPAIN.

The civil war in Spain proceeds without any definite results of failure or

success. The Pretender's movements have become very uncertain since the death of Zumalacarrégui, and seem to be determined by no fixed plan; neither is he able to keep together any numerous force. His troops seem to be at present divided into small corps, each acting under a separate chief, apparently without any concert. The British Auxiliary Legion have been engaged in a slight affair among the mountains near Hernani.

Another change has taken place in the Spanish Ministry. Amarillas, Minister of War, is succeeded by Castro de Toreno, a worn-out old politician, aged seventy-five; Alava, Minister of Marine, makes room for Saratorio, who seems to be a person of very little note; and Alvarez Guerra, Minister of the Interior, is replaced by Herrera, a Deputy from Burgos. Toreno is still Prime Minister. Latre, Quesada, Rodil, and Manso, are appointed respectively to the Governorships of Arragon, New Castile, Catalonia, and Old Castile.

In Cadiz, Barcelona, Saragossa, Granada, Malaga, and many other places of the first importance, Juntas have been chosen, who act independently of the Government; and while they profess loyalty to the Queen, demand the convocation of a National Cortes—a sort of States-General—for the establishment of a new order of things. The Government seems to have fallen into general contempt.

#### AMERICA.

Revolting outrages have been committed at Livingston, Mississippi. Two preachers for the abolition of slavery, and seven negroes who were known to have listened to them, were taken by the people and hung in the streets! In addition to the accounts of outrage and bloodshed, the American papers also contain some details of an insurrection among the slaves of Havannah. The rising was suppressed without the offenders having had the opportunity of effecting their declared object—the massacre of their masters. Not a single white person was either killed or wounded; but some property was injured and destroyed, and the lives of the planters had been put in jeopardy, and that being ascertained, and the offenders detected, they were taken, and, from anything which appears to the contrary, shot, without any trial or sentence having taken place to prove the necessity of, or to sanction, the work of extermination. The summary of these transactions is thus given by the editor of the *New York Evening Post*:—"The account which we publish in another column from an extra of the *Toledo (Ohio) Gazette*, will be perused by our readers with regret. With civil feuds in the north, tumultuous proceedings of anarchical and fatal character in the west, and a servile war in the south—to say nothing of the factious and incendiary spirit which has recently broken out in various parts of our Atlantic border—the country does, in truth, exhibit at present a spectacle to the European nations which, we fear, will be commented upon in a way not calculated to recommend the example of popular government."

### BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER, ESQ.

IN a former number of the "Guardian," we announced, with painful emotions, the decease of our highly-valued friend, Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq. By this deplorable event, not only the social circle, which this deeply-lamented gentleman adorned by the purity of his example, and delighted by the brilliancy of his conversational powers and the elegance of his manners, but the whole British empire, and the world of literature,

sustain an irreparable loss. As a Statesman, his Parliamentary career was invariably characterised by integrity, honour, benevolence, sound judgment, and genuine independence. In depth of reason, in perspicuity of argument, in extensive information, in aptitude of reply, in commanding eloquence, he had scarcely a competitor in the British House of Commons, even prior to the unhappy period when many of its gifted Members were excluded from its walls, to make way for the ruffianism of Popery, and the vulgar violence of unlettered Radicalism, to usurp their places. Yes, so long as a generous rivalry in virtue and in honour dignified the British Legislature, Michael Thomas Sadler stood forth signally pre-eminent amongst our illustrious senators. Nay, had he flourished there in the most palmy days of England's legislative glory, even then his talents, his energy, his earnestness in his country's cause, would have elevated him in the first grade of Statesmen, with Pitt and Burke—with Sheridan and Fox. Latterly, however, his powerful intellect would have had no proper sphere of action, in the degraded House of Commons, where the voice of reason is stifled, truth is a despised exotic, and eloquence a neglected diamond sparkling amidst sordid dross.

Rich in science, replete with historic lore, Mr. Sadler's mind was a treasury of sterling literature—a store-house, as it were, of interesting facts; and such was the charm of his diction, such his pleasing facility of communicating knowledge, that it was impossible for any man of clear intellect to cultivate his society without deriving the most valuable information, and the purest delight from his conversation. Persuasion dwelt upon his tongue—truth, candour, philanthropy, virtue, and religion, were the treasured inmates of his heart. In his convincing refutation of the Malthusian system, he has overthrown a most elaborate series of dangerous arguments and insidious plausibilities, and, in doing so, had justified the ways of God to man with an ability worthy of the cause he advocated. Yes; the system which represented the Creator of the universe as having constituted no other effectual checks on the supposed superabundant population of his rational creatures, than vice and misery, famine, discord, and murder, is a libel on the power, the knowledge, and the beneficence of that Almighty Being; and, therefore, the man who first dissipated the impious, yet delusive reasonings of Malthus, merited the gratitude of the whole human race.

In his walk through life, Faith, pointing to eternal felicity, was his guide, and Hope and Charity companions of his way; and, as he lived, so he died, full of confidence in the mercy of God, and his Redeemer's love.

In Mr. Sadler the poor found not merely a kind protector and a generous patron, but a zealous advocate—a powerful champion of their cause. To his exertions many of the hard-wrought children in factories owe the preservation of their health, and even of their lives. In short, wherever the voice of humanity was heard, there was Sadler found.

On Tuesday last, the remains of this inestimable man were interred in Ballylesson churchyard. The gentry and an immense number of the respectable inhabitants of Belfast and the adjacent country, evinced their respect for his memory by accompanying him to the grave. In the church, a most impressive and heart-moving sermon was preached on this awful occasion by the Rev. Thos. Drew, and produced a most powerful, and, we are convinced, a most salutary effect on the minds of his auditory.

We should feel a melancholy pleasure in dwelling more at length on the virtues of our departed friend, and portraying their effects on his family circle (now, alas! bereaved of his presence), where his kindness, his urbanity, his gentleness, his tender solitudes, and the warm affections of his feeling heart, diffused peace and happiness around the domestic scene; but the publication of his memoir, written by a gentleman who knew him well, may, perhaps, plead our excuse for refraining to enter more deeply on the subject.—*Belfast Guardian*.

## ROBERT LEMON, ESQ.

On the 29th of July, at the State Paper Office, in the 58th year of his age, sincerely lamented by his family and friends, Robert Lemon, Esq., F.S.A., deputy keeper of, and secretary to the Right Hon. Commissioners for printing and publishing State Papers. He was a man of extensive learning, and great antiquarian research; and derived the classical part of his education from his late uncle, the Rev. Geo. William Lemon. It may probably be in the recollection of our literary friends, that, a few years since, the former had the good fortune to discover, among the early MSS. in the State Paper Office, a theological work in Latin of the immortal Milton, which was immediately laid before his late Majesty King George IV., who was graciously pleased to command that the same should be forthwith translated into English and published, and that a splendid copy thereof should be presented to Mr. Lemon; from whom it now descends to his son, as an heir-loom of inestimable value. It is a gratification to add, that at a Board held at the State Paper Office on Wednesday, the 5th of August, the Right Hon. Commissioners were unanimously pleased to appoint the present Mr. Robert Lemon their secretary, in the room of his late father.

## MR. JOHN MALCOLM.

We cordially join in the regret that has been expressed by our contemporaries in announcing the death of Mr. John Malcolm, who was for some time editor of the "Edinburgh Observer." He had long been in an infirm state of health, and for the last four or five months had been suffering under the effects of confirmed consumption. He expired on Tuesday morning at his house in Hanover-street, exhausted by severe and protracted disease. Mr. Malcolm was the son of a clergyman in Orkney, and at a very early age he obtained a lieutenancy in the 42nd regiment, then engaged in the Peninsular war. When he landed in Spain, the British forces under the Duke of Wellington were occupied in the siege of St. Sebastian, and it must have been a novel as well as an appalling trial for a youth of twenty, from the solitudes of Orkney, to be marched up to the breaches, under a shower of balls from the enemy's batteries. Mr. Malcolm was present at some of the other engagements that took place about the close of the war; and at Toulouse he received a wound in the groin, which rendered him lame during the rest of his life. From the effect of this wound and the fatigues of the campaign he never recovered. In consequence of his delicate state of health, and his inability to take active exercise, he contracted a literary turn; and his productions, both in prose and verse, hold a high rank among the works of modern authors. As a poet, he joined great delicacy of sentiment to sweetness and elegance of versification; and none can read his Scenes of War, and especially his smaller lyrical pieces, without being satisfied that his gentle Muse had drank deeply at the pure Castalian fount. To most of the annuals, and various other periodicals, he was a regular poetical contributor; and his verses always evinced the same chasteness and refinement of feeling and expression. His leanings were decidedly to the pathetic and the melancholy: but he had at the same time a rich vein of wit, that might, had he indulged it, have raised him to excellence in that department of composition. He wrote likewise one or two works in prose, and in these his facetious humour appeared more conspicuously. He contributed to one of the earlier volumes of Constable's Miscellany a sketch of the Peninsular Campaigns in which he had served; and under the title of "Tales of Field and Flood" he published a series of highly amusing stories, gathered chiefly from his own reminiscences of events that had fallen under his observation, both at home and abroad. In his manners, Mr. Malcolm was gentle and amiable; he abounded in anecdote, and his conversation being enlivened with ready wit, and enriched with the stores of literature, never failed to please. Such

was his mildness and good nature that he never gave, and seldom took offence; as he lived so we believe he died, without an enemy, and universally regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.—*Edinburgh Advertiser*.—[In this too meagre but right-spirited tribute to a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, we most heartily join. Mr. Malcolm was "the mildest mannered man" we ever had the pleasure to know. Combined with a chivalrous sense of honour, and conversational qualifications of a most attractive order, he was distinguished for his unassuming conduct. He softened while he enlivened the social circle. No person was more capable of gaining upon the affections of his friends; and we believe that of the many individuals whom he must have met in the course of a not uneventful life, no one ever left his society without esteeming and loving his unpretending character. We trust that some of his literary friends will undertake the task of collecting and giving to the world his literary remains, and the many admirable pieces which he published in works necessarily ephemeral.—*Ed. Post.*]

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—John Leech, Esq., of Lea, late Member for West Surrey, to Mary, only daughter of the late J. Knowles, Esq., of Heath Hall, Surrey.

At Droxford, Hants, Alexander Beattie, Esq. of Calcutta, to Theresa, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Griffiths Colpoys, K.C.B.

At St. James's Church, Ernest Augustus Earl of Lisburne, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir Lawrence Palk.

At Brighton, the Rev. John Warren, Rector of Gravelly, Huntingdonshire, and eldest son of the Very Rev. the Dean of Bangor, to Caroline Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Warren, of the 3rd Guards.

Richard D. Edgcomb, Esq., of Boxley, in the county of Kent, to Louisa, second daughter of Richard Marshal, Esq., of the former place, and formerly of Totness, Devon, M.D.

At the house of the British Minister at Berne, the Rev. C. Lushington, son of Sir H. Lushington, Bart., to Susan Rose, daughter of Captain J. Tweedale, late of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Colwich, near Shugborough, the Hon. C. Murray, second son of the Earl of Mansfield, to the Hon. Frances Elizabeth Anson, sister of the Earl of Litchfield.

At Killeghney, Wexford, the Earl of Huntingdon, to Elizabeth, only surviving daughter and heiress of the late Richard Power, Esq., M.P., of Clashmore, Waterford.

John Newman, Esq., of Dromore-house, Cork, to Margaret, daughter of N. P. Leader, Esq., of Dromagh Castle, same county, late M.P.

At Blendworth, Spencer Smith, Esq., of Portland-place, to Frances Anne, second daughter of the late Admiral Sir M. Seymour, Bart., K.C.B.

At Dulwich-hill-house, Champion-hill, E. Maccata, jun., Esq., of Woburn-square, to Augusta, second daughter of Isaac L. Goldsmid, Esq.

At St. Alphage, Greenwich, Richard Maxwell Fox, Esq., of Fox-hall, county of Longford, to Susan Amelia, second daughter of Admiral Sir Lawrence W. Halstead, K.C.B.

*Died.*—Mr. James Mitchell, Secretary to the Oriental Translation Committee, in the 28th year of his age.

At Little Missenden, Bucks, in the 81st year of her age, Mrs. Cleaver, widow of the late Bishop of St. Asaph.

At the house of the Dowager Countess of Guildford, Putney-hill, Lady Georgina North, youngest daughter of the late George Earl of Guildford.

In the 93rd year of his age, at his residence, Brixton-hill, Surrey, Sir Wm. Bilzard, Knt., F.R.S. and F.A.S., a Member of the Court of Examiners of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c.

At his residence at Hampstead, from a decay of nature, Mr. Serjeant Sellon. The deceased was in his 74th year. While at the bar, he declined being raised to the bench of the Common Pleas, on account of deafness; which induced him to accept the office of Stipendiary Magistrate, first at Union Hall and afterwards at Hatton Garden.

Lieut.-Col. Loftus Gray, Lieut.-Governor of Pendennis Castle, and late of the Rifle Brigade.

On the 24th Aug., at her residence, Sloane-street, Chelsea, aged 75, Mrs. Wight, widow of Nathaniel Wright, Esq.

At Ahmedabad, in the East Indies, Major T. D. Morris, of the Bombay army.

The Hon. Georgina Townsend, in the 75th year of her age; she was 34 years housekeeper of Windsor Castle.

At Fgfr Oak Lodge, Frederica Augusta, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Charles and Lady Paget, aged 13.

On the 12th inst., Mrs. Ann Holt, of Finsbury-circus, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Holt, of Aldermanbury.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,  
AND IRELAND.

## LANCASHIRE.

*A New University.*—A “statement of facts” relating to the proceedings of the Councils of the London University in their attempt to obtain a charter of incorporation has been transmitted to the subscribers, from which we learn that it has been decided by the King in Council that there shall be two charters, one in favour of the University reducing its style to that of a college, and thereby precluding its granting degrees, and the other constituting it a *Metropolitan University*, with power to confer degrees on candidates “from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from every seminary of education, whether chartered or unincorporated!”

*Canal Steam-boat.*—A steam-boat has been introduced on the Regent's Canal for towing the barges, and which bids fair to supersede the necessity of horses. The paddle-wheel is affixed to the stern, little swell is occasioned, and the banks of the canal will not be materially affected.

## CORNWALL.

*Steam Power in Cornwall.*—The aggregate of the steam-engines reported in this country in 1834, was in round numbers about 5000 horse power, working without intermission, or equivalent to the actual labour of upwards of 18,000 horses; they are computed to raise 20,000 gallons of water to a mean height of 120 fathoms, or 14,000,000 of gallons to the height of one foot, per minute. The course of the New River from its rise near Hertford to London, is 42 miles, in which it descends 17½ feet, with a velocity of three feet in a second, supplying to the reservoirs an average quantity of 18,000 gallons per minute; the Cornish engines would therefore be sufficient to force the whole supply of forty-six such rivers from the reservoir back to their sources.—*Mining Review.*

## CUMBERLAND.

*Floating Island.*—This singular phenomenon has, during the past week, again made its appearance on the Derwent Lake, and is, as usual, exciting much curiosity and attention.

*The Liverpool and Manchester Railway.*—Abstract of the half-yearly report of the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, made to the general meeting held on the 22nd of August. The receipts for the half-year are—

	£.	s.	d.
Coaching department . . .	52,437	3	4
Merchandise do. . . . .	43,631	1	4
Coal do. . . . .	3,406	11	4

99,474 16 0  
Total expenses, including interest, 61,814 6 2

Net profit for six months . . . 37,660 9 10

Which pays the usual half-yearly dividend of 4½ per cent., leaving a surplus of more than 2000*l.* This is the first time the dividend for the first half of a year has been entirely paid out of the receipts of that half-year, which is necessarily less productive than the second half. The expenses of locomotive power are still heavy, amounting (including the purchase of three new engines) to 16,462*l.* The cost of repairing engines amounts altogether to 7594*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, which is a reduction on the amount mentioned in former reports, especially when the increased amount of traffic is considered.

## LEICESTER.

A few gentlemen of Lutterworth have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of erecting a monument in the chancel of their parish church to the memory of Wickliffe, their former illustrious rector. The expense is estimated at 500*l.* or 600*l.* It was at this place that he lived and died, and here he carried on the important work of translating the Scriptures.

## SOMERSET.

*Relics of the Civil Wars.*—The labourers employed in excavating the ground at the brow of the hill in Dame Pugley's field, above Stoke'scroft, Bristol, have dug into an ash-pit, on the site where, in 1645, stood Prior's-hill-fort, one of the fortifications raised against the Protector's army under Gen. Fairfax, then besieging Bristol. In this pit were found numerous bullets, small measures, supposed to have been used for the purpose of charging muskets with the

proper quantity of powder, curiously-formed tobacco pipes with short stems, &c. Many of these are now in the possession of collectors.

*The Railway.*—We are happy to announce that the tracing of our intended line to Bath has commenced. All this week since Tuesday, parties of men have been at work felling the timber in the track which is more clearly defined from St. Philip's to Keynsham, and we understand will in a day or two be continued to Bath. The same steps we hear are in progress between London and Reading. Should any of our readers feel desirous of knowing where the line is to be, they had better go by water to Hanham, when they will find it distinctly marked out by staffs, flags, and openings in the woods, from Langton Court Farm, near Neetham Dam, across the valleys of the same estate, into and along the hanging woods over the river, and thence through a long valley between Dr. Fox's and the farm-house over Harnham lock.—*Bristol Mirror*.

It appears by the Report of the Commissioners, that the Municipal Corporation of Bristol are possessed in their own right of the following advowsons, and which, under the new Act, are directed to be sold:—In the city of Bristol, Christchurch and St. Ewin, St. James, St. John and St. Lawrence, St. Michael, St. Paul, St. Peter, St. Philip and Jacob, Temple. In Somersetshire, the vicarage of Stockland, and the rectory of Portishead. In Gloucestershire, the vicarage of St. George.

The quartern loaf of fine white bread (old weight, 4½lb.) is now selling in Suffolk at 4d. the loaf; in London, the 4lb. loaf is 7d.

*Incendiary Fires.*—We are sorry to say that the above distressing events are again becoming alarmingly frequent in this county. It is our duty this week to record two instances of their occurrence, both the property of gentlemen whose characters among the labouring classes are such that it precludes any idea that the wanton destruction of their property arose from a personal hostility or dislike, but rather from a dark feeling of malice and revenge, prevailing, we are afraid, to a great extent among the agricultural population. Every means have been taken, every argument brought

forward and widely disseminated, to prove that the injury done to agricultural property falls not on the farmer, who, in almost all cases, takes care to protect himself by insuring his barns, &c.; several severe examples have been made, but still the evil appears rather to increase than abate; and circumstances which a few years ago would have been looked upon as both extraordinary and abominable, are now, in consequence of their frequency, regarded almost as commonplace events; to be deeply regretted and abhorred, certainly, but still as what are to be expected, and for which no remedy appears to exist.

*Brighton and London Railway.*—The Committee appointed by the town on the subject of the line of railroad which may be most advantageous to Brighton from London, recommend that Mr. Stephenson's line through the western district of Sussex is the best, but that Mr. Gibbs's line terminates at a more desirable spot in London. In other words, they have come to the conclusion, that a line taking the more westerly direction, by Horsham and Shoreham, will be more advantageous to the town of Brighton than that proceeding in a more direct line eastward.—*Brighton Gazette*.

#### WARWICKSHIRE.

His Majesty has given fifty guineas towards the repairs of the Shakspeare monument, Stratford-upon-Avon.

#### WORCESTER.

*Freak of Nature.*—A gentleman has brought to our office a pear taken from a tree of the jargonelle species, in the garden of Mr. Thomas Milton, of Per-shore, which presents a very curious instance of the manner in which nature sometimes departs from her usual rules. When the pear was partly grown, a blossom sprung from the eye, and in due time another pear was formed; and from the eye of this last pear another blossom appeared, and produced fruit! so that the pear is literally now *tria juncta in uno*. It has been presented to the Natural History Society, and means will no doubt be taken to preserve it.—*Worcester Journal*.

#### YORK.

*More Relics of Antiquity.*—The workmen, in levelling York Castle Yard, have discovered several other relics of former times, in addition to those for-

merly mentioned. A coin of the Emperor Vespasian, one of David King of Scotland, and several of the reign of King Charles, have been turned up. The bones of animals, mingled with the crumbling relics of humanity, including several skulls, have also been brought to light. A human thigh bone, which has evidently sustained a severe fracture from a shell, a portion of which was adhering to it, is not the least curious among the latter. A cannon ball of iron, weighing 32lbs., and an exploded bomb shell, have also been found. They had fallen between the old entrance to the Castle from Castlegate, and the new temporary porter's lodge, and it is probable that they had been fired over Clifford's Tower, from Severus' Hills, during the memorable siege of York, in the conflict between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians.—*Tyne Mercury*.

## SCOTLAND.

*Skerryvore Rocks*.—These rocks are situate about twenty miles at sea, off Iona, and twelve miles off Tiree, in Argyleshire. One of the floating buoys used in the survey for the lighthouse intended to be built on Skerryvore by the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses, went adrift, as is supposed, on the 28th of August. Although this apparatus is of little value, yet its drift may lead to some interesting details regarding the set of the tides in the Western Ocean, should it be found. Its description is that of a cask-buoy, with a water-tight case through it, in one end of which a pole, with a cast-iron sinker, is inserted, and in the other a staff with a white flag, which it carries erect, having the appearance of a boat under sail at some distance. It is worthy of remark, that in the course of the survey, while the engineer was in quest of building-materials for Skerryvore Lighthouse, in the island of Tiree, he met with some beautiful posts of white marble, which have been partially worked, and also inexhaustible fields of variegated granite in waived streaks of a red, white, and blackish colour. But at the Ross, in the island of Mull, the

comparatively pure red and white granite occurs in vast abundance. This is by far the most beautiful species in this country, or perhaps in the world; it is certainly finer than anything he has seen from Egypt. One of the many blocks forming the *debris* of an adjoining mountain, was found to measure, at the rate of twelve cubic feet to the ton, no less than 104 tons of square workable granite!—*Scotch paper*.

## IRELAND.

The "Pilot" of Dublin contains the particulars of the "O'Connell Fund" for the year 1834; the total amount of which is 13,454*l*. The tribute money raised during the last five years is 80,000*l*.

Captain Evans, R.N., has been directed by Government to make a survey of the western harbours on the Irish coast, with a view to the selection of the most eligible site for a packet station to communicate with America. Captain Evans lately commanded the *Tartarus* steamer on the West India station. A more judicious appointment could not have been made.

*Curious Relic*.—A curious antique kind of boat or canoe has been discovered in a Lake called Lough Muck, near Foxford. It is about fifteen feet long, two feet six inches wide, three inches thick, and not more than eight inches deep. There is no place for paddles, but on the inside is something like two seats. The whole is hewn out of a piece of solid oak. This antique relic of former days is now in the possession of Mr. Pat. Davis, of Carrick, near Foxford.—*Mayo Constitution*.

*Railways*.—In round numbers, the following are stated to be the costs of a few of the late Bills submitted to Parliament:—London and Southampton Railway, about 31,000*l*., exclusive of opposition to the Great Western; Birmingham Railway, about 90,000*l*.; Great Western, 150,000*l*.

THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

LETTER IV.

*Algiers, Oct. 2nd, 1834.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE just visited a place of gloomy memory in this city, namely, the Bagnio, or prison in which the Christian slaves used to be shut up after their daily toil. It is a dismal, ruinous-looking old hall, and if the tradition be true that it was once a Catholic chapel, it must be as old as the first ages of Christianity. It is about fifty feet long, and half as broad, with nothing in its appearance to beguile one's painful reflections on the many deep-drawn sighs of agony that must have been respired in the place during 300 years of Christian slavery at Algiers. There were formerly several more of the same night-prisons, but this one alone continued to be used for its ancient purpose after Lord Exmouth's victory. When the French took possession of Algiers, they found here 122 prisoners. Some of these were soldiers of their own army, who had been taken in the recent fighting, and rescued by the Turks from the yata-gans of the Kabails and Arabs; others were individuals fortunate enough to have escaped from the massacres that were perpetrated by the wild natives on the crews of two shipwrecked brigs; the rest were some Greeks and Genoese who had been in slavery for two years.

In this bagnio the Christian captives used to be shut up at sunset, and let out again to their labour at sunrise. Ah! what beauty there is in that word sunrise to the imaginations of the free\*. To us it recalls the carol of the lark, the freshness of flowers, the sounds of cheerful industry, and all the joyous infancy of the day; but to the captive in this prison—what was the daylight? It only broke the oblivion of his misery, or perhaps the dream in which he fancied himself restored to the land of his birth and love. The sun rose only to glare on him like the fierce eye of his taskmaster, and the black bread for his morning meal was thrown down to him as to a dog! In spite of all these reflections, when I think on this subject, I sometimes try to console myself with arguments for believing that the lot of these victims was not quite so miserable as our imaginations are apt to picture it. Certain it is, that the ransomed Christians who returned to Europe and became

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\* I find a similar sentiment better expressed, in a poem full of grace and sweetness, which has been lately published, and which I chanced to open for the first time after writing the above sentence:—

“How beautiful is Nature to the blest!  
Sunbeams, that seem to mock the sad at heart,—  
Flowers, whose bright hues but sadden the oppress'd.”

*Bride of Siena, s. 14*

objects of popular interest, both as travellers and as sufferers for religion, were by no means anxious to undercolour the portraiture of their past tribulations, whether they depended on the alms of the compassionate; or were rich enough

“ Around their fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all they felt and all they saw.”

And indeed it would have been hard, after suffering so much among the infidels, if they had found Christian hearts slow to believe in their most wonderful narratives. I was talking the other day with an Algerine on this subject, and he expressed to me his conviction that the grossest exaggerations had been propagated in Europe respecting the maltreatment of Christian slaves at Algiers. God forgive me for joking on so grave a subject! but, in the course of our conversation, a ludicrous instance of Barbary cruelty to a countryman of my own came across my memory, and I upbraided my infidel acquaintance by relating it. Once on a time, amongst the passengers of a ship that was taken by an Algerine corsair, there was a poor diminutive Scotch tailor, who was condemned to slavery. He was so weak in body that he could not work with the other slaves, but the Dey of Algiers inhumanly obliged him to sit from morning to night upon eggs, like a clucking hen, in order to hatch them. It may be easily imagined that all Scotland laughed at the little martyr when he came home and related this melancholy adventure. The Moor to whom I mentioned it was also much diverted by it, but resuming his gravity, he remarked, “ This story is as improbable as it is ludicrous; for, if the man was a tailor, the Dey would have made fifty times more profit out of him by setting him to sew cloth than to hatch eggs.”

To be serious, though I abominate the memory of Christian slavery in this place, I am fain to hope that its horrors were somewhat exaggerated. All the religious orders in Europe, particularly in Spain, were laudably employed in collecting funds for the ransoming of Christians from Barbary. Those pious men soon discovered a truth, well expressed by Horace, namely, that appeals to the sense of sight touch the mind with incomparably more force than mere statements to the ear. So they preached to the eyes of the charitable. When delivered captives arrived in a Spanish city, they were publicly paraded through it, clad in rags which they had never worn before, and loaded with chains a great deal heavier than the Algerines had ever put upon them, but which had a useful weight in the pathetic exhibition.

The circumstance which I am going to tell you carries no evidence at all in favour of the clemency of the Algerines towards their prisoners—but still it is a curious fact, that for a very long period the greater part of the Christian slaves at Algiers were those who had *come voluntarily into slavery*.—Oran, which Spain possessed till 1792, and Masalquivier, were considered by the Moors as the chief nursery of their Christian slaves; and, in 1785, it was gravely stipulated between the Spaniards and Algerines, that the latter should still receive, as usual, Christian deserters as slaves—whose numbers used annually to amount to a hundred. The garrison troops in the places I have mentioned were generally vagabonds from all nations, though the most of them had been

Spanish smugglers or Italian bandits. When those worthies had committed some error that threatened them with death or the cat-and-nine-tails, they scarcely exchanged their lot for a worse one, when they embraced Algerine slavery. Some of them also had hopes that the Consul of the European nation to which they belonged might interfere to procure their liberty.

The prisoners brought in by the Corsairs were divided into two classes: The first of these included the captain, the chief officers of the prize, and the passengers with their women and children; all these were put to labour less hard than that of the rest. The children were almost all sent to the palace of the Dey, or to the houses of the first families, and the women were made servants of the Moorish ladies. The second part of the crew were openly sold to the highest bidders.

As to their general treatment, Leweson, a secretary to the Danish Consulate, who published a work about Algiers towards the latter end of the last century, and who seems a candid writer, gives a description which is not very revolting. Speaking from several years of observation, he thinks that, upon the whole, though he admits exceptions, the captives were neither overwrought nor cruelly treated. Their proprietors, he observes, in general had always more or less the prospect of selling them for a ransom, and were therefore interested in keeping them alive. Those who were condemned to labour at the public works were the most unfortunate. They were placed by day under the constant inspection of Turks, who were called their *guardians*, a gentle name for the office of those who guarded against their escape. From his account I gather that they had three small loaves of coarse bread in the morning, with gruel and old butter or native oil, which is execrably rancid, and then in the evening a repetition of the bread and a few olives. There were many individuals even in this worst-off class who, when they were good workmen, could make a little money by performing services for the natives after sunset, on getting permission from their guardians to let them return to the lock-up house at a later hour, by which means they could obtain a good supper and a cup of wine. The dress granted them annually by the state consisted of a long shirt, a woollen tunic with long sleeves, and a cloak of the same material. For bedding, they had a woollen coverlet, a pillow, and a mattress. No mention is made of their being provided with shoes or stockings.

Slaves that belonged to individual proprietors, whether Turks, Moors, or Jews, (it was not permitted to Christians to have slaves at all, and Jews could have none who professed Mahometanism,) were generally better off than those that were the property of the state. In the city they mostly served as domestics; in the country their agricultural intelligence often raised them to the rank of bailiffs on estates, and there were instances of their becoming such favourites in families as to cause scandal and amputation of heads, on account of intimacy with wives and daughters. The Christian slaves who were taken into the domestic service of the Dey were also comparatively fortunate. They had little to do, they were well clothed, and fed sumptuously, and when they pleased their owners, it is probable that their *only* sufferings (though, alas! it was a sad *only*) were their longings to return home, and the *ennui* of domestic confinement.

Besides the European Consuls and their families and secretaries,

there were some other free Christians, such as merchants, artists, and Catholic as well as Greek spirituals, who were permitted to exist at Algiers. To all this class of persons the proprietors of Christian slaves used to let them out as servants on moderate terms, and on assurance that the hirer would be responsible if the slave escaped. Thus a few of the captives found Christian homes, nor were they required to repair at night to the bagnios, where, according to law, all slaves were to be shut up after daylight. Some of them after a time left the service of their patrons with money or credit enough to be able to set up taverns, where, by the sale of wine and spirits, they would sometimes make enough to purchase their ransom, and to return to Europe richer than they had left it. But the security exacted from free Christians against the elopement of such *protégés* was severe and dangerous; nay, the patron was even responsible to the proprietor for the value of the slave in case of his death. So the free Christians, it may be easily imagined, were very cautious as to the objects of their cautionry, and even when they gave it, generally required their fellow believer to wear a token of his obligation to them. Some free strangers from Christendom having seated themselves one day in a tavern, and called for wine, mine host brought it into them limping with an iron circle on one of his legs. "What," said they, "Boniface, do you keep this house, and are you yet a slave?"—"I am so, nominally," he answered; "a Moor is my proprietor, but Mr. so-and-so is my patron, God bless him!—he set me up in this shop, and gives security against my quitting Algiers without notice."—"But does the law oblige you to wear that iron?"—"No;" said the arch fellow, "I wear it only to oblige my patron."—"Does he distrust you then?"—"Oh dear me, no!—no more than he distrusts his own wife; but just by way of a ceremony, he gave his wife a ring to wear on her finger, and in the same way he gave me this iron ring to wear above my ankle." In reality, however, the ankle ring was not so easily slipped off as a finger one, and its notoriety was some security to the patron. Where is patronage to be found, without a badge?

Lastly, as a mitigating circumstance in Christian slavery at Algiers, it is but fair to mention, that when slaves were ill-treated, they had a right to repair either to the Dey's palace, or to the nearest Marabout or Mahometan chapel, and there to prefer their complaint. If the case of ill usage was proved, the proprietor was admonished; if it occurred twice, the slave was taken without compensation from his cruel master and transferred to another proprietor. Here there was at least some seeming recognition of the rights of humanity. But put all the above circumstances together, and place Algerine slavery in its mildest light, it was still an atrocity that reproaches the tardiness of its extinction. The slave's right of appeal to the Dey in case of hard usage must have been for the most part the next thing to a mockery. Those candid travellers who are disposed rather to smooth than to aggravate our horror at the lot of the captives, admit that those who laboured at the public works were sometimes taxed to extreme toil, and that the numbers shut up every night in the bagnios suffered dreadfully from their hard beds, and the filth and stench of their incarceration. Altogether, whatever may become of the colony, let us thank the French for having at least obliterated the last vestiges of Christian slavery.

The history of that evil, now so happily abolished, may teach us that there is a moral reaction in the universe, which seldom leaves crimes without a progeny of crimes, and that the source of every great act of injustice may generally be traced up to some preceding one. The Roman Catholics were taught persecution by Roman Pagans, and they bequeathed their lessons to the Protestants, who, from Calvin down to the Irish Orangemen, retaliated on Catholics. In like manner Christian slavery at Algiers had its origin in the reflux of revenge and fanaticism from Africa back to Europe, after the Moors had been driven with horrible cruelty out of Spain. As often as the Moors show you the tomb of Barbarossa they call him their avenger. Nor should it be forgotten, that most of the southern states of Europe—Spaniards, Sardinians—the subjects of the Pope and the Maltese, till a recent period, condemned to the galleys all the people of Barbary who fell into their hands.

It is difficult to compute what the number of Christian slaves may have been at Algiers in times far gone by; but I am inclined to reckon that they were at least 2000 during the earlier part of the last century, and in the preceding age there were probably many more. Leweson says that, in 1785, their number amounted to 2000—though the French had ransomed all natives of France. At the epoch of Lord Exmouth's victory they had been reduced to less than 1000, and England lost a gallant mariner for every slave whom she delivered.

The sojourn of an European here, unless he is interested in trade or in the objects of a traveller, is not even *now* particularly enviable; but in former times it must have been dismal. Nay, at this moment I doubt, supposing two enanoured Protestants wished to enter on the state of matrimony, whether they could find a priest of their own church to link the fatal knot and afford religious consolation to the sufferers. I know not how they manage the matter at present, but formerly the Protestants used to apply, in cases of marriages, christenings, and burials, to a Greek priest, who, to their great edification, repeated the service in a language of which they understood not one syllable.

But during the worst times at Algiers the free Christians were well off as to personal security. They had each of them a Turk for a protector, who accompanied them wherever they chose, and saw that they were neither offended nor injured. And woe to him or her who in word or deed ill used the *protégée* of this Turkish guardian! In the year 1786 the wife of a European consul, who was *enceinte*, was walking in the streets, when a Moorish lady came up to her, touched her on the stomach, and said something insulting to her. For this the Moress was instantly taken before the Cadi, and sentenced to the bastinado, which she underwent, though both the consul and his wife pleaded for her pardon.

The two principal outlets from Algiers are at the opposite gates of Bab-el-Oued and Babazoun. The outside of the latter used to be the scene of those hideous executions, which were not discontinued till very lately, though they had begun to be infrequent. A short way from Babazoun you find a miniature encampment of those natives who have brought their country productions to town, and who, to save the expense of lodgings, sleep here under miserable tents with their dogs and beasts of burthen. The road, as you turn from this squalid scene, divides itself

into two branches. In the lower direction it takes you, after passing a village tolerably well stocked with shops, along the level of the bay that stretches from Algiers to Cape Matifou. If you pursue this road for a league it will bring you to an establishment which the French call the Garden of Experiment and Naturalization. I rode out thither one morning with M. Descousse, and the head gardener showed us minutely over the whole Pépinière. The object of the establishment is great and useful; namely, to try among almost all horticultural productions what kinds will best succeed in this country. On a space of eighty acres there are twenty-five thousand trees, bushes, and plants. All this tells interestingly and honourably for France. The experiment seems magnificent, but, like a French compliment, it is more showy than substantial. I inquired of the head gardener how many labourers he had in the Pépinière. Twenty he told me. I am no great judge of the subject, but it struck me that twenty pair of hands were too few for eighty acres of nursery ground and 25,000 trees and plants. "For that matter," he replied, "if I had but twenty active fellows, and they were well paid, I should have no fear; but I have only miserable natives, or Europeans that are the scum of the earth, and even these are ill paid." "And what is your own salary, may I ask?" "Why, Sir, 1500 francs a-year, but they are not regularly forthcoming. In short, the whole concern is starved by the French government; and though it would cost no great matter to get abundance of water, I have not more than a third part of what would suffice for irrigation." This the head gardener told me in the hearing of M. Descousse. I went the same evening to a large party of French people, and expressed my regret very strongly that so noble a project as their Experimental Garden should be starved from false economy. In so doing I neglected an advice that was once given me by a shrewd old Scotchman—"Speak the truth, my boy, as often and as freely as you can, but never for a moment longer than it is agreeable to your hearers." Next day I understood that I had given offence in a high quarter by my remarks, and an eminent functionary desired Mr. St. John to assure me that he (the functionary) was not in the least to blame in the business. I could with sincerity return him my assurance that I had never attributed any blame to him. The fault lies at Paris.

Apropos to horticulture—let me speak of the general efforts at cultivation which the French are making around Algiers. I derive my information chiefly from M. Lacroutz, the principal banker at Algiers, whose fortune, intelligence, and public spirit have prompted him to make large experiments in farming. He has favoured me with a manuscript book of his remarks on the subject. He has cultivated with success the tender sort of grain which the French call tuzelle, which has afforded him, even on ground that was not manured, a return of from  $8\frac{1}{2}$  to  $12\frac{1}{2}$  for the seed that was sown. Hard grain has not succeeded so well, and oats indifferently; but he has sown cotton, and the product has been abundant and of good quality. Some of his experiments in indigo have been also fortunate, and he has a roll of this material as beautiful as ever came from the East. On another of his estates, M. Lacroutz has constructed a mill for olive oil, one-third part of which is as excellent as the best that ever came from Provence, whilst the rest, though inferior, was found to be useful and of some value.

From all that I can learn and observe, there seems to me to be no doubt that the intertropical productions, which the Algerine Regency is capable of rearing, might become a source of great wealth to France, and very soon make the colony swarm with a prosperous population, if the difficulty of introducing abundant capital could be overcome. At present, whilst capital with us obtains some four per cent., it varies here, according to the confidence of the lender, from twelve to sixty per cent. This high rate of interest is palpably an obstacle to agricultural, or I should perhaps rather say horticultural, speculation; I mean to the rearing of those products which require patience and expense. Accordingly it is a fact, and one which I give with deliberate certainty, that out of the whole number of European colonists settled here, between 300 and 400, there are not more than five or six proprietors who are occupied in the culture of the olive and the mulberry—two products about the success and valuableness of which to France, granting capital and industry, there can be no manner of doubt. As to what might be gained by the culture of indigo, cochineal, senna, cotton, tobacco, wine, and some other articles, a question may be raised, though in my humble mind there is no scepticism as to the immense wealth that might be derived from Algerine wine and tobacco. But still, allowing that point to be debatable, nobody questions that fleet-loads of silk and oil *might* be freighted from Algiers. And what is likely to prevent this eventually? Why the scarcity of capital, and the want of a public bank to supply the horticulturist on the security of his land. Almost ninety-nine out of an hundred of the settlers are forced to get an immediate livelihood by rearing grain and vegetables which very poorly repay the expense of cultivation. The most eminent of them, a M. Couput, last year made some 150*l.* sterling by his farm. A few rich men amuse themselves with pretty experiments; but this is all child's work with regard to the chance of France ever repaying by importations the heavy expense of her colony. How is capital then to be got? Why I think it might be obtained simply by making free ports of all the ports of the Regency; English capital, I conceive, would then flow into Algiers, and millions of our money would bring double the interest that it now fetches in England.

I mentioned this opinion to some of the most influential French officers, both civil and military. The latter class listened to the idea with an air of polite but jealous coolness. "Ah! you Englishmen," they said, "are true patriots, and you can see nothing in the world without wishing England to benefit by it; but what right has England, with so many colonies, to grudge France the fairly-won and exclusive possession of Algiers?" I said, "You mistake me; we don't grudge you Algiers; England would not accept of your colony if you were to offer it to her as a present to-morrow." Still it has been only a few of the more intelligent French officers that I have been able to make converts to this truth,—that England does not envy France the possession of Algiers. France is at this moment paying nearly a million and a half sterling a year for the right of maintaining 27,000 soldiers on the coast, who are decimated every year, and who, with their blockhouses, occupy a few miles of territory around Algiers, Oran, and Bona. M. Lacroutz, the banker, treated my suggestion in a different manner from the military men; "It is my firm opinion," he said, "that the wisest thing France could do would be to make the Algerine ports all free."

If you are not already tired with my remarks, please to remember that I was lately speaking of the outlets to the country from the town of Algiers, and conceive me cicerone-ing you in imagination out of the gate of Babazoun. Leaving that gate on the right, you are led by a fine spacious road, cut on the side of the hill by the orders of the Duke of Ragusa, and very creditable to his memory. In ascending, it is pleasant to look back below. There is a palm tree that, with its feathery foliage, gives an oriental character to the scene. Whether it is a gentleman or a lady tree I do not know; but whichever it is, it is fruitless, because it stands alone, for palm trees will not fructify unless they grow in couples. They have no notion of single blessedness. Heaven smile on the gallant vegetables!

You see also from this ascent several picturesque Maraboot chapels, and the guide pointed out to me a spot which he said was the tomb of Barbarossa.

At the top of this hill you get to the great road that goes towards Douera and Boufaric. From this eminence the view is superb—the bay with its mighty blue semicircle, fringed with creamy foam—the white country-houses with their orange-gardens—the maraboots, interspersed with here and there a palm-tree—the plain below, where the vapours of the river Arach, as it discharges itself at Cape Matifou, are seen sporting in the sun, and the noble mountains towering behind the Metidjah. All these objects, when I looked around me, filled me with but vain regrets that I had not beside me some capital artist to note the scene. The French sent hither the younger Verney; but he is long returned; and I have never been able to get a sight of his Algerine sketches. But England is exuberant in painters; and why are none of them here? What studies would not Wilkie find among the Arabs and Kabyls,—the laughing negroes and the merry Jew-boys of the market-place! What scope on these sea-shores for the grace of Callcott! and what mountain lights and shades for the sublimity of Turner! The altitude of those mountains I find differently estimated. I love them too well to quarrel about a few hundred toises as to their stature; but the highest of them seem to me to be twice the height of Ben Nevis. They have an aspect peculiarly bold. Stretching in a long sweep, with visibly deep indentations and ravines—with cliffs that are purpled, and masses of precipices that are bronzed by the sun; they strike the fancy—if one may compare mountains to men—as soldier-featured beings, that bid defiance to invasion. And full sure, amidst those passes, the Kabyles have often taught both the Turks and French, that Freedom is a mountain-nymph.

But the ascent to this excursion is too fatiguing for a pedestrian excursion, and at noon it is apt to be too sunny for a ride. You should go out thither on horseback, when the crier from the minaret is chaunting to matin prayers, and when the cannon in the harbour announces day-break—whilst the jackal and hyena are skulking home through the dewy nopals—and whilst the daylight is blushing in Heaven like the life-blood returning to a lovely countenance.

The only foot promenade you can well enjoy at Algiers is on the outside of the gate Bab-el-Oued. The most interesting place to which this outlet takes you after you pass the fort of twenty-four hours (so called, because it is said to have been built within that time), and the burial-grounds, is the place still called the *Dey's Gardens*, which contain many

buildings, marble-paved courts, and magnificent fountains. The edifices, by the side of which the French have constructed numerous wooden barracks, have been converted into a military hospital, whilst the garden-grounds are laid out as an experimental nursery for rearing the chief botanical productions which the French are ambitious of cultivating in Africa. This Bab-el-Oued Pépinière, however, is on a much smaller scale than the one to which you go out by Babazoun: it contains only a few acres. Here I have made acquaintance with the worthy and accomplished Dr. Maris, the head physician of the hospital, who allows me to come down every morning with a napkin full of wild flowers, the botanical names of every one of which he writes for me on a slip of paper, besides teaching me how to preserve the flowers. Domesticated with him, and equally hospitable, I find two twin brothers, who are the head botanists of the now existing establishment. Their likeness in form and face makes them perfectly undistinguishable, even when they are together, and they speak and laugh so similarly, that if you were to shut your eyes in overhearing their conversation, you would swear that it was a man speaking to himself. Their studies and progress in life have been the same, and their very souls seem to be twins.

In those Gardens of the Dey you meet with both the cotton-tree and the cotton-bush, the sugar-cane, and the cochineal insect, feeding on that particular species of the Indian cactus which is without prickles. And how are these productions prospering, you will ask me? Why the botanists who tend them tell me they are succeeding admirably, and of the candour of those men I entertain not a doubt; but may not their very devotedness to the culture of them make them over-sanguine in their hopes? And supposing that those productions thrive well in a snug nursery, is that a sure prognostic that they will repay the cost of extensive field-cultivation? On this subject, it would require the practical experience of a tropical farmer to speak with confidence. Commend me, therefore, to the sagacity of a young Dutchman whose acquaintance I have made here. His father has given him several thousand pounds to buy land and settle as a colonist. The land, he told me, he had bought for a trifle; but that he should not put a spade or a plough into it, till he had been a year and a half on the other side of the Atlantic, and studied there the cultivation of sugar, indigo, &c.: for this purpose he is embarking for America.

Close by the Dey's Gardens and Palace, there are buildings now employed as barracks, which were formerly used as a *Poudrière*. If I understand that French word rightly, it means a powder-mill; a palace and a powder-mill in juxtaposition—is not that a droll alliteration? And yet this was the palace where the Deys used to keep their finest women. Did their highnesses wish to blow up the beautiful creatures in some case of emergency? No, surely, for they exposed themselves to the same peril. And this powder-mill stood so close to the sea, that an enemy's bomb-ship might have thrown a shell into it, without advancing dangerously close to the neighbouring batteries. The last Dey however had, for many years, discontinued to live in this country-house, having removed up to the Cassaba, from the fear of a blow up of a different nature among his Janissaries.

## LETTER V.

The population of the city of Algiers, and of all parts of the Regency that are actually occupied by the French, has been pretty well ascertained; but what may be the number of souls, reckoning a soul for every individual, inhabiting the whole territory, is more a matter of guess than computation. Hamdan, a living Moorish author, whose work on Algiers has been translated into French, begins his book with a bold assertion at the first sentence, that the population amounts to ten millions. This conjecture is rather too gay, as it would imply this savage country to be nearly as thickly peopled as England. Shaler thinks that they scarcely exceed one million, others compute them at two millions; and though I confess that I am only guessing through the guesses of others, I can scarcely suppose the whole population to exceed the latter amount. Dr. Shaw says, that according to the most exact observations which he could make himself, or receive from others, the length of the kingdom from Twunt on the east, to the river Zaine on the west, may be a little more or less than 480 miles: but here Dr. Shaw certainly means length as you would measure it on the globe, without including the undulations of the coast; for all the ship-masters with whom I have spoken describe the voyage between Bona and Oran as between 500 and 600 miles in length. The breadth of the kingdom is very unequal: in one part it exhibits only forty miles between the Mediterranean on the north, and the Zahara or Desert on the south; but to the eastward of Algiers it is very considerable, and Dr. Shaw thinks that at a medium the extent of what the Arabs call Tellie (meaning, that is), the land proper for tillage, may be called sixty miles. Now, if we multiply say 500 miles for length by sixty for breadth, the result will be 30,000 square miles: the allowance of 100 heads to a mile would make out the population to be 3,000,000; but for a people half migratory this allowance is too large, and the whole regency does not probably contain above half that number.

But did the Deys of Algiers, you will ask, keep no registers of the subjects who paid them taxes, and cannot some census of Algerine population be inferentially computed from extant documents? Why, unfortunately, the French destroyed so many archives at the occupation of the Cassaba, as to leave themselves ignorant of much that it would now be their interest to know respecting the former finances of Algiers; but one Turkish document has been preserved by M. Genty de Bussy, which exhibits the imposts paid to the Dey by the various Arab tribes. From this register, it appears that the sums brought in by the tributary natives amounted in French money to a trifle more than 892,000 francs, less than 40,000*l.* sterling. To estimate the population of the Algerine regency by this document is, however, impossible; before we can infer the population from their taxes, we must know the average value of money in the country; at what rate the natives were charged per head, and whether the imposts here registered were the only taxes exacted from them.

By looking at "Arrowsmith's Comparative Atlas of Ancient and Modern Geography," you will see that the modern regency of Algiers extending from Oran to Bona, corresponds to a locality in the ancient world which included almost, though not entirely, the whole of Mau-

rétania Cæsarensis; the whole of Mauretania Sitifensis, and the whole of what was strictly Numidia. Observe, that with regard to this identity on the map of the modern Algerine Regency and the above Roman provinces, I speak only longitudinally or coastwise; for I believe that from north to south, the Roman dominion extended deeper into Africa than that of the Deys of Algiers ever went. I could inflict on you if I chose a great deal of classical speculation as to the ancient state of the country, and discourse lengthily on the names of Jugurtha; Juba; Syphax, &c.; but what would be the good of it if I did so? I should rise no higher in your opinion than Swift's servant-man, who used to show his learning by writing his name with the smoke of a candle on the roof of the kitchen. Let me be brief, then, in my allusions to antiquity: the Romans, after conquering Carthage, took possession of this country. Their vestiges are everywhere to be traced among ruins by the antiquary. The principal mosque of Algiers exhibits a stone with a Latin inscription on it. This stone had belonged, we may suppose, to a heathen temple in Icosium, and was thrown in accidentally into the materials for constructing a Mahometan one in Algiers. The very sewers under the streets of the city may be believed to be of Roman construction. During the decline of Roman power, Barbary was ravaged by the Vandals, and the white complexion of some of the Kabyles leaves a suspicion that they are of Vandal origin; but Belisarius, in the reign of Justinian, restored Africa to the Eastern empire, though only for a short time; for in 697 the Saracens reduced the whole coast, and Algiers became Mahometan. Centuries elapsed, however, before the place rose to any importance. It was not till the Moors were expelled from Spain, and that 20,000 of them settled here and in the neighbourhood; hence the most of the Algerines are reputed to be of Andalusian origin. The name of Algiers signifies in Arabic an island, owing to the first population of the town having dwelt on that insular spot which is at present connected to the continental harbour by a strong mole.

After the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, war had long continued between the Christians of Europe and the Mahometans of Africa, when, in the year 1516, a petty king of Algiers, named Eutemi, solicited the aid of the two memorable brothers surnamed Barbarossa, the younger of whom placed his newly acquired dominions under the protection of the Grand Signior, and received from him a Turkish garrison sufficient to overawe any attempt of his Moorish subjects to regain their liberty; Algiers thus became a Pachalic of the Porte. At first the Sultan appointed the Deys or Pachas of Algiers; by degrees, however, it became the custom for the Turkish garrison, either directly or through their officers, to nominate their chief. at the same time the Grand Signior still reserved the right of confirming or refusing the election, by sending or withholding the caftan (or mantle) and the sabre of office.

In this manner the Turkish garrison came to form the warlike caste; the aristocracy, or we might rather say, the stratocracy of the Algerines. The Turkish government discouraged marriage among the Janissaries, and their numbers were yearly recruited by levies in the Levant. The sons of Turks who were born in Algiers, (they were called, as a class, Colouglis, or Coloris), were not entitled by law to succeed to the Janissary privileges of their fathers—not even the sons of the Dey, for the

throne was elective and not hereditary. This was the general rule, but it had exceptions, and I find instances of Colougli sons inheriting the Beylics of their fathers. Neither was the military force of the country exclusively composed of Turks, for it included squadrons of Moorish cavalry. Nevertheless, in a general view, the Turk regarded himself here as the lord of the creation. The Colougli was respected only because he was a Turk's son, and his African birth was an implied derogation from his grade. Those Colouglis or Coloris certainly *now* form no class of society in Algiers that is distinguishable by the superficial eye of a stranger from that of the gentlemen Moors. I have visited one of them, and had from him a polite, I may say hospitable reception; for though it was the time of the Mahometan fast, and he could not partake of the regale that he offered, he pressed me to coffee, sweet cakes, and sweetmeats. His father and uncle were successively Deys of Algiers: I trust, though I dare not vouch for it, that both of them died a natural death. The room in which he received my interpreter and myself struck me as extremely elegant; its furniture, though rich, was simple; an uncurtained bed, with a crimson coverlet, a bright amber-coloured floor-cloth of cane, low stools and sofas with gilded arms and legs, a clock and mirror of the most beautiful manufacture, and pistols and yatagans chased with gold and silver disposed about the walls.

Having caused it to be explained to my host that this was the first time I had ever been in the house of a Moorish gentleman, and that I hoped he would not think me ill-bred for looking curiously at his furniture, he smiled, and signified that he took my curiosity rather as a compliment; I, therefore, ventured to lift the coverlet of the bed, and found that its furniture consisted only of wool mattresses and bolsters, without feather-bed or blankets. These two last articles would indeed be insupportable in this climate. The poorer Moors, he told me, have neither mattresses nor pillows, but use some sheep-skins for underclothes, and their haicks or bernouses for a covering. The principal subject of our conversation was a rumour very current here respecting the intentions of the French to give up the colony to the Turks. I do not believe a word of it myself, but I said nothing to him about my incredulity, in order that I might hear his sentiments. He was very discreet, as might be expected, in political conversation with an utter stranger, but through the veil of his reserve I could make out two points of his opinion. The first surprised me, namely, that I saw he gave credit to a report so utterly improbable. The other sentiment which he expressed was natural and reasonable. "If the French give us back to the Turks," he said, "will it not be an unfair transference? If the country is left to itself, who ought to govern it? Surely we, the Moors, who are the great majority, and the most civilized part of its inhabitants."

Of the Turkish aristocracy there is now not a wreck left behind. I have seen a few Turks to be sure, but they are of the lower order. The rich and the landed proprietors have been banished to the number of hundreds. A few miles from town I have visited some of their deserted villas, and their orangeries and gardens, that have been desolated by the soldiery of the Christian civilizors. I sat down during my visit to one of these scenes in a marble kiosk, or summer-house, still shaded by fruit-trees, and looking out to a spot that is still luxuriant in its ruins.

My companion was a man of the law, grave and dry, though a Frenchman. "What a lesson," I said, "lies here to lawless pride! The Turk in Algiers was but lately distinguished from its other population, not more by his embroidery and the gaudy colours of his dress than by his air of command and his insolence, that obliged all who met him to step aside in the street until he passed. He entered the gardens of the natives at will, and ate their fruit with impunity; now he is an exile, and possibly dependent on charity." "Yes," said my matter-of-fact friend, "there were many insolent fellows among the Janissaries, and many of them were even drunkards, whose habits were connived at if not carried to scandalous excess." But they were not all of that description; and as to their banishment, it was enforced on the plea of a conspiracy against the French Government, the proofs of which were never established; and if there were no clear proofs, their treatment was a breach of Bourmont's convention.

The Colouglis, or Algerine progeny of the Turks, may now be said to be merged in the Moorish population. But how are the Moors to be distinguished from the other inhabitants of Algiers and its regency? Why, in appearance it is not difficult to discriminate them from the negroes, Jews, Arabs, and Kabyls, not only by their turbans and better dress, but by their form and physiognomy. They have, particularly in comparison with the Jews and Arabs, fairer complexions and rounder features, and they are also generally more corpulent. Their eyes, instead of the mixed fire and darkness of those of the Arab breed, have a quiet and almost indolent expression; and their manners are calm and dignified, whilst the Arabs gesticulate even more than the French. Their costume differs little from that of the Turks, consisting of a turban, a shirt, prodigiously large small-clothes (if it be not an Irishism to say so), a jacket of coloured cloth, which is embroidered more or less, a large white outer mantle, and slippers. Some of them in winter, I am told, wear stockings.

But the Moorish ladies; how can I describe their apparel, having never seen them but in pictures, with the exception of the two or three dancing women whom I have mentioned, and who, though handsome, would probably give no better an idea of a modest Moore's dress than a figurante at the Opera would represent our female drawing-room costume? The commoner Moorish women are certainly to be seen, on foot, in the dark streets, veiled and looking like phantoms, as I have told you; but one can neither see them distinctly nor stop to question them about their toilette. On the country roads you will sometimes meet them; but they are travelling on horseback, caged up in a box, and you can see only "*Box et preterea nihil.*" Anxious to see a Moorish lady at home, I got a French physician to introduce me into the house of a superior Moor, as an English doctor, with whom he wished to have a consultation on the state of his lady-patient. Under this pretext, I got actually over the threshold and through the servants' hall, and, with all the doctorial consequence that I could assume, I was mounting the first pair of stairs, when a black fellow, whose laugh and tap on the shoulder thrilled my bosom like a message from John Roe and Richard Doe, showed me his large white teeth, and said, "*Massieu,*

*on ne vous attend pas.*” So back I was obliged to come, and retrace my steps through a long hall, lined with giggling niggers, like General Morceau retreating through the Black Forest. Next day I received from an English lady at Algiers a welcome and kind present, which I had elicited by expressing my curiosity to see the dress of a Moorish woman in superior life. My fair young countrywoman was so kind as to dress two dolls exactly in the embroidery and vesture of the respectable Mooreesses. There is no difference, except as to the colours of the silk, between the attire of the two figures. The innermost dress is a fine lincn shift, bordered at the breast with silk; the hair of the head is bound lengthly behind with a blue silk ribbon; a rich embroidered silk velvet jacket covers the arms and shoulders down to the waist, having at the elbows a long silk lace ruffle that reaches to the tips of the fingers, but which, I suppose, are never left long unlifted in order to show the arm and wrist bracelets. From the waist, silk embroidered pantaloons come down, but only to the knee; above this there is an embroidered silk gown, exactly like that of an European lady, from the shoulders to the ankles; but I understand that this last dress is generally dispensed with, and the pretty legs shown uncovered from the knee to the ankle; morocco slippers, a veil, a shawl, ear-rings, and a necklace complete the female Moorish costume, which differs little from ours but in the absence of stockings.

A little circumstance that took place in consequence of my possessing the aforementioned dolls reminds me of an anecdote, respecting himself, that was told me by the late well-known Scotch lawyer, John Clerk. He had a great taste for sculpture, and used to amuse his leisure hours with modelling figures in stucco. His confidential copyist was a dry man, imbued with no sort of taste for the fine arts, and regarding his employer's amusement as a token of unaccountable puerility, he exclaimed to him one day, “Eh, Mister Clerk, I am astonished that a person of your sense can tak up your time wi' makin' stucey men!” In like manner my squire Iachimo—I should tell you that I had given him notice to quit me, and he was therefore in no friendly mood—seeing the two dressed dolls on my table, took them up, and with the devil's own sneer on his Punchinello phiz, said something that conveyed to me, that having gathered flowers like a *bambino*, I was now playing with dolls like a *fanciullo*. The ludicrousness of the idea disarmed my indignation at his insolence.

As to the minds and manners of the Moorish ladies, I learn that they are exactly what you might expect from their limited education; that they are slatterns, though gaudy in their dress,—as silly as children in their conversation,—and, what astonished me most, by no means remarkable for their beauty;—that their negresses giggle and gossip with them like equals,—and that the highest subject of their discourse is about syrups and confections. As to their beauty, however, I believe that my informant had by chance only seen some homely Mooreesses.

Apropos to those fair ones, it is a common report that the Mussulmans believe them to have no souls. But it is quite untrue. A Moorish Marabout, or Saint, to whom I put the question, assured me that the Koran inculcates no such doctrine. “Then why,” said I, “do you

not allow your young women to attend the mosques?" "Because," he replied, "the guardian angel of the mosque might detect in the hearts of the men a human sort of devotion which would desecrate the place." "That danger," I told him, "could be easily obviated by convoking the male and female worshippers at different hours." This remark rather poked him, and all that he had to say was, that it is difficult to change established customs. I believe him, however, as to the fact that there is no text in the Koran which mortalizes female souls.

I fear you will think I am grown a downright gossip when I tell you a bit of scandal that has reached me about the Moorish young ladies. *They are fond of puppies.* For that matter, you will perhaps reply, that the finest ladies of Europe also frequently show a predilection for that species of animal, both canine and human. Well, but likings take different modes of expressing themselves. A Canadian Indian was once asked if he had known the bishop of Quebec? "Yes, yes." "And how did you like him?" "Oh! vastly." "But how did you happen to know him?" "Happen to know him! Why I ate a piece of him!" In like manner my Mauritanian beauties are devouringly fond of puppies. You only fondle them, but they gobble them up by litters in their couscousou. It is said, however, that they do this not so much from a *carnivorous* propensity, as from a belief that this sort of flesh is very fattening, and the fat of a Mahometan beauty is her glory.

The children of the Moors are dressed exactly like their parents. The little girls never going out without their faces veiled. The boys, however, have neither their heads shaved nor wear the turban till they are about eleven years old. Earlier than that age they let their hair grow and stain it like the females with the juice of henna, which gives it a red hue, varying, according to the original colour of the locks, from auburn to the hue of carrots. Jewess and Mooress alike stain their hair and nails with this dye\*. This is a very old custom of the country. It is curious to find St. Cyprian, 1500 years ago, inveighing against it in his work, "*De Habitu Virginum.*" Speaking to the Mauritanian women, he says, "With bold and sacrilegious insolence you dye your locks. It is a frightful presage of your future destiny, that you already behold your heads in flames. Shame on your wickedness; you sin with your head, which is the noblest part of the body." In the passage which follows, St. Cyprian appears to have given an exceptionable gloss to the texts of Scripture to which he alludes,—namely, the verses in St. Matthew xvii and in Mark ix., which describe the transfiguration of our Saviour. All that is said by the Evangelists is, that our Lord's face shone as the sun, and that his raiment was white as light. But the Saint's audiences and readers not having been great critics, he takes the liberty of saying—"We are told in the word of God that our Lord's head was white as wool or as snow; but you execrate whiteness, and detest to wear locks of the colour of his. Do you not fear, I beseech you, being such as you are, that when the day of resurrection comes your Maker will not recognise you? Are you not afraid when you are coming up to enjoy his rewards and promises he may waive you off and exclude you; and that, chiding you with the power of a censor and a judge, he may say, 'This is not the work of my hand!

\* The Mooresses keep their eye-brows black, but the Jewesses generally stain them red, which has a frightful appearance.

this is not my image!" I tell thee, woman," continues the preacher, "that thou hast polluted thy skin with a false ointment,—thou hast changed thy hair to an adulterated colour,—thy figure is corrupted,—thy countenance is alienated,—and thou shalt not be able to see God when thou hast not the eyes which God gave thee, but which the Devil has painted. Thou hast followed him,—thou hast imitated the red hair and the painted eyes of the serpent;—drest out by the arch enemy, thou shalt burn in the same flames with him."

There are still a good many rich Moorish families in Algiers; some living on the rents of houses and profits of lands, and others engaged in trade; but, generally speaking, since the cessation of piracy, the wealth of the Moorish population has been declining. About fifty years ago Leweson describes the Moors as much more bigoted against Christians than the Turks, the latter of whom he says were insolently proud, but not fanatical. National character, however, is gradually changing from circumstances. If an Algerine be now a bigot, he is at least a well bred one. I go frequently into the shops of the Moorish artizans, many of whom speak French, or as much *lingua Franca* as enables me to converse with them. They show me their workmanship in embroidery, turnery, &c. with as much urbanity as if they were Christians, and really they seem to me to be ingenious workmen, particularly in embroidery, though, as you may easily suppose, their manufactures exhibit mechanics and art in a much lower state than with ourselves. Sitting one day in the shop of a Moorish artizan I expressed my surprise at the beauty of his productions. "Ah!" he said, shaking his head, "your European artizans are fast supplanting us. I had a brother who learnt watchmaking in Europe, and once did some business here, but he cannot now get couscoussou for his family."

I have been all this time speaking of the Moors as a distinct race from Turk, Jew, Arab, &c. Your curiosity may naturally ask, for what period of time have they been settled in the country, or are they its oldest inhabitants? No; the antiquary tells us that the Kabyls or Berebers are the aborigines, and that the Mauri of antiquity were the descendants of an army of Medes who conquered the country, and partially blended their blood with the primitive people. But as this genealogy of the Moorish race is carried back by chronologists to the days of Hercules, I will not dogmatize with you as to its certainty. The Algerine Moors, who principally lead a city life, and form the great majority of civic population throughout this regency, I believe to be a race of multifarious origin, sprung from the oldest Africans, the Arabs, the emigrants from Spain, and the Turkish Janissaries, undoubtedly, also, with some mixture of Roman and Vandal blood. Among these different sources I am inclined to suppose the Andalusian immigrants, on their expulsion from Spain, to have been the most numerous progenitors of the present Moors, on account of the vast number whom we know to have arrived in Africa.

On this subject, however, what vast uncertainties must encumber the ablest inquirer. In our own island how complicated is the question, as to the descent of the great mass of us from Celtic or Gothic blood! The half of Scotland was once a Pictish kingdom, but nobody can assure us whether the Picts were Goths or Celts. Come, let us be off to talk with the living—I am weary of the dead, and their resurrection-men the

antiquaries. The Moors living in the country, I am told, distinguish themselves by their love of genealogy, and by keeping the traditions of their families even since the invasion of the Arabs. The Moors cannot go so far back, being generally sprung, as I have said, from those who were banished out of Spain and Portugal. Ages of despotism must, no doubt, have left some tracts of barbarity on the Moorish character; but what right have the French to accuse them, as they universally do, of being fanatic and treacherous? Has a single Frenchman been assassinated by an Algerine Moor since the conquest of the country, and yet the Moors have seen their mosques and their churchyards violated by the French? The Moors, with scarcely any exception, are frugal and temperate. Their greatest luxuries are fruit, sherbet, coffee, and tobacco. The quantity of animal food they consume is not a fourth part of that which is eaten by Europeans. Very few of them avail themselves of the right of polygamy. As fathers, they are gentle to their children; and as teachers to their pupils—I have been to see several of their schools—I had found it stated that the Moors actually anticipated us in our Lancasterian system of education. But this is surely not a fact. The very noise that prevails in their little seminaries is more calculated to produce mutual disturbance than instruction. The poor Moorish schoolmaster has generally about twenty scholars, whose education, as far as I could discover, had no further resemblance to that of Lancaster than that the pupils write upon slates or smooth boards. I saw only two that were casting up accounts, the rest were writing and mumbling texts from the Koran. Their pedagogue has a rod, but he uses it rarely—very, very rarely, I believe—to correct them, but only now and then to give them a tap of warning. The bastinado, though once used in schools, I understand is now grown obsolete.

The Moors are in general extremely cleanly both in their persons and houses. The most of them also are industrious. They all, whether industrious or not, get up at sunrise, and repair either to their business, or if they have none, they kill their time in some coffee-house, smoking, drinking coffee, and I fear sometimes swallowing a little opium. Even the country coffee-houses are much frequented; they have commonly a spring beside them, and some shady trees. The Algerine cafés (I speak of those which are not held by the French) have scarcely any movables beyond straw-mats, on which the guests sit and play at draughts or chess.

The Moors, even of the common class, have a gentle gravity of manner, and I am told by those who have seen the interior of their habitations, poor and rich, that they exhibit a scrupulous cleanliness, rivalling that of the Dutch. In the houses of the rich, breakfast consists of coffee, tea, and well-baked bread, besides sherbet and lemonade. The decoction of a native plant, which is cheap and wholesome, is used by the poor as a substitute for tea. Many burghers of the middle ranks are contented to dine at mid-day on bread and cheese, and fresh or dried fruits, according to the season, though the spoon meal of the rich, it is unnecessary to say, is well supplied with savoury couscousou, pillau, garden-stuffs, pastry, and fruits. But among all classes, the evening meal is the most important; and a Moorish artizan tells me that all classes, down to the poorest, contrive to sup on pillau or conscousou, cooked

with a little animal food. How strange is human superstition! A religious Moor will not eat meat that has been killed by a Jew or a Christian. In revenge, the Jews here are equally scrupulous. The Jewess maid-servant of this house refused to eat the relics of my dinner for her supper, because it was meat *not* slaughtered by a Jew.

There is one extraordinary coincidence between the death ceremonies of the Algerine Moors and the ancient Irish. Immediately after the death of a member of the family, all the women in a Moorish house break out into a howling cry, and their neighbours, friends, and relations come to join in the ululation. They have also an Irish way of expostulating with the deceased on the absurdity of his having chosen to die. "Why did you leave us? did we not feed you, and clothe you, and love you?" The defunct, of course, puts up in silence with their reproaches. He is then given to the sexton, who washes his body, and lays him out in his grave-clothes upon a bier in some chapel, from which he is carried to his burial place. The funeral ceremony is sometimes accompanied with a choral hymn from the Koran, but I believe the custom is not universal.

In my next, I shall speak to you about the Arabs, Jews, and negroes.

Yours, &c.  
T. C.

### SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL.

Platonic friendship at your years,  
Says Conscience, should content ye:  
Nay, name not fondness to her ears,  
The darling's scarcely twenty.  
Yes, and she'll loath me unforgiven,  
To doat thus out of season;  
But Beauty is a beam from Heaven,  
That dazzles blind our reason.  
I'll challenge Plato from the skies,  
Yea, from his spheres harmonic,  
To look in M——y C——'s eyes,  
And try to be Platonic."

## CONVERSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN WITH LORD BYRON.\*

“ No man could have been more surprised,” said Byron, “ than I was at the success of ‘Childe Harold.’ It is true the ‘English Bards’ had been tolerably well received, but I ascribed that to the subject, and the ill-nature of the world, who love nothing so much as to see notable personages cut up. I had in truth a better opinion of the satire than of the romaunt. The review of the ‘Hours of Idleness’ in the ‘Edinburgh’ vexed me cursedly; not that I had a meaner opinion of my own powers in consequence of the judgment thus passed upon me, for I saw the *malus animus* of the thing; but the criticism I perceived must depreciate me with the public. Now though I had no expectation or desire at that period of becoming a regular author, yet the check was mortifying, and I swore to write my fingers off rather than come short of my revenge in some shape or other. My original design in the satire was restricted to a simple attack upon Blue and Buff, but the idea expanded as I brooded over it, and I finished by banging away right and left, at every mark good enough for a shot. It is true that I fell foul of many a man whom I might as well have spared; but divers of them, I am convinced, were secretly gratified at being assailed in such respectable company. Others forgave me for hitting them a hard blow because I had hit their friends still harder. After all, it was a foolish affair, but my bile got vent by it, and like Mr. Shandy, after swearing hard, I found myself easy. My mother had a high opinion of the satire, and foretold from it that I should do something great in poetry. I thought the better of her judgment for this opinion, and still think so, because the satire has ever been a favourite with me, though there are times when I almost regret that it was ever written.”

“ In spite of all the scribblement I have been guilty of,” said Byron, “ I am convinced nature never intended me for a poet.” To this I replied that such a declaration from him could only be prompted by a desire to be startling and paradoxical, for I was at a loss to conceive how it could be easier to make a poet out of a natural *proser*, than it was to put brains into the head of a numskull. “ I became a rhymers,” said he, in explanation, “ by force of circumstances: had my course run smoothly through life I should have been as prosaic as an alderman; but I had an excitable and stubborn temper, which is a thing not poetical in itself, yet able when wrought upon by extraordinary causes to make a man something like a poet. This is what I call becoming a poet artificially. In others the power is not generated thus by accident, but displays itself naturally, and in harmony with the ordinary character and feelings of the possessor.” Such was the substance of Byron’s argument in support of this very strange proposition, which he defended by saying a great deal more that I cannot recollect, as it was not very clear to me at the time; in fact, I am unable to see how he makes out his case in what I have recorded above, since he admits that the poetical faculty in a certain shape existed in him by nature, which is all that is necessary to be shown in order to prove him a natural poet. Perhaps after all he had no very precise notion of what he meant by saying that nature

never intended him for a poet, but uttered it from mere whim, and to try how dexterously he could argue in the attempt to prove "Richard not Richard." In general he reasoned with ingenuity and skill, and his opinions were characterized by sound sense; but there were occasions, as I have already remarked, when he showed a crotchet, and seemed to be fighting gladiatorially.

"People offer me abundant advice," said Byron, "both public and private, on the score of my writings. I have been advised, among other things, to write an epic poem, a thing in which I certainly should not succeed, nor indeed would any other person. The heroic age is gone by: nobody could understand or sympathize with the epic spirit in these costermonger times. The only sort of epic suitable to the present day is the epic of common life, half sober, half burlesque; a sort of thing at which I really think I shall try my hand some day. When I first started into notoriety I had a thousand different schemes in my head, for I was a little giddy with the sudden fame that burst upon me, and positively knew not what to think of myself. I certainly had a higher opinion of my own powers at that moment than I have had at any subsequent period, though I do not affect to believe that I have deteriorated in the opinion of the world. I have reason likewise to believe that the same is the case with most or all of those who attain any celebrity by their writings; the gratification of feeling, the confidence, the hope, the self-estimation caused by the first success are never equalled at any subsequent stage of an author's career. I formed a resolution at that period to pay no regard to the advice of critics: this I have adhered to, although from other reasons than those which prompted the determination. I should counsel all others to do the same, and by all means to follow no other person's suggestion in the choice of a subject or the manner of handling it. Nothing can be more awkward, or more likely to lead to unfortunate results, than the attempt to write to the ideas of another."

In general he did not willingly allude to his poems, but whenever he did it was with an air of indifference, as if he was unconscious of touching upon a subject of more than ordinary interest. This savoured a little of affectation; yet at times he would allow himself to be drawn into observations that showed they were by no means so insignificant in his eyes as he wished others to believe. "The world has made up an opinion," said he, "respecting certain parts of my writings, to which I cannot agree; we shall see who will be right in the end. I maintain an author's right to judge of his own performances, for several reasons. First, he is the maker of them; he knows the materials of which they are formed, and the process of the manufacture. Secondly, he gives an unbiassed opinion, for nobody has spoken before him to sway his judgment in the matter. Now the opinion of the world, so called, is half the time made up by taking the dictum of a certain authority, and the other half by dissenting from it: it is the rage for thinking like some men, or for thinking unlike others. All this gives a temporary currency to some things, but the question is, what will best survive a century? Petrarch was famous in his day, not for his sonnets, which were hardly known, but for his Latin writings; now his Latin is forgotten, and his fame lives only in the sonnets. He knew this would be the case eventually, and his sonnets are therefore the most finished and

elaborated of all his works. 'Tis of no use to cite this or that preposterous opinion, which some writers have pronounced as to the merits of their own labours. I have nothing to do with dunces, but speak only of those who know what poetry is." In spite, however, of his pretended confidence, I believe Byron was often disturbed with misgivings that his poetry would not last: he had a distant foreboding that he should fall in the estimation of the world as suddenly as he had risen.

Politics were often the subject of conversation between us, but as this topic interested me less than any other, I have but a slight recollection of what he said. His belief, however, which he expressed on repeated occasions, seemed to be fixed, that a revolution in England was unavoidable. "No monarchy in Europe," said he, "has gone through an existence of more than a thousand or twelve hundred years without suffering a radical change: such a change awaits England in the natural course of things, as all history teaches, and the particular causes for such a catastrophe are doubly numerous and active there. What will grow out of it Heaven only knows, but the longer it is protracted the more violent and sanguinary will be the operation of it, and the more dubious its result." He appeared to have little expectation that France would grow unquiet, as he was fond of ascribing the preponderance which that nation had possessed in European politics to the genius of her great leader Napoleon. "When Napoleon fell," said he, "I shared in the common exultation. I now lament the catastrophe, partly out of commiseration for fallen greatness, and partly because I believe that his dethronement was, comparatively, a misfortune to the world. He shed blood, it is true, but as the doctor says in Moliere, 'a man dead is a man dead, and there is an end,' while he has wrought good effects that will last for ages. The age of Napoleon will be the true heroic age for the French some centuries hence, if the minds of men (which I strongly suspect to be the case) be not tending toward such a state as to lose all relish for the heroic."

Notwithstanding his high aristocratical feelings and tendencies, Lord Byron talked liberally as to politics. He would now and then avow opinions strongly republican, though he allowed that all forms of government hitherto invented were wretchedly bad; they were all adapted to stimulate the bad passions either of the rulers or of those who were ruled. "After all," said he, "men are destined to be beasts of burden, and even those who imagine they drive are in reality driven. There is no government in the world where the one half are not employed in cheating the other half. As to political honesty, there is no such thing. 'Tis of little consequence what a politician believes, the important point is how much he can make others believe; that is the true secret of government." These, and many more observations of the same stamp, will show at least that Byron was no optimist in his political belief; yet he often expressed wishes for the political improvement of the Italians, and affirmed that they only required to be placed in their natural position to become a great nation. "But," said I, "don't you think the national character quite worn out among the Italians, for no man appears to think of himself as an Italian, but only as a native of this or that city?" "It is true," said he, "that their patriotic feelings are local, yet this would not hinder them from making common cause in an attempt for independence, were the proper occasion to offer, as the Gre-

cian States united against the Persians. Italy gave liberty and learning to the rest of Europe, and for these celestial gifts she now lies chained like Prometheus for stealing fire from heaven."

Speaking of poetry, "It is my opinion," said he, "that by-and-by there will be no such thing." I did not thoroughly understand this, and asked if he meant that the world would make a great fire, like that of the curate and barber in Don Quixote's library. He replied, "No; the books may remain, but nobody will read them, and as nobody will read poetry nobody will write it, and the taste for it will expire." These observations from the mouth of the greatest of all living poets excited my surprise, and I hardly thought him in earnest; but he went on at great length in support of what he had advanced. "The world is growing mechanical," said he, "and men regard only what they can eat and drink: people of different countries are amalgamating, and losing all national character. How long a process this will be no one can tell, but the tendency that way is so strong, that the result seems hardly to be avoided." He added a great deal more in the same strain, and was evidently impressed with the belief that a strong utilitarian bias was exhibiting itself at the present day in all social institutions, although it may be doubted whether his apprehensions of the catastrophe predicted by him were really so great as he affirmed them to be. We spoke of the writings of many of his contemporaries, which he criticised very freely. "\*\*\*\*'s poetry," said he, "is strange stuff, and the man's obstinacy in continuing to write it is amazing. He takes his own individual taste, builds it up into a system, and wonders that the world does not look on and admire. It is nonsense to talk of writing poetry upon a system, for some people who pretend to be poets think there is something magical in the name of a system. Poetry is a plain thing, to be understood upon the reading. To write a poem which no one can understand till he is let into the 'system,' is like painting a picture that produces no effect unless we apply the plumb-line and compasses."

One day we were riding out together on the road towards Bello Sguardo, and our attention was occupied by the stunning noise made by the *cicale* among the olive-trees. "Do you know," said he, "that I never hear these creatures croaking out their hoarse notes, but my thoughts revert to the clamour which the English set up against me when they took it into their heads, God knows why, to drive me out of their 'nook-shotten isle.' I always fancy my old persecutors and calumniators transformed into insects, and skulking under the covert of the foliage to annoy me with their croakings. 'Tis a ridiculous idea, but I cannot avoid indulging it. There they sit, hidden as formerly, and too numerous to be singled out for refutation or punishment. The thought often makes me melancholy. I would not willingly live in England, yet there are ties connecting me with the country that I cannot rend asunder." Here he went on at great length in his strictures upon English society, affirming that it offered very little that was amiable, though he confessed that he knew himself to be so hated by those who composed it, that he should justly get credit for impartiality in his judgment. I ventured to doubt whether he was so much an object of dislike to his countrymen as he imagined, and stated that among those who had fallen in my way, he appeared, on the contrary, to be in excellent odour. He displayed much surprise at this, whether affected or real I

cannot say, and obliged me to enumerate various instances in which I had witnessed the manifestation of such a feeling. The assurance I gave him of this fact seemed to have a decided effect upon him for a while, but presently the old persuasion returned upon him, and he exclaimed that it could not be; adding, that the English and he had offended each other too deeply ever to be reconciled. In this belief I could not help thinking he laboured under a great delusion. I did not hesitate to tell him so. His notions here savoured a great deal of morbid sensitiveness, for I can hardly think there was any affectation in the case. It was evident still that the belief preyed upon his mind, and was, in a great degree, the cause of that depression of spirits under which he frequently laboured.

He was fond of talking of Napoleon, and made no scruple of expressing a high admiration of him. He allowed him to be a tyrant, but asserted that one could forgive his excesses in consideration of the grandeur of the object he had in view. If he was a tyrant, he was a great and glorious tyrant. "But do you think," said I, "that he had the true sentiment of greatness, taking the word in its most noble and exalted sense? We will allow him great talents, great genius, but look at his intense egotism, is that any part of true greatness?" To this he replied, "A great conqueror must of necessity be a great egotist, since he who undertakes to sway the destinies of the world must regard himself as the central point of the whole universe, and a certain self-reference must pervade the whole scheme of his policy." "But Washington was no egotist." "No, nor was he a great conqueror: he was the chief man among a people who did a great thing. Napoleon did great things himself; the nation goes for nothing in his history; it is a passive instrument in his hands. Napoleon's history and greatness must be regarded as a personal affair." "But Washington could have made himself something personally; he had the moderation not to do it." "Then we must allow Napoleon to be the greater general, and Washington the greater man."

"A mere chance," continued Byron, "prevented me from fighting against Napoleon, for at one period in the early part of my life I had formed the resolution of joining the army. I thought of going into the service of the Austrians, who were then at war with France. I cannot avoid speculating upon the consequences to myself had I realized this design. What a turn it might have given to my fortunes! The excitement of the camp would have kept me in a hot fever of life, and I should, without doubt, have done some dashing things, though God knows whether the result would have been much to my advantage. I should certainly have made a bad soldier,—as a subaltern I mean,—I am so impatient of restraint. I do not think, however, that the trade of war is a desirable one even to him who escapes with a whole skin. Military men who have gone through service show a certain uneasiness of spirit all their lives after. The mind seems to be radically changed or affected by such a career. In spite of all this, and the notoriety of it, no object ever did, or ever will, possess such fascination in the eyes of the world as military greatness."

He frequently alluded to the business of verse-making as a process more mechanical than we are accustomed to consider it. "I write best," said he, "under the stimulus of some artificial excitement, and

am seldom lucky at rhyming when my head is clear. Schiller used to compose with his feet in a pail of cold water and a pot of hot coffee at his elbow. I never tried this, so far as the water-pail is concerned." He added, that the faculty of versification was quite unsteady with him, that he had often found it difficult to say a very plain thing in verse, and that he had hammered at a single rhyme for half an hour without success.

Although Byron talked without hesitation upon any topic connected with religion, it was extremely difficult to gather from his discourse what his precise opinions were respecting it, or indeed whether he had any settled notion whatever upon any main point relating to it. His opinions uttered at different times seemed to take a colour from the humour of the moment or the discourse immediately preceding, which gave them every degree of contrariety. The sceptical tone which pervades some of his writings was often surpassed by the language he used in conversation, yet he would often assert that he was a sincere Christian. Of the immortality of the soul he frequently spoke, and was highly interested when any argument was offered in its favour that had the appearance of novelty. He once mentioned the instance of an old man of ninety that he knew, who was utterly decrepit in body, but whose mental powers existed in their greatest vigour. "This," said he, "is a proof that the mind may exist independent of the body." He appeared anxious to know all men's opinions upon this matter, but remarked that he doubted whether the opinion of the whole world could of itself produce any settled belief in him, as this was a case where authority could not govern a man's opinion. "All we can be certain of is," said he, "that our intellects are limited, and there is a power greater than we are. Mankind," he continued, pursuing another branch of the same subject, "are always ready to reward and honour those who lead them into error; but they persecute their benefactors, and those who attempt to enlighten them and to disabuse them of their prejudices. A strange perversity reigns in human affairs: whatever good is done to men must be done in spite of themselves."

Various persons have borne witness to the superstition that formed a part of Byron's character. He certainly talked of spirits and apparitions with a seriousness that one could not believe unaffected. He was as fond of talking and reasoning about ghosts as ever Dr. Johnson could have been; he never pretended to have seen a spirit, but had many tales to relate concerning them which he showed great faith in. He indulged frequently in forebodings and presentiments which could not be accounted for, and was fond of strengthening himself in this whim by reciting the names of various celebrated men in ancient and modern times who were affected by the same weakness. He often alluded to the arguments he had held with others on these subjects. "—," said he, "told me that if he should see a ghost he should doubt about it, since the belief must depend upon a choice of two probabilities,—namely, the ghost or an optical deception; and an optical deception would be much the more probable of the two. I told — that this might be good reasoning in broad daylight, but I did not believe he would find it answer in the dark; and I put the question to him, whether he was confident it would keep his hair from rising when in a churchyard, and by the dim light of the moon he should attempt such

a syllogistic exorcism face to face with a ghost?" He then went on to talk of his dreams, and said that he once kept a record of them, partly for amusement and partly to ascertain whether anything like a connected history or picture might be made out of the sequence of thoughts and images which they exhibited. "It made a book," said he, "that read very strangely, yet it helped me to some ideas that have told well in poetry. No man can tell from what tags and jags hints may not be picked out."

"Many an hour," said Byron, "the wish seizes me that I had fulfilled my original design of going into the army. Not but that I think cutting throats a sad business; but men must die if you let them alone; mankind have never settled the point whether life be worth possessing; and all are agreed that he who dies quickest dies best. I should have had the chance of a speedy exit, or a career that offered new excitement at every step. The curse of life is a monotony of thought, feeling, and occupation. I wish sometimes I had been born in the dark ages: I do believe that life was not then saddened by the dull satiety that mars our existence who languish under the disease of over-civilization. Hope and belief were then young; for us nothing remain but doubt and despondency." I ventured to disagree with him here, and stated that I did not see any reason to believe mankind in general were happier in those ages than at present: it was only "distance that lent enchantment to the view," and that it was the same with the boasted ages of chivalry which had been represented as distinguished for gallantry, refinement, and honourable deeds, while, in fact, the history of that period is filled with scenes of turbulence, rapine, and perfidy that exhibit the warriors as sanguinary robbers, and the people oppressed and miserable. "Mankind," replied he, "deserve the character of robbers in all ages; the only difference is that, in the dark ages, they were open, avowed, generous foes to one another, instead of practising the hypocritical treacheries that distinguish our days of modern refinement. Men hate each other at the present day as much as ever they did, only they preach brotherly love and philanthropy as a cloak to their hatred."

We were talking of perfect characters—pattern-folks as they are called. "My greatest dislike," said he, "is—what do you think? Most of all I should dislike to be too good: I say it seriously, because I think all men mixed characters; and I believe that to be an agreeable—aye, and a useful man—one should not approach too near the standard of perfection. Now, God knows, all men are bad enough; but I do think a person should have a few failings to gain him the sympathy and esteem of friends, for I never knew one get the reputation of a pattern character without forfeiting whatever attachment his acquaintance had for him. The thing sounds ridiculous, I know; and if one were to write about it, he would be considered a banterer; but wisdom often lurks in strange disguises. Let men make what professions they will, certainly nobody really loves a perfect man,—or what passes for a perfect man as the world goes: now, when we do not like a man, we have no particular inclination to follow his example or precept. You may say reason would teach us to do so; but it is a fact—and the more is the pity—that the actions of men are not in nine cases out of ten directed by their reason, but are under the control of

their passions, their prejudices, and their caprices. So there is my argument in favour of—what shall I call it?—non-perfection." He went on to say a great deal more in the same strain, mixing up serious argumentation with a good deal of bantering remark, yet, on the whole, earnestly striving to establish it as a reasonable proposition. "It would not do, perhaps," he added, "to begin education by inculcating this maxim, yet it is to be wished that the world would bear it in mind when they undertake to pronounce judgment upon a man's failings."

"Were I offered the choice," said Byron, "either to live my life over again, or to live as many years more onward, I should certainly prefer the first: yet my young days have been vastly more unhappy than I believe those of other men commonly are. I once attempted to enumerate the days I had lived which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy: I could never make them amount to more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether, between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen. Such is the sum total of human happiness. An Arabian caliph, who wrote his own life, assures us that he had fourteen days of happiness. Gibbon tells the story after him, and boasts that he had exceeded the Commander of the Faithful—he does not state by how much, perhaps by double. Were I to choose my lot in life, I would not be a poet, though it is possible for a poet to get through life tolerably easy: yet the chance is against him. After all, a bustling man of business, he who has not leisure to think of the ills of life, nor any great acuteness of sensibility to expose him to their attacks, such a man has the best chance of happiness. Some Frenchman, I forget who, has stated, that, to enjoy this world, one must have a good stomach and a bad heart. I think a man may have both and be very miserable."

"A whim has assailed me just now," said Byron, "and I feel the strongest inclination to indulge it; 'tis no less than this—to publish a volume of the anonymous letters I have received. What a book they would make! so piquant, lively, and original! Only think of the sensation created among those blessed beings the scandal-mougers of London, by the appearance of three or four hundred letters, 'done by different hands'—amatory, minatory, hortatory, dehortatory, exposulatory, improvisatory, and exclamatory! fancy them all, properly garnished with stars, blanks, and dashes, and submitted to the favour of the 'judicious public.'" He appeared highly diverted with the idea, and chuckled over it for some time. He stated that his anonymous correspondents were very numerous, though for his own part he could not imagine what the deuce nine-tenths of them meant or expected by writing to him, as he never in a single instance paid any regard to them. They were often, he said, very eloquent, and some of the tenderer sort so charmingly written, that he could not help loving the writers. A certain elderly lady, before his marriage, wrote to him desiring to know if it was really true, as she had been privately informed, that he was in love with her daughter, yet durst not venture to avow his passion? The mother, it seems, had the most overweening opinion of the charms of her daughter, and absolutely believed that a passage in one of Byron's poems was designed to refer to her. "I do not think," said Byron,

“ that a high degree of beauty is necessary to create a strong passion. I remember being desperately in love with a lady who had a freckled face. I was cured of my passion, not by discovering her want of beauty, but because I once saw her stand up in a chair to look over the heads of a crowd ; the action appeared so unfeminine, that I disliked her from that moment.” He added, that he had a strong aversion to a masculine woman, or an effeminate man.

Though Byron often conversed of the fine arts, yet it was plain he did not possess any critical knowledge of painting or sculpture. Indeed, he made no pretensions to it, but openly ridiculed the science of connoisseurship. It has been thought that the Italian works of art excited little admiration in him, and that he was forced to draw upon his imagination for the descriptions he has written ; but, in truth, he had a good common-sense perception and understanding of them, which, after all, is the best foundation for a proper feeling of their beauties. “ Painters,” said he, “ from what I have seen of them, are the most dogmatical, opinionated class of men in the world ; any man who has handled a brush thinks himself an infallible judge of anything that was ever drawn upon canvass. I have heard Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci styled wretched daubers, by one who could not draw a man’s face without making a horrible caricature. Speaking of portraits, I never shall forget poor Lord ——, nor how I affronted him by too unstudied a criticism of his likeness. Lord —— had patronized, I forget what budding genius, by having his bust taken : his Lordship had a fiery red face, which the ingenious artist had set off with a background of drapery in bright crimson, so that the whole had, as flaming an appearance as you can well imagine. Wishing to surprise me with this glowing specimen of the arts, he took me into the room where it hung, and stationing me in a proper spot for the full effect, suddenly drew aside the curtain that veiled it. I started back, exclaiming, ‘ Good God ! is that a salamander !’ I was taken by surprise, and the expression burst from me in spite of myself ; but I believe he never forgave me. Sure no one could look upon the picture without thinking of the animal aforesaid, or of Dives that lived in purple ; there he was—burning, burning !”

“ Of friends,” said he, “ I possess very few—not above half-a-dozen. Acquaintance I have, without number ; individuals that perhaps number themselves among my friends—yet real friends they are not ; perhaps they do not distinguish between intimacy and friendship. I never could have many friends—I was not made for it. Civilities I have for many—friendship for a few. A man who admits five hundred persons to his friendship can have but little attachment for any one of them. Thus you will find those individuals who have the largest circle of friends, so called, are incapable of any sincere and lasting attachment. I have lost some friends by quarrelling with them ; yet not through my own fault, for though I am irritable, I am equally placable ; unfortunately, the latter quality does not always accompany the former !” Here he went on to specify the qualities of many persons whom he designated by name, though I cannot call them to mind, therefore omit their characters as drawn by Byron. Some of them were dead—“ Dead !” exclaimed he, “ God ! how much there is in that little word.”

Byron often spoke of peculiarities in his temper and disposition as owing, in a great degree, to his education. "I was not brought up," said he, "I grew up. Had I a son to educate, I should take as many precautions respecting him as the sternest Mentor among men; yet ten to one I should spoil him. The management of a single point in the education of a child may make or mar him for life. *Haud incerpertus loquor*. A child never believes that a man can tell a lie, or be mistaken; I remember the time when I was undeceived on this point—it caused me the oddest sensations imaginable. I felt like a Pagan who has been shown that his god is only a stick of wood."

I could not help feeling surprised at his frankness, and the unreserved manner with which he touched upon a hundred things connected with his personal history, which I should not have ventured to remind him of by so much as an allusion. He was certainly the most open-hearted and communicative man that I ever met with; and, notwithstanding a little waggish tendency towards mystification, very plainly to be discovered in him from time to time, I really believe him to have been a man who would tell all he knew and thought without the least reserve. It was a fault with him—a weakness; he loved to talk and to excite interest in his hearers, and, when under the impulse, could not refrain from pouring forth all his feelings, and laying his mind completely open. No event in his life has excited greater curiosity than his separation from Lady Byron. The world has groped in the dark after the secret, and the strangest of all is, that Lord Byron was as much in the dark as any one; for I am perfectly convinced he has disclosed all he knew about the matter. To hear him converse upon the affair was enough: he did it unreservedly, perhaps too much so; but it was a matter of public notoriety—it had heaped calumny and abuse upon his head, and driven him into exile, and what he said was uttered in self-defence.

Having brought these sketches to a close, I may be permitted to add a word or two as to the general impression produced upon me by my intercourse with the celebrated personage to whom they refer. If, as Sterne remarks, a man cannot walk into a room and lay down his hat without some action that lets out a part of his character, it surely cannot be presumptuous to hazard a brief estimate of Lord Byron's peculiarities under the circumstances in which, for a short period, I was placed with regard to him. I certainly thought Byron an agreeable companion, and should have set him down for one who was by nature inclined to sociality, notwithstanding the inclination to solitude, and the moody misanthropy which he paraded in his writings. Those who knew him, and those who only read him, have looked upon him in different aspects. In conversation, Byron was himself—in his poetry, he was acting a part; yet, even when himself, he was a character difficult to penetrate, so many contrarities were mixed up in him. He had naturally kind feelings, yet he was certainly what he called himself—a good hater. What he said, he commonly said in sincerity; yet, as he uttered it for the most part from mere impulse, he was liable to contradict it the next hour. He was studious, inquisitive, and had a great curiosity to inform himself upon all things that engage the attention or solicitude of men; but I am of opinion that he had no fixed and settled convictions upon

any subject whatever; and though on numerous occasions he judged of men, manners, and literature with great acuteness and penetration, yet I am fully persuaded that at such times he had no more confidence in his own decisions, than when he uttered at random the most frivolous sophistries. He had reflected much, but his wayward and capricious temper had so far the mastery of his faculties, that I doubt if his researches were ever guided by a sincere, deliberate, and reasonable desire to discover the truth. That his passions were violent, no one can deny; yet this circumstance need not have made him the poet he was, or the unhappy man he pretended to be. That he *was* unhappy, I have no doubt, for most men are so; but honestly, I do not think Byron to have been half so wretched as the world has imagined; he was gifted with acute sensibilities, and if he suffered more in consequence, he also enjoyed more. That a poetical temperament has a tendency to make a man melancholy I never will believe; and I am thoroughly convinced that if Lord Byron had been under the necessity of earning his dinner every day before eating it, he would have stood as fair a chance of happiness as falls to the lot of common mortals. The reader may point to his poems and say, that the feeling of melancholy which reigns throughout them is too deep not to be real. I reply, that there is a pleasure even in the contemplation of lugubrious subjects, and that the man who wrote as if his coffin was perpetually before him, wrote with as much exhilaration as if he had been penning anacronitics. People refine too much in their judgments of this part of his character; it is better to take a common-sense view of the thing, and bear in mind that it is not in the physical constitution of man to be superlatively miserable. Byron, in fact, was cheerful when occupied, animated when in conversation, and displayed an interest and eagerness in carrying his point when engaged in a petty dispute or project, that caused you to forget both the poet and the misanthrope.

Napoleon was said to be so arbitrary, that he would have been glad to cook every man's dinner. Byron was so perversely self-willed, that he insisted on being admired, even for his faults. He made a parade of feelings the most unamiable, only to excite wonder: *monstrari digito* was the secret of his attempt to brave public opinion. He was what might be termed a hypocrite reversed--he affected to be worse than he really was; a strange and inexcusable weakness in him. As to the insanity which some have suspected, I think his own definition of the word quite a correct one, and that he stood between the first and second stages; in spite of this, he knew his own failings, yet had not firmness of purpose enough to attempt the correction of one of them. To say that he was disgusted with the world would be uttering nonsense, as every act of his life shows that there were a thousand things in the world that he loved, esteemed, and coveted. Whether he thought a great deal of his title I am unable to say, but nothing in his conversation or demeanor towards me indicated that pride of birth which others declare to have been a distinguishing trait in him; possibly my character as a republican may account for this. He used to assert, that if he had lived in the French revolution he should have been a great disorganiser; I, on the contrary, believe, that had a revolution taken place in England, Lord Byron would have stood by his order to the last; his liberalism

was little more than speculative. If he had not a high opinion of his own powers as a poet, he was fully sensible that others had; which may excuse his egotism, and account for many of his indiscretions in talk. His lameness was doubtless a source of mortification to him in his youth, but late in life I believe he thought much less of it. The elements of good and evil were strangely mixed up in his character: there were anomalies about him beyond the power of a common observer to explain—"tricks had he in him that gentlemen have." His autobiography must have been a rare and amusing book, yet it would have given a picture of Lord Byron utterly erroneous. What he deliberately wrote for the eye of the world was not trustworthy; but what he babbled in his cups, or in moments of careless gaiety, might be relied on, however contradictory: for such, indeed, was the man—a magnificent contradiction.

A. D.

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#### DEATH-BED OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ON his bed the king was lying—  
 On his purple bed\*;  
 "Tell us not that he is dying;"  
 So his soldiers said,  
     " He is yet too young to die.  
 Have ye drugged the cup ye gave him†,  
 From the fatal spring?  
 Is it yet too late to save him?  
 We will see our king!  
     Let his faithful ones draw nigh,  
 The silver-shielded warriors—  
 The warriors of the world!"  
 Back they fling the fragrant portals  
 Of the royal tent‡;

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\* "While Alexander was on his death-bed, the soldiers," says Arrian, "became eager to see him; some to see him once more alive, others because it was reported that he was already dead, and a suspicion had arisen that his death was concealed by the chief officers of the guards, but the majority from sorrow and anxiety for their king; they, therefore, forced their way into his chamber, and the whole army passed in procession by the bed where he lay pale and speechless."

† Plutarch mentions that one of the popular reports was, that Alexander's death was occasioned by poison administered by Iollas, his cup-bearer. This poison, the water of a mountain-spring, was of a corrosive nature as to destroy every substance but the mule's hoof in which it was brought.

‡ Phylarchus gives a splendid account of Alexander's magnificence. His tent contained a hundred couches, and was supported by eight columns of solid gold. Overhead was stretched cloth of gold, wrought with various devices, and expanded so as to cover the whole ceiling. Within, in a semicircle, stood five hundred Persians, bearing lances adorned with pomegranates; their dress was purple and orange. Next to these were drawn up a thousand archers, partly clothed in flame-coloured, and partly in scarlet dresses. Many of these wore azure-coloured scarfs.

Vainly to the stern immortals  
Sacrifice and vow were sent\*.  
Cold and pitiless are they!  
Silent in their starry dwelling,  
Nothing do they heed  
Of the tale that earth is telling,  
In her hour of need!  
They have turned their face away,  
Ye silver-shielded warriors,  
Ye warriors of the world!

In that royal tent is weeping;  
Women's tears will flow;  
There the queens their watch are keeping†  
With a separate woe.  
One still wears her diadem—  
One her long fair hair is rending,  
From its pearls unbound ‡;  
Tears from those soft eyes descending,  
Eyes that seek the ground.  
But Roxana looks on them,  
The silver-shielded warriors,  
The warriors of the world!

In the east the day was reddening,  
When the warriors pass'd  
In the west the night was deadening,  
As they looked their last.  
As they looked their last on him—  
He, their comrade—their commander—  
He, the earth's adored—  
He, the godlike Alexander!  
Who can wield his sword?  
As they went their eyes were dim,  
The silver-shielded warriors,  
The warriors of the world!

In front of these were arranged five hundred Macedonian Argyraspides, soldiers, so called from their silver shields. In the middle was the golden throne, on which Alexander sat and gave audience. The tent on the outside was encircled by elephants drawn up in order, and by a thousand Macedonians in their native dress. Beyond these were the Persian guard of ten thousand men, and the five hundred courtiers allowed to wear purple robes.

\* Alexander's death was preceded by many omens, which sacrifice vainly strove to avert.

† After the conqueror's death, Roxana allured her gentler rival into her power, and poisoned her. She was the beautiful daughter of a barbarian chief, made captive by Alexander, who was so struck with her charms, that he immediately married her. Statira was the child of Darius, and inherited the evil fortunes of her ill-fated race.

‡ Pearls were favourite ornaments with the Persian ladies, who often wore them wreathed in their hair.

*Death-bed of Alexander the Great.*

Slowly passed the sad procession  
 By the purple bed ;  
 Every soldier in succession  
 Thro' that tent was led.  
     All beheld their monarch's face—  
 Pale and beautiful—reclining,  
 There the conqueror lay,  
 From his radiant eyes the shining  
 Had not passed away.  
     There he watched them from his place—  
 His silver-shielded warriors,  
 His warriors of the world !

Still he was a king in seeming,  
 For he wore his crown ;  
 And his sunny hair was streaming  
 His white forehead down.  
     Glorious was that failing head !  
 Still his golden baldric bound him,  
 Where his sword was hung ;  
 Bright his arms were scattered round him,  
 And his glance still clung  
     To the warriors by his bed —  
 The silver-shielded warriors,  
 The warriors of the world !

Pale and motionless he rested,  
 Like a statue white and cold,  
 With his royal state invested ;  
 For the purple and the gold  
     In his latest hour he wore.  
 But the eye and breath are failing,  
 And the mighty Soul has fled \*\* !  
 Lift ye up the loud bewailing,  
 For a wide world mourns the Dead ;  
     And they have a Chief no more—  
 The silver-shielded warriors,  
 The warriors of the world !

L. E. L.

\* The death of Alexander plunged all his vast empire into anarchy and slaughter. He was the soul that animated the mighty force that afterwards wasted its energies in petty warfare. The popular saying attributed to him might well be true, "That the survivors would celebrate his obsequies with bloody funeral games."

## PRECEPTS AND PRACTICE.

## No. III.—CAPTAIN GRAY.

OPINIONS widely differ upon the expediency and advantages of early marriage, and there can be no question but that, in many instances, very young mothers are induced to keep back their well-grown daughters, and even young fathers feel jealous of their forward sons; but there are exceptions to all general rules, or perhaps it may be charitably inferred that the instances to which I now refer are the exceptions to the better general rule. Certain it is that, in the family I am about to describe, the mother of Mary Gray, still young and beautiful, felt nothing like apprehension or jealousy at beholding her lovely daughter—what artists, speaking of pictures, call—a repetition of herself.

Captain Gray, the husband of this exemplary parent, had married her when she was scarce eighteen, and he not yet of age; theirs was a match of love, founded upon sincere attachment—pure and disinterested—encouraged, in the first instance, by their mutual friends, and eventually sanctioned by their parents.

Massinger says—

“ The sum of all that makes a just man happy  
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;  
And then, well to discharge it, does require  
Equality of years, of birth, and fortune.”

The union of Captain, then Lieutenant Gray, with the daughter of Colonel Morgan, was singularly characterized by this happy equality; their ages, rank, and fortune were as nearly alike as it would be possible to imagine in such a match. Gray was the son of an old and gallant soldier; Fanny Morgan was the daughter of a distinguished veteran. She was an only daughter—Gray was an only son; and although the ardour of youth, and an hereditary love of his noble profession induced him, so long as his country called for his active services, to continue in the field, he consummated his military career on the triumphant day of Waterloo; having fought gallantly under his illustrious chief, and returned to his native home, his devoted wife, and infant daughter, with but one slight wound as an honourable alloy to the praises he had received, and the promotion he had obtained.

Upon the permanent establishment of the peace which has ever since those days of England's glory continued, Captain Gray went upon half-pay, resolved to pass the remainder of his life—until, at least, some fresh interruption to the tranquillity of Europe should occur—in the comfort of an humble, happy home—in the society of his devoted wife—in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, in which he was already highly accomplished—and in superintending, jointly with his beloved Fanny, the education of their only daughter.

It is scarcely possible to depict a scene of more perfect happiness than that which the sweet retirement of this amiable family exhibited. Their lives were untroubled by the slightest discontent; their daughter grew in grace and goodness as she grew in years, and at eighteen was as perfect a pattern of innocence and virtue as ever blessed a father and mother. Her beauty it is needless to describe. I have already

spoken of her resemblance to her mother; in mind, as well as person, the resemblance held good. Educated at home, under the parental eye, she had acquired all the accomplishments which the present state of society requires, unalloyed by the pertness of display, or the affectation of a bashfulness which she did not feel. Her character was purely natural—of guile or deception she could scarcely form any distinct idea, for her father's heart was full of honour and truth, and her mother's mind was pure as the driven snow.

There are, they say, spots on the sun, and never yet did there exist a faultless human being. Gray had a fault of temper; in earlier life his character had been marked by an irritability of disposition, induced no doubt, in a certain degree, by the habit of command, and the promptitude of discipline to which, in his youth, he had been almost prematurely accustomed. He was the farthest from a quarrelsome man in the world, but he was hasty and even violent, if he even suspected the candour and sincerity of those to whom he had given his friendship and confidence; and sensitively jealous of his honour, which, however, no man had ever ventured to impeach. It was with a consciousness of this almost morbid sensibility, that his existence in youth was a continued struggle to repress feelings which were of so tender and delicate a nature, that few people in the world would give him credit for their real origin. Nothing can more satisfactorily prove to the sceptical—if such there be—in the power of the influence which a charming, amiable, good woman is able to exert over the man of her heart—the husband of her choice—than the change which matrimony worked in *him*. Orpheus softened rocks, and made stones move; but the sweet voice, and yet sweeter example of a beloved wife can do more than the fabled musician ever did. From the day of his marriage to the period at which the reader is introduced to his happy family, this irritability had gradually been subsiding, and at the time now referred to the vivid colourings of a highly excitable temper, like the glaring tints of a new picture, had become mellowed by time, and softened into harmony; and if the fire slumbered in the breast of Gray, it never burst out in any of the irregular conuscations which, at a previous part of his career, it certainly had done.

I have already said that their sweet retirement was an earthly paradise. Surrey was the county he had chosen wherein to pitch his tent after the death of his gallant father. A spot romantically beautiful in its views—for although the subjects of Cockaigne judge Surrey by the borough of Southwark or Kennington Common, there are more lovely bits of finished landscape within thirty miles of London, in that county (where it touches Sussex), than are to be found at ten times the same distance in others.

Conceive a cottage—"a cottage of gentility"—placed on the brow of a gentle declivity facing the south, commanding from its woodbine-covered verandah an extensive view over a splendid valley, highly cultivated, studded with farms and villas, bounded at a distance of some fifteen or twenty miles by the boldly-rising downs of Sussex, over whose summits one might almost see that bright gleaming line of light which tells the presence of the sea beyond their swelling undulations. The house combining every comfort—luxury, if you will. Gray's library complete—his well-kept collection of books, of birds, of minerals, of shells—for he was generally scientific, and although not perking

himself up for a "man of science," far above the *οι πολλοι* of pretenders. His guns, his rods, and his spears—for he was a sportsman for all game, running, flying, or swimming; his drawing materials—for he was an artist; his flute—for he was a musician; his lathe—for he was a turner. All these, and a thousand other dear literary comforts, crowded and adorned his snuggerly, into which the wife of his bosom, and the daughter of his heart, would venture, to call him to a walk, or a ride, or a drive.

His establishment had all that could be wished, and more than was wanted to be comfortable; but comfort was the word by which it was to be designated, and the evenings, as the autumn closed in, were enlivened by visitors from the neighbourhood, which, for the situation, was populous—or from the market-town, distant not more than a mile and a half; and then the sweet and single-minded Mary sang like a syren, while she looked like a sylph. I never saw but one girl who was her equal—perhaps her superior, in this peculiarity. When she sang, she looked more beautiful than at any other moment of her life. In most singers, the act of singing causes an exertion—it might almost be called a distortion of countenance; but Mary Gray, like this one other, looked even more lovely as the rich, melodious tones flowed honey-like over her lips, which, being just enough opened to show a row of pearly teeth, scarce seemed to move as she riveted all eyes, and enchained all ears. I once told her mother, that nothing was wanting but a glass-case to cover her.

What a happy father—what an enviable mother! Mary Gray was the theme of praise with all, for she was good as she was beautiful, and her mind was as lovely as her person. Go now to the village—now—and ask after her—mention her name, and see how the people, old and young, will lift up their eyes to Heaven and bless her. She lives in the hearts of those who knew her, but—

What can mortality have more of happiness than these Grays had?—Esteemed, respected, courted by the best and worthiest of their neighbours, they lived, indeed, an enviable life; and then, in the season, six weeks at an hotel made a variety in their course of proceedings, and Mary visited her relations, and heard Malibran, and Grisi, and Tosi, and all the unmusically-named musical people of the Opera—went to two or three of the best parties—learned to admire the best artists by their works at exhibitions, and even attended lectures, and visited microscopes, and returned tremblingly alive to the abominations of Thames water, in one drop of which thousands of gigantic monsters are perpetually dancing; and disgusted with the coarseness of the finest French cambric, which, developed to the eye magnified three million times, is infinitely more like a flounder-fisher's net ill-made, than anything else to which I can compare it. That National Gallery of Science in the Lowther Arcade, is enough to turn the heads of men, women, and children, and is better worth seeing than anything I know of, except the late Mr. Irving, and the present Mr. O'Connell.

And, after all this excitement, only fancy the dear delicious repose of the cottage, and the fresh breeze blowing over the valley, and Mary's own dear little *boudoir*, and the welcome of her little dog, and the warbling of her little birds, nay, the bending heads of her dahlias themselves, just bursting forth, seemed to hail her return.

It would seem, perhaps, ill-timed to expatiate upon the charms of this fair creature's mother; but how many fair creatures does one see every day and evening of one's life, who, like Mrs. Gray, look more like the elder sisters of their lovely daughters than their mothers. This is what I said at first—these are the fruits of early marriages. Mrs. Gray was a being full of soul and intellect, and of that sort of intellect which wins rather than conquers—a masculine mind, clothed in feminine delicacy. I always thought that Mrs. Gray possessed an inherent energy, and a command of powers if she chose to exert them, and if they should at any time be called into action; because, by a constant association with a family, one finds opportunities of judging, not what actually *is*, but what might be, the line any individual of it would, under certain circumstances, adopt. Mrs. Gray was the sweetest, gentlest creature upon earth; and, as Aaron Hill says,

“As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,  
So modest ease and beauty shine most bright;  
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,  
And she, who means no mischief, does it all.”

Certainly she meant no mischief; but she was an extraordinary person, and a delightful person, and it was beautiful to see how she exercised what really seemed little else than a sororial sway over her beloved Mary, in order to induce her to what is called “come forward” amongst the gayer parties in London,—for at home dear Mary was really at home.

The reader, who no doubt knows human nature, knows that if a story profess to copy nature, even if it be not a transcript from her wondrous book, it cannot allow a girl like Mary Gray to reach eighteen without a lover—or two—perhaps more; and certainly, if the most valuable qualities of mind and person combined are attractions, our sweet, kind-hearted, unaffected Mary could not fail to do the “mischief” which, in Hill's verses, I have attributed to her mother in her earlier days.

Conceive such a being as Mary Gray. I will not describe her. I have already said she was fit only for a glass-case. But conceive this dear, innocent creature, with eyes too eloquent by half, although they spoke nothing but her innocent thoughts; a figure, unaided by art, perfect as the Mediccan Venus; the sweetest voice,—the lightest step, the whitest—But why go on? why talk of her?—rather adopt the well-known lines of the eminent Barnes—

“She was——  
But words are wanting to say what:  
Think what a girl should be,—  
———And she was that.”

Well, then, where the roses blow, and the lilies bow their heads, the bees will come; and of course Gray's house was beset by sundry languishing swains. A neighbouring baronet amongst the number,—an ancient knight came, second in degree, who hinted to Mrs. Gray his anxiety to make poor, dear, downy-cheeked Mary the third Lady Duddlethrops, but he was snubbed by Mamma, who set him half crazy by repeating a satirical couplet made a few years before upon a similar proposition supposed to emanate from the proposer himself:—

“My first wife for person, my second for purse,  
My third for a warming-pan, doctor, and nurse.”

The couplet is rather homely, but Mrs. Gray showed it to him in print, and Doddlethrops was, to use the admirable phraseology of Major Downing, "stumped."

The baronet was long, thin, and genteel; but Mary, who really seemed to have no notion of what his object was in being what they call "a good deal there," gave him no encouragement,—not because she fancied he expected any, but because she did not feel in the slightest degree interested about him, and not having had the advantages of a boarding-school education, she did not know that it was necessary to fancy every man who came into the house a lover.

There certainly *was* a Captain Fitzpatrick—not that I mean any scandal against Queen Elizabeth—but there certainly *was* a Captain Fitzpatrick who, without appearing in the character of suitor to Mary, did contrive to be "there" a good deal. He had some military appointment, something about reserve companies, or recruiting, or something; what, I don't profess exactly to understand, but which Captain Gray did, which kept him at the neighbouring town; and although he was not very handsome, he was very agreeable; and he suited Papa so,—he was a dabbler in science—a good fisherman, and liked so much to go out with the Captain, and whip the water, and catch trout, or troll for jack,—and he was such a good shot, not quite so good a shot as Papa, but still he was fond of the sport; and then he drew prettily, and fluted to admiration: and Mrs. Gray told Mary she had never seen a man of *his* age so talented and so unaffected;—and then they came home from their shooting, and Captain Gray asked Captain Fitzpatrick to stop and dine, and send home his horse, and send for his clothes, and sleep, and so he did. And Captain Fitzpatrick got up in the morning early, and so did Mary; and he was a bit of a botanist, and he had made a collection of the indigenous plants of the neighbourhood, and he had a little *hortus siccus* of his own, and he squashed the leaves of roses between the leaves of books, and dried them, and gummed them; and then Mary sat down and drew them, and then they dried some more; and then the Baronet called; and then, at Mary's earnest request, there was nobody at home, although they were all sitting in Papa's *sanctum*; and then Captain Fitzpatrick sent to his lodgings for a double flageolet, and an electrifying machine, and a key-bugle, and an air-gun, and a stuffed duck with red feet, which he had shot a month before. And when they came, they talked of red-footed ducks, and were electrified, and played the key-bugle and the double flageolet; and then Captain Fitzpatrick showed them how to do Cardinal Puff, and sing "Great A, little A," and "The Pigs;" and thence glanced off into a disquisition upon the different schools of painting, in which he so much distinguished himself, that, after the family-party had retired for the night, Captain Gray pronounced it as his opinion to Mrs. Gray that Captain Fitzpatrick was a very extraordinary creature.

There seemed to be a gaiety in the very atmosphere of Gray's villa: the air appeared to have the quality of the laughing-gas of which we have heard and seen the effects; and certainly the conversation of Fitzpatrick, who was the delight of his host, was never so agreeable as when under its roof. One of the family began to think no man could be so agreeable anywhere else. There was a vivacity about the Captain mixed with strong talent, and feelings of sympathy with misfortune, which to Mary's youthful fancy gave indications of qualities in the heart equal to those of the head

which it was impossible to deny their said friend. Gray saw the effect the Captain had produced upon his darling daughter, and saw it without regret. Fitzpatrick was of his own profession,—held a similar rank with himself,—was the nephew of a man whom he had known on service, who was now dead—of a highly respectable family,—and holding what in peace time was as good a command as he could hold,—and Gray said to his dearest Fanny, after some fortnight or three weeks of this intimacy,—

“Fanny, that Captain Fitzpatrick is a clever, agreeable, and gentlemanly man. I know his connexions. I think he has attached himself to our beloved girl. I am sure she admires and esteems him. I don’t blame her. Speak to her about it. We have no disguises amongst us. Tell her to be candid. Ask her if he has *said* anything. I am somewhat of an adept in looks. But, above all, do this,—you need not, I believe,—tell her to speak *her* mind; for if their affection is mutual it shall be a match.”

“I believe,” said his wife, “that nothing of the sort you suspect has taken place. Mary, unused to the world and its ways, is caught and attracted by the gaiety of our visiter, his universality of accomplishments, his excessive good humour, and above all, the total absence of affectation, which she so utterly detests in the generality of young men of the present day. But as for love;—no, no: she would have made *me* her confidante in the first instance had any such sentiment taken possession of her.”

“I am not so sure of that,” said Captain Gray; “she may have taken the infection without being aware of the character of the complaint. As a physician, I judge of my patient by the eyes; and I think I am not to be deceived.”

He was *not* deceived. It was after the next day’s breakfast, while Gray was preparing his fishing-tackle, and his exemplary wife was putting in order certain pieces of work for the evening exercise (for they were a notable family), that Mary rushed into the room where her mother was, her eyes streaming with tears, and her cheeks burning red. She spoke not, but threw her arms around her mother’s neck, and sobbed aloud.

“What is it, my child?” said Mrs. Gray.

Mary could return no answer.

“Speak, dearest; compose yourself: tell me.”

“Henry! Henry!” were the only words Mary could utter, and she then fell into a fit of weeping.

“My love, my dearest love,” said the anxious mother, “tell me—explain—what has happened?”

“I do not know,” said Mary; “I cannot tell. I—am,”—and here she relapsed into another fit of sobbing, which rendered all attempts at explanation unavailing.

The *dénouement*, however, was at hand. Before the recovery of the dear girl, Captain Gray had entered the room. He saw the state of affairs there, and relieved the agitated partner of his fate by announcing that, as he had anticipated, Henry had proposed to Mary, and Mary had, as far as she was concerned, accepted him.

“God forbid,” added Gray, “that I should prevent their union. Tell my beloved child how I feel upon the subject, the moment she is able to hear and bear the intelligence.”

Soon did the tender, terrified creature awake to life and happiness,—

soon did her mother make her comprehend the affectionate part her devoted father had acted,—and, before that day closed, Henry Fitzpatrick and Mary Gray were acknowledged as affianced man and wife.

It was quite delightful to see the happiness of Captain Gray. With a competence himself, and enough to make his child and her husband comfortable during his life, and more than comfortable after his death, he felt that, in giving a clever, amiable, and agreeable husband to his daughter, he had secured a delightful and suitable companion for himself. The difference in the ages, after all, was scarcely perceptible as far as the unity of their pursuits was concerned, or the interchange of their thoughts and opinions. Gray was somewhere about forty-five; Fitzpatrick not very far from thirty. Mary, from the moment of his avowal and declaration, became a different creature; the reserve which the presence of even the most intimate acquaintance produces in a family-circle was now gone, and Henry became one of themselves.

There was but one stipulation which Gray made as contingent upon the marriage; namely, that Fitzpatrick should, since there was no glory to be gained in these piping times of peace, go like himself upon half-pay, and as he had some fortune of his own, live at least some part of the year with them: “And,” added Gray, in the full spirit of hospitality, “the greater part it is, the better pleased we shall be.”

Nothing could be more agreeable to the mother of the bride-elect than this arrangement—nothing more satisfactory to the bride-elect herself, who—as soon as her thoughts and ideas became sufficiently composed to permit her to recollect and consider the sudden change of her position from the exclusive character of an affectionate daughter, to that of an affianced wife—felt perfectly satisfied that, if anything could add to the felicity which, in the enthusiasm of the moment, she so ardently and so naturally anticipated, it would be the enjoyment of the society of those parents, to whose care and attention she owed all the advantages which education and precept had afforded her, and to whose indulgent devotion to her wishes she was indebted for their ready acquiescence in that which, amongst all her blushings, and weepings, and faintings, was evidently the wish of her heart.

It was clear that Henry Fitzpatrick partook deeply of the feelings of his beloved Mary; his joy at the happy termination of their courtship—if courtship that could be called where neither spoke of love, but lived on, as it were, a life of happy sympathy, until at length that declaration came which justified the tender solicitude he had always evinced for her, and drew from *her* a confession of feelings, of the existence of which she was not before aware—they loved unconsciously—the light had burst upon them—they were blest; and Gray, recurring to the principles upon which he had himself acted with regard to his own Fanny, beheld, in the marriage of his child with Captain Fitzpatrick, the bright realization of all his most sanguine hopes for her comfort and happiness.

And what an evening was that which followed the day upon which the discovery was made! Henry had at once become a member of the family. Gray and he sat longer than usual after dinner—their conversation assumed a tone of deeper interest and closer intimacy. Fitzpatrick described the excellence of his father, the virtues and accomplishments of his mother—both long since dead; spoke with the warmest affection of his sisters, one of whom was married to an officer in India—the

other settled as the wife of an eminent merchant at Rio de Janeiro. He described them as a family of love, strangely separated by circumstances, but strongly bound to each other by affection. With his uncle, who had been well-known to Gray, he had principally resided until his death; and to his exertions and interest acknowledged himself indebted, in a very great degree, for the promotion he had obtained, and for one or two staff appointments which he had previously held.

Gray was delighted with his future son-in-law, and when they joined Mary and her mother, perhaps four happier people could not have been found in the populous county of Surrey, including even the loyal and constitutional borough of Southwark.

During all the arrangements for the wedding, the sweet disposition of "dear Mary"—as she was always called by those who knew her—manifested itself upon every occasion. Self-love, self-interest, were unknown to her ingenuous breast—confiding generosity and genuine purity of heart shone pre-eminent in all her suggestions, and in the expression of her wishes; and when the day was fixed, it really seemed a day of mourning in the village, upon which a girl so sweet, so gentle, and so good should be taken from amongst its inhabitants.

But she was to return—she was to pass the greater part of her time at home—it was her home—a dear, dear home—a home of comfort and of peace; and when the bells rang merrily, and the white favours fluttered in the breeze, her heart, full of love, of hope, of happiness, still lingered amidst its bowers, and yearned for the day when she might revisit its blest shades.

The sacred service was performed, and one more touching or awful—save the last—can scarcely be imagined. The obligations it imposes—the sacrifices it commands—the forbearance it inculcates—the virtues it requires—to the observance of which two souls are pledged in the face of Heaven, render its celebration in a small retired church, where all who hear it are more or less interested in the proceedings of the day, seriously impressive. Upon this occasion it was read in the most imposing manner by one of the brightest ornaments of our establishment. Gray surrendered the jewel of his heart to her husband—they were blessed—they were one.

And then came the little fête, and gaiety in its just degree. The neighbouring gentry assembled round the well-stored breakfast-table, and before the happy couple departed for the honey-moon, their united healths were toasted in "the gaily-circling glass." It was impossible for Gray and his wife not to catch the infection of the mirth which animated the party; but when the moment of separation came, neither Mary nor her mother could utter a syllable. The last "God bless you, beloved of my heart!" was drowned in tears; and as the carriage drove off, Gray covered his eyes with his hands, and sank upon a sofa, wholly exhausted by his feelings.

She was gone—their dear, their only child was gone. When the evening closed in, where was dear Mary's smile, that they so loved to gaze upon—where her sweet voice, that they so delighted to hear? All was still—the riot rout of gaiety was over—there stood her harp uncovered—her favourite books unmoved—all seemed sadly silent—but *she* was happy, and it would be selfish to indulge in grief at her absence; yet when they went to rest, Gray could not help opening the door of his child's

room; and, gazing on its vacancy and stillness, he heaved a sigh which came from his heart of hearts.

When the morning arrived, the same feeling returned. Where was the innocent creature who was wont to welcome them to the beautiful parlour? Where was dear Mary to make the tea? And, let the grave smile—let the cynic sneer at this—rely upon it, the strongest feelings are excited, the bitterest pangs inflicted, by a sudden change in the ordinary, the most common, the most trifling incidents of our lives. To great evils the elastic mind of man stretches—it knits itself for imminent dangers—it withstands great calamities; but in the more minute changes, intimately connected with its habits and feelings, it fails. Ever since this sweet girl had been of an age to live with her devoted parents, she had made this breakfast-tea—this trashy stuff, about which washer-women are universally solicitous—this strange commodity, for which the poor with ungrumbling readiness pay a duty of 100 per cent. for the gratification of giving six or seven shillings a pound for nothing mixed with hot water; in order to render which palatable, they pay so much more for sugar and milk. It was not the tea—it was not that Mrs. Gray could not make the tea as well as her daughter, or that the servant could not have made it better, perhaps, than either; but Mary always *had* made the tea—it was a habit—it was part of the ceremony of their unceremonious life—it was a part of the system—a link in the concatenation; and who had the key of the tea-chest? (a proof highly illustrative of the prudential habits of the Grays,) and where was the sugar? and so on—it was the first break in the first breakfast; but, said Gray to his Fanny, “We must bear all this—they will be back soon—please God, she is happy—we must not care for ourselves—we never considered your dear father’s breakfast-table when we were breakfasting at Salt Hill the day after *our* wedding.”

Mrs. Gray smiled—blushed a little—said nothing—but, I suppose, like Cocky in the fable, “thought the more.”

Three or four days reconciled them to this new life, and their neighbours broke in upon its sameness—if that which is novel can be monotonous—by inviting the *solitary* pair to parties made *rather* in honour of the event which they could not but regret, as far as their own personal feelings went.

But was not this regret, in some degree, unjust? Here was a marriage, fulfilling, in every point, the wishes both of the younger and the elder parties; for to call Gray at forty-five, or deem Mrs. Gray at thirty-eight, old—would be to libel not them alone, but human nature herself. If Henry Fitzpatrick had a fault it was in an unevenness, not of temper, but of spirits; he would sometimes subside from all the gaiety of mirth—nay, I might almost go the length of saying, the brilliancy of wit—into a momentary fit of abstraction. Something seemed to flash across him, and, for an instant, depress his spirits: this, however, had been less remarkable since the felicitous arrangement of the marriage, and a letter received on the second morning by Mrs. Gray from her daughter was full of happiness, and delight, and devotion to her husband, who was at once the kindest and most considerate of human beings. Her father, tenderly remembered in the letter, read, and re-read its lines, and clasping the hand of his excellent wife, exclaimed, with genuine fervour, “Thank God, my child is happy!”

It is gratifying to see with what facility, in certain spheres of life, all the difficulties and worries by which the great and gay are incommoded and inconvenienced, are overcome, merely by the aid of reason, prudence, and a desire to be satisfied with a just proportion of the good things of this life without striving after superfluities, the possession of which, in fact, do not confer happiness.

A week of the honeyed four had passed, and the happy couple were still laughing "the sultry hours away" at Richmond, when a letter was brought to Captain Gray, as he was sitting finishing his letters previous to a drive with his dear Fanny in their pony phaeton, containing these words:—

*Red Lion Inn.*

"SIR,—I am most anxious to see and speak with you. There are reasons why I do not wish to intrude myself into your house. I have travelled hither as rapidly as I could; I have arrived too late; but still, as I *am* here, I think it a duty to have a short conversation with you, upon the result of which you will decide. H. F.

"I shall remain here for your answer."

When Gray read this brief and unaccountable epistle, his first inquiry of the messenger who brought it, was, from whose hands he received it. The answer was, from one of the waiters, whose only additional direction was to make the best of his way to Captain Gray's, and to get an answer.

"Was it a gentleman or a lady who wrote?" asked Gray.

The lout did not know; all he knew was that it was to be delivered as fast as possible, and he was to have half-a-crown if he got back in three-quarters of an hour.

These points of the affair at once roused the dormant lion in the Captain's breast. Some man had felt himself injured by some act of his; it was a call—a demand—yet he had come too late—what did *that* mean?—no matter—the fire was kindled—it was something. "A short conversation?" said Gray to himself; "long or short, or be it our first or our last, you shall have it."

His answer was verbal; he would be there directly. The clod ran back, and was at the end of his journey a quarter of an hour before Gray's arrival.

Gray, who was a resolute, determined, and, as I have already said, at an earlier period of his life, what might be called a desperate man, walked into the sweet shrubbery of his little earthly paradise, and told his wife that he had received a note which called him to the neighbouring town, and would therefore drive thither in the phaeton, transact the business, and return for her. To this, as a well-conducted wife should, dear Mrs. Gray consented, and Gray was so delighted with her sweet accordance with his intention, that in spite of a plush-jacketed gardener pushing along a creaking iron roller over the grass, and in spite of having been married nearly a quarter of a century, he gave her—don't be angry, reader—a sweet, a fervent, kiss; there might have been two, and what then?

Gray left her—proceeded into the house—and after a short space of time mounted his phaeton, having, however, with a mixture of chivalry and prudence, slipped under the seat of the carriage his case of duelling pistols, thinking perhaps that he might be unintentionally entangled in

some affair of what is called "honour," and being sure, if such should be the case, however ignorant he was at the moment of the possible cause of the appeal, that in a town where military officers were stationed, he could on the instant find a "friend;" for let it be never forgotten that upon no occasion are *friends* so rife as when their amicable exertions tend to the hostile settlement of some such affair.

Had his dear—his influential—his incomparable wife known *this*, would he have gone so armed? However, he went—drove perhaps more rapidly than usual—his child was provided for—his mind was in a whirl—he desired to have the interview over—it would be off his mind—besides, Fanny was waiting for her drive.

He reached the inn—inquired for the landlord—saw him—asked where the gentleman was who had sent the letter to him by his messenger.

"Gentleman, Sir," said the landlord; "we have no gentleman here, Sir; the letter I forwarded was from a lady."

"A lady!" said Gray; and he laughed at his foolish sensitiveness and his precaution about pistols. "Where is the lady?"

"She expects you, Sir," said the landlord; "I will show you, Sir. Is No. 15 in?" cried he to the chambermaid.

"Yes, Sir."

"This way, Sir," said the landlord; and having arrived at the door of the apartment, opened it, and presented to an extremely agreeable lady "Captain Gray."

Captain Gray bowed. The lady attempted to rise from her seat, but burst into a flood of tears. The captain, a perfect turtle-dove in his line, could not stand this—he endeavoured to soothe her—she sobbed more audibly, and Gray drew his chair beside her.

"Madam," said the Captain, "what does this mean? why this grief—this agitation? I do not recollect to have ever had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Mc, Sir," said the lady; "no, no, no, Sir; would to God you *had* seen me! misery—wretchedness—horror—would have been saved to you and those whom you love better than yourself!"—and here a violent paroxysm of grief stopped her utterance.

"What can you mean?" said Gray; "have I injured you? have I wronged any one belonging to you?"

"Oh no, Sir; no," said she; "it is *you* who are wronged—it is I who am wronged—both—both of us; but you even beyond myself; and your lovely, innocent child is married!"

"Great Heaven! what of that?" exclaimed Gray; "what has that to do with it?"

"All, all," said the wretched woman; "if I could have prevented it I would, not for your sake only, but for my own; she is married to Henry Fitzpatrick."

"I know it," said Gray, trembling with agitation for which he could scarcely account; "what then?"

"She is doomed!—she is damned!" screamed the wretched woman.

"Are you in your senses, Madam?" said Gray; "what can you mean by a manner so wild and language so extraordinary?"

"She was your darling daughter," said the lady; "she was your only one—she was all to you and her doting mother—innocent—excellent—pure—virtuous; so they all tell me here. I have seen her home—I have seen the garden she made—I have gazed on the flowers she trained, as I passed your house this morning; but it is all too late—she is lost—and we are both destroyed!"

"Both!" cried Gray; "how? why? in what way are you associated with my child? tell me—explain—I shall die——"

"Yes, Sir, with your feelings and spirit some one will die. How shall I tell you? how shall I break that noble heart, or excite it to fury?"

"Tell me all," said Gray; "what do you mean?"

"Nerve yourself, then," said she, "and hear me—I am the lawful wife of Henry Fitzpatrick!"

Gray looked at her incredulously, perhaps indignantly; he stretched his hand out as if to push her from him—she pressed upon its quivering palm the certificate of her marriage!

Words are inadequate to describe the agony of the enraged father at sight of this too fatal document. All the strongest passions to which human nature is subject were in an instant raging in his breast,—devotion for his child,—anguish for her fate,—remorse for his own credulity,—hatred of Fitzpatrick's villany, and revenge for the unmeasurable wrong he had inflicted. It was a fearful sight to see. He struck his pale forehead with his clenched fist, and falling on his knees swore, by the God of his salvation, never to rest until he had avenged the injury done to his beloved, his idolized daughter.

The unhappy creature who had raised the storm screamed with terror on beholding the effects she had produced; but amidst all her grief, writhing as she too was under the infliction of injuries,—rejected, repudiated, abandoned, and forgotten,—the woman triumphed; and when she heard the dreadful denunciation of her barbarous husband, all his baseness, all her wretchedness were forgotten, and falling at Gray's feet; who was now pacing the room, she exclaimed—"No—no—no, spare him! spare him!—he was my first and only love—he is my husband still!"

The look which the distracted parent cast upon the unhappy suppliant was one of rage and hatred unmixed with pity;—the very ground of her appeal to his mercy, that Fitzpatrick was *her* husband, aggravated the poignancy of his grief, and increased the fury of his rage.

"Let the law," continued she, "take its course,—let the punishment he merits be meted out to him—recollect that *we* are both sufferers in the highest degree."

"Both!" echoed Gray, "both!—what a thought!—have you, wretched, deserted, and degraded as you are,—have you had a beloved, an only child, torn from hearts in which she lived, the idol of their worship, the main object of their existence, one whom they have for twenty years watched with the tenderest care, and prayed for with the most fervent devotion?—you have not given such a child to destruction, or surrendered her in the house of God himself, to misery, to wretchedness, and infamy—both!"—

A second attempt on the part of the unhappy woman to soothe the

more than half-maddened father was equally unsuccessful, and, overcome by her feelings, she fell into a violent fit of hysterics. Gray rang the bell, and, with a solemn composure, directed proper attention to be paid to the sufferer, and then quitting the inn stepped into his phaeton, which remained at the door, taking with him the certificate of Captain Fitzpatrick's previous marriage.

Who that appreciates the character and feelings of Captain Gray,—who that can imagine the extent of the injury done him, will for a moment doubt whither he went?—Having directed his servant to return home and tell his mistress that he should not return till the afternoon, having been unexpectedly called away on business; he gave his horses the rein and drove as fast as they could draw him direct to Croydon, the next post town, where he arrived nearly unconscious of the journey, and ordering a post-chaise from the inn to which he had driven, directed the waiter to put his cloak and "other things" which were in the phaeton into the carriage, and dashed off for Richmond, where Fitzpatrick and his bride were staying.

The reader who recollects what were the "other things," so carelessly spoken of by Gray to the servant at the inn, will perhaps anticipate the course he proposed to take. Great were the evils which arose from his precautionary measures previous to his departure from home. He had his pistols with him: the very presence of these deadly weapons afforded a facility for revenge, which, had they been not at hand, could not have been taken without a lapse of time, during which, reflection, or, more properly, reason might have checked the overflowing torrent of rage and revenge with which the heart's-blood of the distracted parent boiled and gurgled.

He reached the temporary residence of the new-married couple,—they were out—he saw his daughter's maid, who seemed surprised at his arrival, and alarmed at his appearance—they were expected in at four o'clock to dinner, as they were going on the water afterwards;—the table was laid, everything around had an air of neatness and comfort—a drawing, upon which Fitzpatrick had been employing himself, was lying upon the sofa, and Mary's work-box was beside it. The sight of so familiar an object brought something like tears into Gray's eyes.

"You stop dinner, of course, Sir?" said the maid. Gray answered not. "My mistress is quite well, I hope, Sir?" inquired the maid, who had been *her* maid before she became Mary's.

"Well!" said Gray; "yes, poor soul, she is well and happy—I will go and meet my child—which way are they gone?"

"I'm sure, Sir, I don't know," said the girl.

"I'll find them," was the reply; and Gray, who felt it impossible to remain quiet in his present state of mind, descended the stairs, crossed the road, and entered the park.

Scarcely had he passed the gate before he beheld his darling child, looking all happiness and beauty, leaning on the arm of her husband; in an instant she recognized the well-known figure of her father, and bounding from Henry's side, she flew rather than ran into his embrace. He clasped her to his heart, and blessed her. Fitzpatrick followed and extended his hand to Gray, who looked calmly yet sternly at him, but spoke not.

"Is my dear mother here?" asked Mary: "Oh, how good are you to come to see us!"

"God help you!" said Gray, drawing his arm through hers. "Let me see you to your door, I want to speak a word or two to Captain Fitzpatrick."

"To Henry," said Mary, who saw that something dreadful had occurred, she could not guess its meaning. Fitzpatrick in a moment suspected the true cause of the visit.

"Stay, Sir," said Gray, "do me the kindness to wait for me here, I will be back in a minute or two." The consciousness of Fitzpatrick induced him to comply with the request, or rather obey the command without a question.

"My child," said Gray, "my dear unhappy child!—go to your room—you must return home with *me*—you have no business here!"

"Home!" said Mary; "my mother is ill then,—home, dear home, too happy shall I be to go—but Henry——"

"Ha!" exclaimed Gray, in a tone of horror, dread, and disgust—"Don't speak—go in—go in, I will be back almost directly."

He led her to the door, and pressing her pale forehead to his quivering lips, imprinted a kiss upon it, and returned to the park.

When he reached the spot where he left Fitzpatrick, he found him pacing quickly to and fro over a short space of the turf. Gray walked hastily up to him, and holding forth the certificate of his first marriage, said—

"Is this genuine, Sir? I ask you, Sir, is it genuine?"

"I thought what had happened," said Fitzpatrick.

"You admit it then?" said Gray.

"I—I——" faltered Fitzpatrick.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Gray; "Villain! nothing but your blood can wash out this crime; here, destroyer, fiend, defend yourself!" saying which, he drew from his pocket the loaded pistols, and throwing one towards Fitzpatrick, cocked that which he held in his hand.

Fitzpatrick hesitated to pick up the weapon, although thus peremptorily called upon to do so.

"Hear me, Sir," said Fitzpatrick.

"I hear nothing, wretch!" cried Gray; "deny or confirm—aye or no to my question; is this paper genuine?"

"It *is* genuine, but——"

"Enough," said Gray; "take that pistol, Sir—do not add cowardice to your other villainies—here are people coming—I do not stir, if all the world were in arms against me, till I have avenged my child's destruction; d'ye hear me, Sir?—The curses of an injured father be upon your head!"

Fitzpatrick, convinced that any attempt at explanation would be useless, stooped and took the pistol in his hand; the moment he was possessed of it, Gray, without waiting for him to raise or even cock it, fired at him, and with an unerring aim drove the bullet through his heart. Fitzpatrick leaped up at the instant he was hit, and in the next rolled upon the turf a lifeless corpse.

Gray's eyes sparkled with unearthly joy as he beheld the destroyer of his happiness dead at his feet; no touch of pity moved his heart—no pang of remorse agitated his bosom—he looked on the work of blood before him with gloating satisfaction.

The sound of the pistol had attracted two of the keepers, who ran to the spot, whither they were followed by several persons who had witnessed the whole affair. The moment Gray, who remained standing close to the spot where Fitzpatrick lay, found himself surrounded by people, the expression of his countenance and his manner suddenly changed; he became, as it appeared, torpid, and unconscious of what had happened; his mighty rage had burst like thunder on his devoted victim, and a dead and fearful calm had succeeded to the storm.

"I did the deed," said Gray; "do not lay hands upon me—I will go where you please. I killed him; and if any of you here are fathers, which amongst you will blame me? He ruined my child—my only child; have I done wrong?"

The moment the gate-keeper saw the body, he recognized it, from having seen Fitzpatrick constantly walking with Mary; this circumstance of course led to the knowledge of their residence, close at hand—a knowledge which the keeper imparted to the by-standers.

"Yes, gentlemen," said Gray, "this man is right; my poor child is there, waiting for her father; what's to be done?"

There was an evident wildness and abstraction in Gray's manner, which appalled and terrified the surrounding crowd. The police, however, were called in, and Gray was delivered into their custody. This circumstance seemed to awaken all his dormant faculties; the dread of being separated from Mary—the agonies of anticipating her feelings—her lone situation—the absence of her mother—the death of a husband of whom she yet knew nothing unfavourable—all these thoughts flowed into his mind, and a flood of tears brought relief to his sufferings.

The scene was dreadful, but its horrors were in some degree mitigated by a circumstance for which he could not have been prepared. His wife—the ever fond and anxious Fanny—surprised at the abrupt departure of her husband, and by no means satisfied with the message brought back by the servant, or the account he gave of his master's conduct after a lengthened interview with a strange female, proceeded instantly to the inn. Her inquiries confirmed her suspicions; the female stranger was still there, and so ill from agitation, consequent upon her conversation with Gray, as to have been compelled to send for medical advice, under which she had been conveyed to bed.

Mrs. Gray sought and obtained an interview with her. In a few faltering words she explained the dreadful history to her visiter, who in an instant foresaw the course her husband would adopt, and resolved at all hazards to follow him as speedily as possible to Richmond, hoping, indeed, to overtake him before he reached that place. Hence came a slight alloy of wretchedness; she arrived at Richmond five minutes after Mary's return and her father's fatal walk to the park. The moment she heard of his proceedings, she again anticipated the worst, and flew rather than ran to the scene of action—all too late to save her devoted husband, but yet in time to throw herself into his arms and hide her burning face in his bosom.

"My wife here!" cried Gray; "thank God for that, for my poor child's sake; do not look there," continued he, "he is dead!"

"Heaven forbid!" sobbed Fanny.

"It is over—all over," replied Gray, "and I must go with these gentlemen."

"Go!" screamed his agonized wife.

"Yes, go," said Gray; "I am prepared; I must answer this, first to the law, and then to God; but what was my provocation? you know it."

"I do, I do," said his wife.

"Was I wrong? was I cruel? was I barbarous?"

A gentleman who had watched the whole of this scene suggested, as the crowd was increasing, that it would be better if Mrs. Gray were to quit them, and return to the house, to her daughter, and remain until something could be decided as to the next step necessary to be taken with the prisoner—for such he was.

The agonies of parting seemed more than Fanny could endure; but Gray, who had recovered his composure, begged her to follow the advice of the gentleman. "It will be better," said he; "Mary wants your comfort—your consolation. We shall meet soon; but there are forms to be gone through—the law requires it; to-morrow all will be well, perhaps."

To describe the separation of the fond and faithful couple would be impossible. The gentleman who had suggested her return accompanied Mrs. Gray to the house of mourning, to which the body of the wretched Fitzpatrick was subsequently removed; while Gray was taken before a county magistrate in the neighbourhood, by whom, after a short examination, in which the evidence against him was too clear to admit of question, he was committed to the gaol at Kingston, at which place the assizes were at that moment going on. A coroner's inquest was subsequently held upon the body, and a verdict of wilful murder was returned.

Who in the most vivid calculations of the uncertainty of human affairs could have fancied it possible that on the evening of a day which dawned upon a happy family like that of Gray, an accumulation of evil should have fallen upon it like this? by which murder, death, imprisonment, guilt, sorrow, and disgrace, supplanted comfort, affection, devotion and duty. In consequence of the sitting of the court at Kingston, the fate of the unhappy Gray was hastened beyond his hopes—for hopes he had. Strong in the consciousness of his own sufferings and provocations, and feeling an assurance of sympathy from every father's heart, he considered the verdict of the coroner's jury a mere form, and their decision, one which was legally inevitable, from the absence of any extenuating evidence. The same feeling supported him when the grand jury found a true bill against him. They, too, judged upon *ex parte statements*, and if the fact were established, they had no other duty to perform than find the bill; nor could he be persuaded either to admit the criminality of his conduct, or to believe that his defence, delivered pathetically and earnestly, could fail of producing an acquittal, until he heard the fatal verdict of guilty, after a long and patient trial, and beheld the Judge, covered with the fatal cap, pronounce the sentence of the court, that he was to die on the following Monday.

There was not a dry eye in the court when the awful *fiat* was delivered except his own. He stood erect—he flinched not—he faltered not; but when the Judge had concluded his solemn address, he bowed his head respectfully, and said in a low, yet firm and manly voice, "God's will be done!"

It was a dreadful sight to see, as he passed from the dock to the prison, which he never again was to quit except to die. Many of the friends who knew his excellence and worth,—who had seen the happiness of his home,—who had learned to love and esteem him and his exemplary family—pressed around him. It was only those who had seen the virtues of his child, and the devotion of her father, who could appreciate the strength of his feelings, or attempt to justify the dreadful violence he had committed. He appeared more overcome by this tribute of unsought commiseration than by all his calamities.

It may be supposed that his devoted wife was never absent from his side after his condemnation—not so; her active, energetic mind was indefatigably working in every available channel, in order to excite the pity and secure the mercy of the Sovereign—the attribute

—————“that becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown !”

Difficulties of all sorts interposed themselves; the forms of office, the absence of the Secretary through whose department any petition or representation must go; the impracticability of any personal appeal,—all these embarrassments she encountered; and the efforts she had so earnestly made and continued until within twelve hours of the fatal moment remained unsuccessful and apparently unnoticed.

After the fatigues of the day on the Saturday, poor Fanny visited her wretched husband and cheered him with hopes that even yet all would be well. His dear Mary was in the best hands; and as it was considered impossible to permit her to visit her father, she was kept in total ignorance of the result of his trial, or of the dreadful position in which he was placed. Gray felt consoled by the knowledge that his dear child was spared all this affliction—he inquired with solicitude as to the funeral of his victim, and his mind, prepared by the almost constant attendance and pious exertions of the clergyman, to whom he had addressed a note to request his visits, had resumed its habitual temperament. On the subject of a pardon he never was sanguine; the time was too short for a full explanation of the circumstances, or anything like a palliation of his conduct, and when the Sunday afternoon arrived, he gave up all thoughts of this world, and having made such arrangements as were essentially necessary under the circumstances with regard to his family affairs, surrendered himself up to the certainty of death on the following morning, and felt assured that he should not in his last moments disgrace the character he had always maintained for courage and resolution.

But how was his Fanny employed at this very moment? What had she done? What had been the results of her incessant toils? Even at the eleventh hour came the blessing. Reference had been made to the Judge who had tried the case—his answer was favourable—at least, sufficiently so to justify the extension of mercy. At ten o'clock on Sunday night the precious document reached the hands of the triumphant preserver of her husband. Again should she place him in his home, to pray for forgiveness from Heaven for the commission of a deed to which he had been hurried almost unconsciously. There would be time for repentance, and she would assuage his sorrows, confirm his faith, and support his hope, and blend her prayers with his and Mary's, whose

gentle heart, once healed, would learn to pity and forgive the deed her father had done in love for her and revenge of her ill-treatment.

With eager haste did the delighted Fanny urge the driver of the chaise that conveyed her to Kingston to make more speed—the horses almost flew, yet seemed to her to lag and crawl. The prison-gate at last was reached; her first act was to deliver a letter directed to the keeper, and one addressed to the high-sheriff or his deputy. She knew their contents, for in her bosom she bore the official announcement of the pardon. To-morrow the doors would fly open to set her husband free, and she should all her life be blest by knowing that she had been his deliverer.

She stole with the greatest caution to the cell where the unconscious criminal lay sleeping. She entered, but he heard her not; she made a signal to the gaoler, who had himself accompanied her, to put down the light, and leave her to break the glad tidings to her husband. Armed as he was with the legal authority for releasing him from all restraint, he did as he was desired, not without expressing by signs to the lady his own delight at the result of her negotiations.

Gray slept so soundly that Fanny hesitated to wake him. She sat, in a tremor of delight, anxious for the instant when he should raise himself on his pillow, and when she might cautiously communicate her tidings. Nearly an hour elapsed, when, almost wondering at the soundness of his repose at such a moment, she took the candle, and proceeded to the bed-side. She held up the light, to gaze upon his slumbering features, when, uttering a scream so loud and shrill that it rang through the vaulted passages of the prison in countless echoes,—she fell senseless on the stone floor of the dungeon.

The noise brought the gaoler and an assistant to the place, where they beheld the happy wife of the pardoned prisoner stretched at his feet. They knew not what to think. The gaoler approached the bed, and turning down the sheet, astonished that the screams of his wife should not have awaked its tenant, they beheld the unfortunate man dead, and weltering in his blood.

On the quilt lay a strip of paper, with these words written on it:—  
“ I could die with happiness in the field—I can die by my own hand—but I cannot die by the hands of an executioner. God bless my wife and my child—all those who have been so kind to me in my misfortunes—accept my thanks and gratitude.”

A word more would be superfluous. The widowed mother and daughter still survive, but in the deepest seclusion. The career of Gray most strongly illustrates the danger of yielding to violent passion, and the rash termination of his existence, at the moment he was saved from what he had not the power to endure, teaches us never, even in the deepest distress, to encourage despair, remembering the proverb which says  
“ WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE.”

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EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE-PEDLINGTON\*.

“ A chiel 's amang ye takin' notes.”—*Burns*.

*Wednesday, June 17th.*—Aroused by a violent knocking at my door. “ What is the matter ? ” said I, startled by the noise.

“ Get up, Sir, for Heaven's sake, get up,” cried the chambermaid : “ the house is o' fire ! ”

“ The house on fire ! What's o'clock ? ” inquired I.

“ Almost six, Sir. Get up, get up, get up ! ”

“ Only six o'clock ? and the house on fire ! ” To this there was no reply ; for the chambermaid having fulfilled her duty by communicating the intelligence to me, was proceeding in her laudable occupation of alarming such of the lodgers as were still (to speak poetically) “ in the arms of Morpheus.”

Albeit unused to pay my respects to the Sun at his *levée*, the present provocation was irresistible. Rising early for the idle purpose of “ brushing with early feet the morning dew,” and listening to the matin song of the lark, is one thing ; performing the same disagreeable exploit to avoid being burned in one's bed, is another : so I arose and dressed. Expected, as the smallest compensation for this untimely disturbance, that I should be enabled to enrich this my journal with an account of the dangers I had to encounter in making my way through clouds of curling smoke, and volumes of the “ devouring element”—of rushing along corridors and down stair-cases enveloped in flame—haply of snatching a female young and beautiful from the “ awful jaws of destruction.” Alas ! no such good fortune was mine. On opening my door I was regaled, to be sure, with a very disagreeable odour of soot ; but, disappointment ineffable ! I walked down stairs uninterrupted by either of the antagonists for whose opposition I had prepared myself. No where was a blaze, or even a single spark of fire, to be seen ; and, to render my mortification complete, in reply to my anxious inquiries concerning the whereabout and the extent of the *conflagration*, I was informed by Scorewell that it was only the kitchen-*chimney* which had been o' fire, but that he, assisted by the waiter, had succeeded in extinguishing it with a bucket of water or two ! “ And was it for this ? ” thought I, with a sigh. In about half-an-hour after the event—time enough to have allowed of the “ Green Dragon ” being burnt to the ground—three ragged little boys, headed by the parish beadle, came dragging along a fire-engine somewhat bigger than a wheel-barrow. Having waited for some time, with eyes anxiously fixed on the building, and nothing occurring to require their services, “ Come, boys,” said the liveried guardian of the public safety, with a shake of the head, and in a melancholy tone : “ Come boys, take the engine back again : *there's no hope.*” This reminded me of the complaint of a certain person, well

\* Continued from Vol. XLV., page 181.

known as a subscriber to most of the public charities, and follower of the public sights and amusements of London, that although he had been a Life-Governor of the Humane Society for nearly four months he had not yet seen any one drowned !

There is, generally speaking, a beautiful proportion in things. The destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire was, for some time, the prevailing topic of conversation in London : in like manner, the fire in Scorewell's kitchen-chimney obliterated the remembrance of the losing and the finding of Miss Cripp's bag, and became the talk of all Little-Pedlington during the whole of this day. Compared with the relative extent, population, and importance of the two towns, the interest of the two events is about equal. The political economist, perhaps, and the statistician (if that be the term) may think lightly of this notion; yet I apprehend there is something in it which might be worth the consideration of the moralist or the observer of manners, nevertheless.

Well; having been at the trouble of rising at six o'clock I will not go to bed again, although it be now no more than seven. I have occasionally heard the pleasures and advantages of early rising extolled—especially by Hobbleday. I must be unlucky indeed if, from this experiment, I do not derive *some* benefit; though, as it is my first, my expectations are wisely moderate.

Walked into the town. Had the satisfaction of seeing the shutters taken down from several shop-windows: a very pretty sight; though, as none of the various commodities intended for sale are exhibited till later in the day, that is all there was to see. Passing a door, was almost choked by a cloud of dust and dirt suddenly broomed out by a young gentleman who was sweeping the shop. A little farther on encountered another young gentleman, who, with a huge watering-pot, was describing large figures of eight on the pavement, whistling all the while. Endeavoured to skip out of reach of his fountain, first on one side, then on the other. Received at each a plentiful supply of water about the legs. Unacquainted, as yet, with early-morning etiquette; so, as the young gentleman did not beg *my* pardon, but, with an unconcerned air, continued to whistle and to water, I thought it might be proper to beg *his*. Did so. "No offence," said the young gentleman. Turning the corner of a street, came in contact with a chimney-sweeper: my appearance not improved by the collision. "All right again!" exclaimed a facetious baker, who ran against me within the same minute. An admirable illustration of the principle of compensation, certainly. A butcher's boy, turning suddenly round to nod to an acquaintance, struck me a smart blow on the head with the corner of his tray, out of which a leg of mutton was jerked by the concussion: received, at the same time, a well-merited rebuke, though in not very choice terms, for my awkwardness. Nearly thrown down by a milkman's swinging one of his sharp-rimmed pails against my legs: the consequence was a bruised shin, the injury of my trowsers, and a copious effusion of milk. Preparing to express my displeasure at the man's carelessness; but it being the unanimous opinion of three market-women, a bricklayer's labourer, two dustmen, an itinerant tinker, the chimney-sweeper aforesaid, (who strengthened the evidence against me by crying out, "Vy, he run against *me* just now," and pointing to my dress in support of his testimony,) together with an old lady with a basket of mashes, a

young one selling water-cresses, a brick-dust man, and a knife-grinder, by whom I was immediately surrounded—it being the unanimous opinion, I say, of this respectable assemblage that I ought to make the man some compensation for the loss of his milk, I gave him half-a-crown; rubbed my shins, and walked on.

Proceeded to a less frequented part of the town—the Crescent. Counted seven housemaids beating the dust out of door-mats, and five others frundling mops. Didn't suffer much inconvenience from either of those operations, as I contrived to keep as far as possible out of the sphere of their influence by walking in the muddy carriage-road. Saw several pretty heads peeping through the iron railings of the areas, in close conversation with juvenile butchers, bakers, grocers, and other *charg's d'affaire* of various tradesmen—occupied, no doubt, in delivering their mistresses' orders for the day. Witnessed an interesting incident—an act of charity!—a footman giving broken victuals to a beggar-girl. Concealed myself behind a projecting door-way and paused to moralize the scene.

The beggar-girl was pretty; and though all tattered were her garments, her person was plump and sleek; whilst her cheek glowed—not with the artificial hue borrowed by the wealthier and happier of her sex from the emporium of Hendry or Delcroix, but—with the tinge which the finger of Hygeia herself had imprinted there. In one hand she carried an empty basket covered with a cloth—the other bore one single bunch of matches. Small was the fan-like bundle of the slender and sulphur-pointed shreds, as might well besit a maiden's hand to bear; but the osier-woven pannier was capacious. “A footman has a heart,” thought I! “Yes, ye lords!—who for your tyrannous oppression and manifold crimes arc, ere long, to be un-lorded—gainsay it as you will—still trample on him—still at your good will and pleasure o'erwhelm with chains and cast in dungeons dire—still, as is your wont—still murder, slay, destroy your humbler fellow worm—I call Nature to witness a footman has a heart!”—She approached and held towards him her now uncovered basket, whilst he—his ready hand obeying the impulse of his benevolent heart—threw into it the remnants, swept in disdain, perhaps, from the graining table by his pampered and o'er-fed lord—those all despised remnants to her, poor want-stricken maid! an epicurian banquet. She covered her basket—in an ecstasy of gratitude she approached him—he (his compassionate heart swelling with rapture as he contemplated the object whose life, perhaps, his charity had saved) pressed his lips to hers—a bell was heard as from within the house—he, the oppressed slave to its tyrant summons, rushed headlong to obey it—she, the fair and virtuous daughter of want and woe, startled at the sound, fled like the timid deer aroused by the insatiate hunter's horn—and vanished from my sight.

With truth may Jubb exclaim, that for Pedlingtonia

“Plenty all her Cornucopia yields!”

when the very “broken victuals” (as such donations are termed) bestowed in the present instance, consisted of a rump-steak undressed, a cold roasted fowl *minus* a wing, a quantity of uncooked vegetables, an uncut quartern loaf, and two silver table-spoons! These last articles in the list prove, not only that a footman has a heart, but that his heart may be susceptible of the most refined delicacy of attention towards

the fair sex. "In Little-Pedlington alone," thought I, "could be witnessed a scene so interesting and so edifying: never, surely, hath Charity in form so elegant been known to walk up the steps of a London area."

Walked on towards Market Square. On my way thither met a gentleman who, from his dress, was evidently returning home from a very late party, for it was not much past seven o'clock. In walking he turned out his toes in a most exemplary style; and trod as lightly as if the streets of Little-Pedlington had been paved with burning coals. As he passed, he honoured me with a very low bow. His bow was remarkable. He lifted his hat, at arm's length, from his head, and, in stooping, almost swept the ground with it. On turning to look after him, found that this act of politeness was not intended as a singular compliment to me, for that he did the same thing to every person he met: so that his hat was never out of his hand, and no sooner on his head than it was off again. Any common observer would have wondered that he did not wear out his hat: my wonder was he did not wear out his head. The constant friction had worn out his hair, for his head was bald. His person small, but finely proportioned; and his dress calculated to exhibit it to the utmost advantage. Black coat, fitted to his form with an accuracy which might have excited the envy of one of those wooden blocks we see at the doors of the London emporiums for cheap fashion: waistcoat white, from which rushed a cataract of shirt-frill, ornamented, as Mr. Fudgefield, the auctioneer of Little-Pedlington, would describe it—with an unparalleledly large [mock] diamond [which if it were real would be] worth, at least, three thousand pounds: black smalls: open-worked black silk stockings, which set off a leg of exquisite form—though a fastidious eye, perhaps, might deem it superabundant in calf; and dancing pumps decorated with huge rosettes of black riband. Between the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand he held a small black cane, with a large black silk tassel depending from it; and, as if to show that he used it as an ornament merely, and not for support, he carried it with his fore-arm extended forward, and his elbow resting on his hip. Wondered who he could be—satisfied he was not one of the *nobodies* of the place.

In Market Square saw Hobbleday. Intended to inquire of him who was the remarkable gentleman I had just passed; but, as he was busily occupied—for he was running about from stall to stall, and, with an earnest countenance, examining the various articles exposed for sale, whispering questions to the market-people, and mysteriously placing his ear to their lips to receive their replies—I felt it would be ill-timed and improper to divert his attention from what was clearly an affair of some importance to him. Could account for the extraordinary trouble he was giving himself upon one of only two suppositions: either that Hobbleday was Official Inspector of the market; or that he had undertaken, as steward for some great entertainment to be given, to purchase the choicest commodities at the most reasonable prices. Did not long remain in doubt, for I was speedily joined by my obliging acquaintance.

"Ha! so you're here, eh?" said Hobbleday. "Well; everything must have a beginning—sure you'll like early rising when you get used to it. Yet it is a pity you are so late."

"Late!" exclaimed I; "why it is but half-past seven!"

" Bless your soul, my dear fellow ; I've been here these two hours—since half-past five—saw the first basket of cabbages opened."

" He is Inspector, then," thought I.

" Prodigious advantage in coming here early—save fifty *per cent.* in one's purchases."

Withdrew my too hasty conclusion, and resolved that the other supposition must be the true one.

" Now see here," he continued ; at the same time drawing a lettuce from his pocket : " now guess what I paid for this ?"

" I am not expert at guessing," replied I ; " besides, as I am not a housekeeper, I am miserably ignorant of the usual cost or value of such commodities."

" But guess :—*do* guess."

I would not for worlds have it imagined that Hobbleday is a bore ; yet, as a bore *would* do, he eleven times reiterated his desire that I would " guess." At length he continued ; delivering the conclusion of his speech with an emphasis worthy the importance of the occasion :—

" Well ; since you can't guess, I'll tell you. Sir—I paid for this fine lettuce, such as you see it, *only—one—penny!*"

" And is it possible, Mr. Hobbleday," (exclaimed I, with astonishment,) " that you have been at the trouble of coming here at five in the morning to purchase a penny lettuce ?"

" Trouble, my dear Sir ! Bless you, it is no trouble to me : one must do something, you know. Besides, as I said before, I save fifty *per cent.* by it ; I must have paid three half-pence for it at a shop."

" But surely that is not your only purchase."

" My only purchase ? Why, Sir, this lettuce will serve me two days. Now I'll tell you how I contrive with it. The first day I take my lettuce and——"

Here the obliging creature favoured me with a long detail (which occupied twenty minutes) of his method of coaxing one penny lettuce into the performance of two days' duty. But as I have mislaid my notes relative to this point, I will not venture to trust my memory upon so important a matter.

" Pray pardon my curiosity," said I : " you come here at five in the morning ; I find you busied in inspecting all the stalls, and asking questions of all the market-people ; yet the upshot of all this is the purchase of——"

" What of that, my dear Sir ?" said Hobbleday (accompanying his words with a poke in my ribs ; ) " it isn't for what I *buy* ; but one gets at the price of things—one stores one's mind with knowledge ; information. I'm no boaster ; but"—(here he drew me down by the collar of my coat till he had brought my ear close to his mouth, when he added in an emphatic whisper)—" but though I don't buy anything, there's no man in all Little-Pedlington knows the price of things as well as little Jack Hobbleday ; and that's something to be able to say, eh ?"

At this moment the gentleman whom I had lately passed crossed the market, bowing and bowing and bowing, as before. Inquired of my companion who he was.

" Who !—he !—that !" —exclaimed Hobbleday, in evident amaze-

ment at my ignorance. "Who *should* he be? *That*, my dear Sir, is our Hoppy!"

With becoming reverence I looked after this celebrated personage till he had bowed himself out of sight.

"Judging by his dress," said I, "he must have been up all night at some party or assembly."

Hobbleday looked at me with an expression of countenance and a shake of the head which convinced me that I had not, by my remark, raised myself in his estimation—at least for my notions of the proprieties of society.

"Assembly!—Party! What can that have to do with his dress? Never saw him dressed otherwise in lay life: sunshine or rain—morning, noon, or night. *Really*, my dear Sir, you seem to forget what he is. Dancing-master! and Master of the Ceremonies, too, of such a place as Little-Pedlington! how *should* he dress? Must excuse me for saying a cutting thing: but clear to see you have no Master of the Ceremonies of London."

Abashed by the rebuke, and unable to boast of such a functionary for poor London, I abruptly changed the subject of conversation. Thanked him for the letters of introduction which he had sent me to Rummings and to Jubb. Told him that, after breakfast, I should avail myself of them.

"O—ah!" said Hobbleday, with something like a show of confusion, which I attributed to regret at having just now so deeply wounded my feelings; "Ah!—surely! Have said all you can desire.—Ahem!—But you say after *breakfast*. Thought you were going to Hoppy's Public Breakfast, at Yawkins's skittle-ground, at one o'clock."

"So I intend," replied I; "but I shall take breakfast at my inn."

"I see—you mean *only* to make a dinner of it, eh?"

"Nor dinner neither," said I.

"How odd! Don't you see what the bill says?" said Hobbleday, directing my attention to a posting-bill which announced the Grand Public Breakfast.

"Yes, Mr. Hobbleday, I see: 'Admission two shillings, refreshments included'—"

He interrupted my reading with—"Refreshments?—Tea and hot rolls, my dear fellow—ham and eggs—you must pay two shillings whether you eat or not; so I always make it a rule to—"

I continued to read: "Refreshments included, *ad libitum*."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed he; "limit 'em, indeed! The bill says so, to be sure; limit who they please, they don't limit little Jack Hobbleday, that I can tell you. No, no, my dear fellow; pay my two shillings—no trifle you know—so I make it serve me for breakfast and dinner both. And, I say"—(here he brought my ear in contact with his mouth, as before, at the same time honouring me with another poke in the ribs)—"And, I say; half the people who go there do the same thing, that I can tell you, *top*."

After a moment's pause, "Now," continued he, "I'll carry home my lettuce; and then I'll go to our Universal-Knowledge Society, and read 'Guthrie's Geography' for an hour or two; and then I'll take a nap for an hour or two; and that will just fill up the time till the Breakfast."

"A nap so early in the day!" exclaimed I, somewhat astonished.

"Of course," replied he; "Nature is Nature;"—(a philosophical reflection which I was not at the moment prepared to dispute;) and he continued: "Ah! my dear fellow, I perceive you know nothing of the pleasures—of the *advantages* of early rising. Ah! for shame! You, who lie in bed till nine or ten, are as fresh as a lark all day long, eh?—in the evening, ready for anything—read, talk, sing, dance—no wish for bed; no enjoyment of your natural rest, as I have. But I—when eight o'clock comes can't keep my eyes open; and am half asleep all the rest of the day into the bargain."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Eleven o'clock.*—Two hours to spare between this and the time fixed for the Master of the Ceremonies' Breakfast. Rummins's public day for exhibiting his museum is Friday; but as his "dear friend," and my most obliging acquaintance (who has, as he assured me, "the privilege of introducing a friend there on *any* day of the week") has furnished me with a flattering letter of introduction to the great antiquary, I will at once avail myself of the advantage of it. Under such auspices as Hobbleday's I feel confident of an agreeable reception. But, for my own satisfaction, let me once more refer to the exact words of Hobbleday's kind note to me:—

"Dear Sir,—Sorry cannot have pleasure of accompanying you to my dear friend Rummins, neither to my worthy friend Jubb. Send letters of introduction—spoke in warmest terms—all you can desire. \* \* \* Believe me, my dear Sir, your most truly affectionate friend,

JOHN HOBLEDAY."

"Most truly affectionate friend!" Kind, obliging, warm-hearted Hobbleday! Yet this is the man stigmatized by Scorewell as a lumbug! O, Friendship! spontaneous as it is disinterested and pure! O, shades of Castor and of Pollux! O Pylades! and Orestes, O! You, ye sublime exemplars of the noble passion! If ever—About to proceed to Rummins's I have not time to work out my apostrophe in a way worthy of the subject. But what I mean to say is this: let those who complain that Friendship is not to be found on the surface of our wicked world—a complaint which I do most devoutly believe to be rarely well grounded except in the case of such as do not deserve to find it—let them, I say, try Little-Pedlington.

To the residence of Simcox Rummins, Esq., F.S.A. The door opened by a little, slim woman, aged and tottering—the finest specimen of the living antiquities of the place I had yet seen—an appropriate appendage to the domestic establishment of the F.S.A. Her age (as I was afterwards told) ninety-four. Asked me if I wanted to see "little Master."

"Little Master! No," replied I; "my visit, my good lady, is to Mr. Rummins, the elder, who is, as I am informed, a gentleman of near sixty."

"That's him, Sir," rejoined the old woman, as she ushered me into a small parlour; "but that's the name he has always gone by with me, and it's natural enough, for I was his nurse and weaned the dear baby when he was only three weeks old—as fine a baby as ever *was*—and he has never been out of my sight never since." (Without halting in her speech she pointed to a drawing suspended over a buffet.) "There he is, bless him! done when he was only three years old over the cupboard

with a dog behind him in sky-blue jacket and trowsers with sugar-loaf buttons running arter a butterfly in a brown beaver hat just afore he was taken with the small-pox with a Brussels lace collar to his shirt and an orange in his hand which he bore like an angel though the poor dear babby's sufferings——”

“ Thankee, thankee, thankee,” cried I, forcing a passage through her speech ; “ but if you will have the kindness to inform Mr.—”

It was in vain : for (unlike the generality of ladies of her vocation, who are usually not over-communicative of their information concerning the early diseases, sufferings, and escapes of their interesting charges) she bestowed on me a particular account of the “ poor dear babby's ” (the present illustrious F.S.A.'s) progress through the small-pox, chicken-pox, measles, hooping-cough, rash, rush, thrush, mumps, dumps, croup, roup, and forty other sublime inventions, which I had, or had not, before heard of, for diminishing the numbers of the infantine population ; nor did she cease till she had safely conveyed him through the scarlet fever which “ took him ”—happily, not off—in his fifteenth year. She then withdrew to inform Mr. Ruminins of my visit.

Cannot say that I felt at all obliged to the old lady for the information, since it must, to a certain extent, diminish my interest in little master's “ Life and Times,” which is preparing for the press by Jubb, who will, doubtless, treat of those matters with becoming minuteness.

Being left alone, read the various printed “ schemes,” “ projects,” and “ prospectuses,” which were scattered about the tables. The great Antiquary's learning almost equalled by his philanthropy and patriotism. All conceived with a view to the benefit of the empire at large ; but, as might be expected, to that of Little-Pedlington more particularly ; and—as it somehow struck me—*most* particularly to the advantage of Simcox Rummins, Esq., F.S.A., himself. Amongst many others were the two or three following :—

“ *Prospectus of a NATIONAL EDITION of Rummins's Antiquities of Little-Pedlington.*”

“ When we reflect on the march of intellect : when we reflect on the spread of intelligence : when we reflect on the improvements in the arts of printing and engraving : when we reflect on steam-boats and railroads : when we reflect on the facility with which all nations of the civilized world are brought into intercourse with each other by these means : when we reflect on their mutual anxiety, in consequence of such facility, to become acquainted with each other's *Topography and Antiquities* : above all, when we reflect on the growing importance of Little-Pedlington ; it cannot but be a matter of wonder and of regret that, although Troy has been illustrated by its Gell, and Athens by its Stuart, our town should not as yet have put forth a work worthy of its station in the map of Europe, and capable of satisfying the growing desires of society in its present more enlightened state. It is true that Mr. Rummins's ‘ *Antiquities* ’ in a small duodecimo volume (to be had of the author, price one-and-sixpence) may be ‘ an admirable *vademecum* and pocket companion for the traveller, and which no traveller should be without ’ (See ‘ *Little-Pedlington Weekly Observer*, ’ 25th April) yet, as that intelligent journal adds, ‘ a splendid edition, worthy of our town, and fit for the shelves of the library, is still a desideratum ;

and it is disgraceful to our country that no such monument exists, &c. &c.’

“ Mr. Rummins, feeling deeply for the honour of his natal town and of the kingdom at large, is resolved that this reproach shall no longer have cause for existence; and, regardless of time, labour, and expense, has determined to publish an enlarged and improved edition of his work.

“ *Terms.* This NATIONAL EDITION in one volume, post octavo, *embellished with four elegant lithographic engravings*, to be published by SUBSCRIPTION, price four shillings; one half to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the other half to be paid on delivery of the copies. Only five hundred copies will be printed; and, to prevent delay, the work will go to press as soon as four hundred and fifty copies are subscribed for. To prevent trouble, subscriptions will be received by the author only.”

Patriotic Rummins!

“ *Plan for aiding the Funds of the Little-Pedlington Atms-houses.*

“ Mr. Rummins, having learnt with the deepest and most heart-felt regret, that the eloquent Sermon delivered on Sunday last by our highly-gifted curate, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb, in favour of the above-named charity (although it melted the hearts, and drew tears from the eyes, of a numerous congregation) did not (from a variety of adverse causes) produce (in a pecuniary point of view) the effect anticipated (only fourteen shillings and two-pence having been collected at the church-door;) submits to the Nobility, Gentry, Visitors, and towns-people of Little-Pedlington, who are ever foremost in the heart-soothing work of Charity, the following plan for supplying the deficiency.

“ Mr. R. proposes to publish, *in aid of the funds of the said institution*, an elegant engraving of his lately-acquired treasure, *the Helmet of the time of King John!* The drawing will be made on stone by Mr. R. himself; and, after five hundred copies are sold, at one shilling each, to defray the necessary expenses, Mr. R. will PRESENT all that may afterwards remain, *together with the copyright in the stone itself*, to the trustees for the management of that praiseworthy institution; *the whole of the profits thereof to be applied in aid of its funds!*”

Philanthropic Rummins!

“ *Beautifying our ancient and venerable Church.*

“ The churchwardens and overseers of the parish of Little-Pedlington having, in the most prompt and liberal manner, complied with the wish of several of the parishioners, ‘that the roof of our ancient and venerable church be whitewashed;’ Mr. Rummins suggests that a general meeting of the inhabitants of the place be held at the Green Dragon, on Wednesday next, at one o’clock, for the purpose of passing a vote of thanks to those gentlemen. Mr. R., regardless of all personal inconvenience to himself, will take the chair; and hopes and trusts that the meeting will be as numerous as the occasion requires. Mr. R. having had the said vote of thanks (which he has *gratuitously* drawn up) printed on an elegantly-embossed card, each person, on entering the room, will have an opportunity of becoming possessed of this memorial of the occasion, *price only sixpence.*”

Disinterested Rummins! Find me such an F. S. A. elsewhere than in Little-Pedlington!

"Little Master" entered the room. Six-feet-two, and stout in proportion. Port and demeanour dignified—I had almost said pompous—but what else ought I to have expected in so great a man? Speech, slow and solemn:—pro-nun-ci-a-ti-on precise, accurate even to inaccuracy, and so distinct as to be almost unintelligible—at least to one accustomed, as I had hitherto been, to the conversation of ordinary people, who utter their words in an every-day sort of manner. The great antiquary delivered each syllable separately—upon its own responsibility, as it were—disconnected from its companions in the same word: in short, as a child does when it first get into "words of three syllables" in its spelling-book. He wore a green shade over his eyes.

Slowly raising his head, so as to enable himself to see me beneath his green shade, he pointed, amongst the papers on the table, to the prospectus for his national edition; saying, in a sort of taking-it-for-granted tone, "For this." At the same time he put a pen into my hand. Unable to comprehend what he meant, I at once delivered to him Hobbleday's kind letter of introduction, and said, "No, Sir; for this:" accompanying my words with a bow, and the involuntary "a-hem" which usually escapes one on feeling perfectly satisfied that *that*—(such or such a thing)—settles the business. Rummins first raised the letter to the tip of his nose; then, slowly lowering it, held it out at arm's length; turned it up—down—examined it length-ways, breadth-ways—looked at the superscription—the seal. At length he made the solemn inquiry—

"From whom?"—(pronouncing it *woom*)—"and what may be its object or pur-paw?"

"It is, Sir," replied I, "a letter of introduction to you, with which your friend Mr. Hobbleday has favoured me. I, like the rest of the world, am desirous of viewing your museum; but as my stay in this place till Friday, your public day, is uncertain; and Mr. Hobbleday being allowed by you to introduce a friend on *any* day——"

Here I was interrupted by a long-drawn "*He!!!*" growled forth in a tone of mingled astonishment and disdain. I paused in awful doubt of what might next occur.

The F.S.A. having made three strides which carried him from one end of the room to the other, and three strides back again, desired I would read the letter to him: the state of his eyes (in consequence of a cold he had taken) rendering it inconvenient to him to undertake the task himself. And he concluded with—"He in-tro-de-oo-s to the Rumminian Museum!"

Either (thought I) Hobbleday, carried away by his enthusiastic love of obliging—perhaps by his scarcely-merited friendship for me—has promised a *little* beyond his power to fulfil; or, it may be that I have chosen my time unluckily—have disturbed Mr. Rummins in his moments of profound meditation. In short, (and reason sufficient) it may be that Mr. Rummins is "not i' the vein." But here is Hobbleday's letter to the "dearest friend he has in the world," and, doubtless, that will set the matter right. Re-assured by this reflection I opened the letter and read:—"Sir." Somewhat disappointed that it was not "Dear Rummins," or "My dear Friend," or at worst (that lowest degree in the scale of friendship) "Dear Sir,"

"Sir,—Pardon liberty—not my fault—bearer wants to see your

museum on a private day—wouldn't take such a liberty for myself, but you know how one is sometimes pestered—one don't like to refuse—so promised him letter of introduction. *Onternoo*, as the French say, don't know much of him—just took some wine with me at Scorewell's t'other afternoon—so do as you like—don't put yourself to smallest inconvenience on account of, Sir, your very respectful humble servant,

“JOHN HOBLEDAY.”

“P.S. Can say you're busy. Leaves Lit. Ped. end of *this* week, ~~so~~ please say will be happy to oblige me any day *next* week—for won't be here. Please read this to yourself, and please destroy when read.”

Utterly confounded! Looked at Rummins. Rummins (who, in the excess of his astonishment, removed the green shade from his eyes) looked at me. I explained; and, as briefly as possible, stated the circumstances of my acquaintance with Hobbleday. Showed him Hobbleday's *kind* letter which had inclosed the introductions to himself and to Jubb. Broke open the introductory note to Jubb, and found it, in substance, a counterpart of the other.

“Ex-tra-or-di-na-ry!” exclaimed the F.S.A.: “neither I, nor my illustrious friend, admit him to our houses: he is a bo-er.”

“And,” said I, apprehensively and with hesitation—for I felt deeply anxious for the purity of Little-Pedlington in this one respect—“and a—humbug?”

“E-mi-nent-ly so,” replied Rummins.

“And is it so?” And a transitory wish crossed my mind that I were back again in London.

There was a pause, during which Mr. Rummins twiddled the corner of the subscription-sheet for his National Edition. “Unpleasant for you, Sir—very. If, Sir, you had an in-tro-duc-ti-on to me—*any sort* of in-tro-duc-ti-on—”—and his eyes involuntarily fell on the subscription sheet.

Bewildered as I was, and scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I wrote down my name as a subscriber for two copies, and paid the subscription-money in full.

At the end of a flattering speech from the learned antiquary (how I had come to merit it I know not), I received an invitation for that very evening at six o'clock to tea; when not only should I see his museum, but I should also meet Jubb himself.

This piece of good fortune, seconded by an hour's brisk walking on the Snapshank-road, restored my spirits and my temper. On my return I found all the beauty and fashion of Little-Pedlington hastening to Hoppy's Public Breakfast at Yawkins's skittle-ground. I joined the crowd. Mr. Hobbleday had informed me he should be there: and having resolved upon the course I should pursue with respect to him, I paid my two shillings and entered.

P\*.

(To be continued.)

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE BARBARIANS OF THE NORTH.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

It was in the middle of the month of May, in the present year, that I found myself established in the very centre of those hyperborean savages who are said to be about to pour upon civilized Europe by her eastern gates, and sweep away in the barbarian flood every trace of the arts, the literature, the religion, and the refinement of our amiable friends the Turks.

In this new and trying situation, I do not attempt to deny that it was with some catchings of the breath, and some flushings of the cheek, I looked around me, in order to fulfil the purpose of my mission. I was in Moscow—in a street called the Loubenka—and in a house named, in the French language (which the upper ranks of the natives understand), the *Maison du Tartare Ismailof*. I was abandoned by my companions of the diligence, who had gone east, west, north, and south, and been swallowed up and absorbed in the Muscovite metropolis. The droskiman who brought me to the door had unfeelingly pocketed my money and rumbled himself away. Even a dog, to whom I had extended the hand of fellowship in mounting the stairs, backed himself against the wall, and looked coldly over his shoulder. I was alone.

I looked cautiously out of my window, from which, at length, I even protruded—but in a gradual, delicate, and inoffensive manner—my whole head. I discovered that I was one of the inhabitants of a very large house, in a hollow, oblong square, approached from the street by a covered passage. The side of the square opposite, and distant from my abode about the breadth of a reasonable street, was formed of a range of lofty and regular buildings, while the sides on either hand contained the dwellings, apparently, of a humble class of society.

Whatever the classes might be, however, into whose fellowship I was thus suddenly thrown, there was something not a little remarkable in the appearance of the individuals. I was by this time accustomed to the Russian kaftan, which is something between a cloak and a great-coat, and to the long boots, the red sash, and above all, the picturesque beard: but my neighbours seemed to be true Asiatics, and reminded me of the personages of the “Arabian Nights.” Some of them squatted, cross-legged, on a bench before my window; others leaned against the wall, as motionless as statues, and others paced up and down the court with a long pipe in their mouths. These men were not barbarians of the north; they were of the still more savage race which had enchained the very mind of Russia for centuries. They were the descendants of the wild Mogul, thus congregated in a dense colony in the city which their fathers had so often filled with blood and ashes. And in the very heart and middle of that colony had my destiny set me down!—Truly I had caught a Tatar!

It seemed to me that the sort of tranquillity which reigned in the court, and in the manner of the inhabitants, was not the tranquillity of a peaceful mind or peaceable intentions. The Tatars looked at one another with a gloomy significance; their eyes were frequently directed to a particular window, which, however, was *not* mine; and ever and

anon a messenger came and went, whose tidings were received with a raising of the eyebrow, and an inaudible motion of the lip. At length a wild scream broke from the window in question, and rent the air for more than a minute, when the calm Orientals started at once into bustle and agitation, hurrying across the court in different directions, and vanishing hastily into their houses.

A star, it appeared, had set in Israel. A magnate of the horde had that moment departed to the heaven of Mohammed. The scream which announced the event had hardly died away, when a thick bed of straw was spread in the middle of the court, and the yet warm corpse brought down and laid upon it. A circle of Tatars was then formed around the spot, each man sitting on his heels; and a monotonous, but not unpleasing chaunt gave solemnity to the stillness of the scene. The circumstance becoming known in the neighbourhood, the whole area was speedily filled with a mixed crowd of Russians and Tatars, all uncovered, and all watching in profound silence what was going on. In little more than a quarter of an hour the death-prayer was finished, and the mourners then gathered in towards the dead. They laid him at once upon a bier, and carried him away, without more ceremony, to his grave without the city. The man was safe enough under six feet of earth before the lingering warmth of life had altogether quitted his frame. The straw was then cleared away; the mourners by-and-by came back to their houses, and the court returned to its usual order and repose.

When the hour at length stole on which belongs neither to night nor day, yet possesses all that is most beautiful in both, the Tatars again came out, one by one, from their dwellings, till every here and there a group was seen squatting in committee. The meaner houses, too, at the sides of the court, gave forth their denizens, who proved to be Russians. About a score of young men, girded with a bright-coloured sash, their shirt, of every gaudy hue, hanging over their trowsers to the knee, and their long hair prevented from falling into their eyes by chaplets of brass or tin, lounged out in groups of two or three at a time, and took possession of an outside stair, where they stood, leaned, or lay down, in the most picturesque attitudes imaginable. By-and-by, a corresponding train of damsels appeared at a little distance, and these either sat quietly upon a bench, or stood in small knots, with their arms round one another's waists. The re-union was to all appearance accidental; and each individual, I have no doubt, fancied that it really was so; but yet this was the moment to which all had unconsciously been looking forward ever since the morning—and not only this morning, but every former one of their lives since the age of thirteen or fourteen. The appearance of the young women was the signal for a song from one of the young men. By-and-by, the air was changed by suggestion, and his comrades joined, singing in parts. Presently the voices of one, two, or more damsels were heard blending shrilly with the strain; and at length, by slow degrees, and brought about as it were accidentally, a regular concert was begun, which continued long after I was unable, from the coming down of the night, to distinguish the figures of the singers. The music more nearly resembled the national melodies of the Scots than anything I have heard elsewhere on the continent. It was simple and melancholy, and if the performance did not require a vast knowledge of

the art, still the voices were so admirably well adjusted, and so passing sweet withal, that the effect—in such a place, and with such associations—had something akin to enchantment.

The Tatars, in the meantime, either conversed in whisper, or listened in silence to the music of their heretofore victims. Neither party appeared to remember the day—although not very far distant—when the blood-stained crescent gleamed over the domes of the HOLY CITY, and when the spoiler said to the captives of the Moskva, in the words that were spoken to those who sat down weeping by the rivers of Babylon, “Sing us one of the songs of Zion!” But a more interesting audience appeared at the casements of the Tatar colony. These were the Mohammedan women, peeping from behind the curtains, and taking a stolen glance at the amusement below. I observed in particular for the first, but not for the last time, a young and pretty girl, who was even more than usually anxious to see what was to be seen, and yet more than usually afraid lest her curiosity should be chidden. She had a silken curtain drawn over more than two-thirds of her window, and at the aperture her face was never presented but furtively. I never saw a man in her room, and never discovered her engaged either in work or recreation of any kind, except playing at cards with an old woman, which she did regularly every evening. My eyes became afterwards acquainted with those of this agreeable infidel. She seemed amused by the interest she excited, and took a thousand opportunities, in the course of the day, of popping out her head, and then looking, in pretty alarm, to the stranger’s window; but I never saw her nearer. She either did not go out at all, or was so closely muffled up in her oriental veil, that I could not recognise her.

It may be supposed that the scene in the court, and the soft music, and the face of the beautiful Tatar girl, had altogether the effect of tranquillizing my nerves; and, in fact, I went to bed with little or no apprehension of my throat being cut during the night by the Barbarians of the North. The next morning I went forth to view the savage metropolis. I have never seen Timbuctoo, and am unable, therefore, to speak from comparison; but of Moscow I would say, that it must be reckoned a very wonderful monument of barbarian art. In the centre is the Kremlin, a jumble of palaces and churches, surrounded by lofty walls, and walks and gardens; then the city, or the town of shops and merchants, also walled; then another and much vaster circle of habitations, girded round by planted boulevards; and then an immense and shapeless suburb, as it may be termed, though bound in by bastions. The houses of the nobility, which are confined to the two last quarters, are in general reproductions of the palaces of Italy. They are bound together by lines of buildings of meaner pretensions, but, as all are painted of some light and delicate colour, the effect is wonderfully elegant; so much so, that if Russia were not Russia, and the Russians not Russians, I am almost tempted to think that the city might be admired even by eyes accustomed to the architectural glories of Oxford-street and Tottenham-court Road. But the temples of Moscow—it is there that the taste of the savage breaks forth. Their fantastic forms, their thousand domes and cupolas, either gilded, or painted a brilliant green, have an effect, as they have an architecture, entirely their own. The civilized spectator is bewildered and amazed, for he cannot measure them by the square and

plummet of classical criticism which he carries in his pocket. Not one of the conventional terms of art will apply, which he bears about with him on his tongue's end ; and, shrugging his shoulders, he turns away from the scene with a smile. But the picture follows him ; its unworldly forms impress themselves upon his mind ; its rainbow colours tinge his imagination ; he dreams that night of the Arabian tales, and the next morning, with a bitter blush, detects himself writing in his journal the heretical words—Russian architecture.

But on this subject I have already bestowed enough of my tediousness upon the public\*. My present object is to tell my anxious friends how I fared among the natives, and what *kind* of barbarians they are. Most of the newspapers of France and England have been endeavouring, day after day, for a long time past, to let out the secret ; but, some way or other, this has been done in so indefinite a manner, that one feels one's blood curdle, without knowing why. That the Russians are barbarians of the north, is sure enough ; that the Turks, compared with them, are a polite and civilized people, is not denied ; that the latter, if fallen under the domination of the former, would cease to be what everybody knows they are, the civilizers of the human race, is a melancholy fact. All this is sufficiently obvious, but still something more is necessary. What *kind* of savages are the Russians?—that is the question. How many generations are they behind the Spaniards, for instance, in the humanities of life ? Does the atmosphere of this country vibrate with curses, like that of Ireland ? Does midnight murder stalk through the land ? Do the mothers bury their children *alive* ? Do their atrocious superstitions convert the meek and holy Jesus into a brutal Moloch ? Do their devotees cut one another's throats because all do not believe precisely alike ?

The next morning I called to deliver a letter of introduction to a " Prince." The Russians, like all other savages, are fond of titles, and of that of prince in particular. The title, however, is a mere ornament, like that of a ribbon at one's button-hole, and has nothing to do with determining the real rank of the individual. The title in this country descends not to the eldest son, but to all the children, male and female ; and thus, in the course of a few generations, we have a flourishing colony of princes. The property, in the meantime, is *divided* among the family, and thus, in the course of a few generations, all these princes are poor. The poor nobles, however, are permitted to sell their property to the rich, and thus an aristocracy of wealth is formed ; but even this is evanescent, for the rich in their turn become poor by the subdivision of their estates. Hence it arises that in Russia hereditary rank is held in little or no estimation ; and that even the circumstance of wealth gives no permanent dignity to a family. Every man, therefore, is valued by his public utility, so far as this can be evidenced by the nature of the public service to which he is called by the Emperor. The Emperor, no doubt, makes a bad selection sometimes, like other men ; but still, in theory, the plan is wonderfully wise for a nation of barbarians.

The prince I visited on the present occasion was high in office, and therefore one of the real grandees of the empire ; but, notwithstanding,

\* "Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow, through Courland and Livonia,"—*Heath's Picturesque Annual*, 1836.

I found him visible at ten o'clock in the morning. In more refined countries, if I had presumed to knock at a grandee's door at such an hour, I should have run some risk of being given in charge to the watchman. What was more astonishing, the princess, or "my wife," as he called her, intruded upon the *tête-à-tête* immediately after. At ten o'clock in the morning! how uncivilized! I found both the lady and gentleman well acquainted with the present state of England, and desperately afraid of the progress of popular reform, and its possible results with regard to Russia. I always eschew such subjects, however, when it is possible, and I changed the conversation as speedily as I could do so without rudeness.

The prince is the director of some of the principal charitable institutions of Moscow, and the information I either received from himself on the subject, or which he put me in the way of acquiring, was puzzling in the extreme. These institutions are not only admirable in themselves, but, generally speaking, among the best administered in Europe. How to reconcile this with the barbarism of the country is the question. When talking doubtfully of the moral effect of the Foundling Hospital, I could not but admire, on many occasions, the kindness of heart, whatever I might think of the arguments, of my opponents. "At any rate," concluded they, "we are willing to prevent one great crime, even at the hazard of inducing the commission of a hundred immoralities. We desire to do at least present good, trusting in the Almighty that he will not permit it to be followed by future evil."

Charity, in this city, assumes every possible form. Count Sheremeetoff, for instance, bestows every year upon a certain number of spinsters a dowry of from a hundred to a thousand roubles, which they gain in the way of a lottery. The drawing presents a curious and interesting scene. A friend of mine once congratulated a young girl upon obtaining a small prize. "Tush!" said she, tossing her head, and half laughing, half crying, "what sort of husband can one expect for a hundred roubles?"

After dining with the prince above mentioned, and with many other Moscow nobles, I felt myself altogether confused and disappointed. The dinner, the wines, the language, the manners, all were Parisian. I regretted having come so far to see the barbarians of the north. Being on the spot, however, I noted a few things in which a slight difference was visible. In almost every house, par exemple, there was at least one elderly female, who appeared neither in dress nor manner to belong to the station of the entertainer, yet who sat in the drawing-room, and at table, with the rest of the company. These persons did not take part in the conversation. If more than one, they talked in a low voice together, when they were not altogether silent; and they always contrived to find their way to the dining-room without the assistance of the gentlemen.

General invitations to dinner are very common among the more wealthy families; but I could not bring myself, on more than two or three occasions, to avail myself of this species of hospitality. When I did go without a special summons, I found that, in general, the table was graced with "old familiar faces." Each house has its own diners; and I was told that the non-appearance of any of these standard guests is looked upon with great suspicion. At one princely board, a gentle-

man invariably made his appearance on the Sundays, who was only known as "the man with the epaulettes." He had received the first invitation a score of years before, and being of a very unobtrusive disposition, his name, in process of time, came to be forgotten, while his person was as well known as the marble columns of the hall. A Sunday at length came when something was found to be amiss at the table. The host and hostess fidgeted, the guests looked at one another, and held their spoons suspended over their soup. Everybody felt as if all was not right, but no one knew what was the matter; till at length the question broke suddenly from the noble entertainer, "Where is the man with the epaulettes?"

The Man was not there. The old stagers in vain taxed their memory for some tradition which might throw a light upon his name. The servants were in vain interrogated as to the abiding place of this interesting personage. No one knew anything about him, and the meal passed on in doubts, fears, and conjectures of every possible hue. The worst of them, no doubt, were the truest; for the next Sunday—the next—the next—all brought the accustomed meal, and the old familiar faces—*minus* one. The man with the epaulettes was doubtless dead; but even this was only a hypothesis. Nothing is absolutely certain, but that he never was seen again.

"Weeks followed weeks, moons roll'd on moons away,

But Conrad comes not—came not since that day!"

The servants in such families are, generally speaking, too numerous and ill-regulated to be of much use. When you enter a Russian nobleman's house, instead of a few brilliantly-dressed exquisites who wait upon you with a kind of devout attention, yet without the smallest hurry or confusion, you encounter a number of shabby dogs, whose motions and appearance persuade you for a moment that the house is on fire, and that a part of the street rabble has obtained admittance. These gentry either open upon you at once, not one of them having any precise department of his own, or, after gratifying their curiosity, they turn away, yawn, stretch themselves upon a bench, or enter into conversation with one another.

Hiring a servant is a mere lottery. The character of the man, it is true, is written upon his passport; but all these characters are alike—and all good. If the master has sufficient regard for his own honour to write the character which his servant *deserves*, a functionary of the police calls upon him, and represents that the fellow will never get another place. If the master is resolute, the servant, supposing him to have money or friends, brings an action against his "tyrant," who is put to great trouble and expense in proving—if that be possible at all—the truth of his allegations. Should the servant be prevented, however, either by poverty or fear of the result, from taking this step, he in most cases can command at least a five-ruble note, with which he bribes the police and obtains a new character.

Servants are sometimes—for there is no use in mincing the matter—slaves; that is to say, they belong to their master unconnected with the land, and cannot be considered feudal tenants. The agricultural peasants may be transferred from one master to another; but they cannot be removed from the land, and therefore they can no more be said to be sold, than an English leaseholder, when the title-deeds of the

property pass into new hands. Sometimes these tenants obtain permission to leave the estate, and become traffickers, servants, or anything else; but still they belong to this lord, as before, and must continue to pay him the obrok, or capitation tax. The difference between them and the former class is not a mere nominal one; for the one is, to all intents and purposes, a slave, who may be sold like an ox, while the other is a feudal tenant, who has either received leave of absence for a certain number of years, or who has been altogether manumitted, on condition of paying, as before, his obrok.

The number of slaves is comparatively very small. Sometimes, when well treated, they are faithful and attached, as was occasionally the case with negroes; but still in Russia, as everywhere else, slavery is a plague-spot upon the land, which, however we may flatter ourselves, can never be thoroughly eradicated, except with blood and burning. During my stay in Moscow, a gentleman flogged one of his slaves who acted as coachman, and sent him to his estate in the country. Here the man was flogged again, by an order which he carried himself, and then came back to town with two horses under his charge. On arriving, some further fault was found, and he was flogged for the third time, and commanded to betake himself again to the country, there to receive another flagellation. The man set out to obey, but he had hardly trudged half way, when he suddenly changed his intention. He returned to Moscow, walked straight to his master's room, and hewed him in pieces with his hatchet. He then called his brother-domestics around him, pointed to the mangled body, and telling them, in a few words, how and why the deed had been done, surrendered himself to justice.

I saw another assassin of the kind, when loaded with fetters, and about to commence his march for the mines of Siberia—the terrific substitute, in this country, for capital punishment. The motives in his case were not so clear; for the lady of the land, whom he had slain, was reported to be of a humane disposition, while the victim above mentioned was said to be a hard-hearted scoundrel, who well deserved his fate. A sullen obstinacy was the predominant character of the assassin's face. He felt no remorse, and exhibited no terror at the idea of a journey which would conduct him to a place, where three or four years, at most, of hopeless wretchedness, would terminate in a miserable death. He had entered his mistress's chamber, it seems, and smothered her with the bed-clothes. He confessed the fact, yet would not throw the least light upon his object, whether this was revenge or robbery; but the unhappy wretch was anxious to impress upon us all that two young women, his fellow-servants, who had been condemned as accomplices, were not only innocent of the crime, but had been altogether ignorant of his intentions.

I saw these women after their backs had been torn by the knout, and when they were just ready to begin their march to Siberia; but I could not learn that the slightest evidence had been adduced against them, except the supposition that, as they were in the house at the time, they must have had a guilty knowledge of a deed which had taken more than an hour to perpetrate. The truth is, the system of slavery is so monstrous, that, unless protected in this way, by a crime of the kind involving the destruction even of the innocent, it could not continue to exist without giving rise to almost daily assassinations. The slaves, however,

amount at present to considerably more than a million; and as each is worth as property, taking men and women together, at least a thousand roubles, the question of their emancipation must be one of much difficulty. Were civilized England the party concerned, the thing of course would be easy. We should have no long years of struggles—no purchased howlings against God and nature—not a single whisper of *compensation* to the slave-owner. We should say at once to the slave, “Be free!” and he would be free. But what can we expect from the Barbarians of the North?

The case of the two women was closely inquired into when I was present, by Dr. Haas, a gentleman whose name it would be unpardonable to omit, since I have mentioned incidentally the charities of Moscow. Among the noblest of these charities, there is an institution sanctioned, if not established by government, which charges itself with the inspection of the gaols, and particularly of the *depôt* where the convicts assemble to commence their pilgrimage to Siberia. Dr. Haas is the secretary of the institution, and he gives himself up, soul and body, to the duties of the office, with an enthusiasm of benevolence which has never been equalled since the days of Howard. Day and night he is at his post. In the middle of a meal, or in the middle of his sleep, he is at the command of the humblest or basest criminal who calls for his assistance. Some years ago he was engaged in a manufacturing speculation, which failed, and swept away the whole of his little fortune. Among the creditors, Mr. E——, a respectable English gentleman, thought himself peculiarly unfortunate, and solicited the insolvent to give him at least a small portion of the debt, since it was his all.

“That I cannot do,” replied the doctor, “for I have it not to give. You have indeed lost your all, and, for my part, I am glad of it. The circumstance is, no doubt, intended by Providence as a trial, and I am only too highly honoured in having been the instrument!”

The doctor once undertook a very long journey—a journey of eight or nine hundred miles, for the purpose of meeting his sister whom he had not seen for fifteen years, and who was on her way from Germany in order to pay him a visit. When he arrived at Narva, the place where he was to intercept her on her route, he found that the diligence did not arrive for some hours, and he walked up to the observatory to pass the time. There is here one of the finest telescopes I ever saw; and the doctor, who knows a little of astronomy, was so delighted with it, that the moon and stars appeared in the heavens, and then faded away before the beams of the next day’s sun, ere he thought again of his sister! The lady in the meantime arrived at Narva, and passed on, unconscious of his having left Moscow.

Under the inspection of this old man, the prisoners of the Barbarians of the North are as well attended to—and, in some respects, more comfortably situated—than those of the most civilized nations in Europe. The benevolent feelings, however, which are the basis of this system owe their origin to the present century.

“Little provision,” says a traveller in 1784, “is made in this country for prisoners; and a poor wretch, without friends or money, confined in a Russian gaol, runs some hazard of starving. I have sometimes visited those mansions of misery; and if famine, chains, nakedness, and filth are shocking, the scenes I beheld were shocking.” At the present day

the prisoners, who have plenty to eat, and who are sometimes supplied even with delicacies by private charity, complain occasionally of the quality of their bread, but of nothing else. In the case of the only complaint of this kind which came under my personal observation, I know they were wrong; for my opinion of the bread was taken by Dr. Haas, and I found it to be quite as good as that eaten by the peasantry out of doors.

This kind of bread is black and sour, but extremely nutritive. A peasant, indeed, although he relishes white bread as a child does cake, would be apprehensive of starving if confined to it as his ordinary diet. I have seen persons even of the highest rank eat black bread at dinner by preference; and often, in a pedestrian excursion, I have myself regaled upon it with much gusto, when accompanied by the rich thick milk with which the wanderer may be supplied at almost every peasant's hut. Unfortunately, however, the preparation of this essential article does not always receive equal care. It is frequently so full of sand, that it must infallibly affect the health of the consumer; and I have no doubt that the frequency of an agonizing complaint is chiefly owing to this cause. In a statistical table which happens to be before me, I find that in the year 1822 sixty-two operations for the stone were performed in one *general* hospital in Moscow, and thirty-four in another.

Dr. Haas's customers of course consist not only of peasants, but occasionally of persons of every other class. They in fact form an epitome of Russian society; and I now propose showing, in a few words, in what manner that society is constituted, beginning at the lowest moral link in the social chain, but without including the military, the clergy, and the nobles.

First, then, we have the slaves—men who have neither souls nor bodies of their own—who are sometimes attached friends, and sometimes assassins, just as they are treated, but whose reasoning faculties are in general employed in the exercise of that ingenuity by which a man seeks to perform, at the least possible cost of labour, a task for which he is not paid, and in which he can have no possible interest. The number of this class, as compared to that of the great body of the PEOPLE, is small, hardly exceeding that of the *nobles*! I was told by one of the high officers of government, who I trust will have an opportunity of seeing this page, that men and women ceased to be sold like cattle in Russia fifteen years ago. He perhaps intended to say that such sale was at that period forbidden by law; but unfortunately, owing to the defective state of the executive department, many of the best laws are a dead letter. To the present Emperor, who possesses a vigour of determination almost equal to that of his great predecessor Peter, and who is besides beloved even to idolatry by a mighty majority of his people, Europe looks, not for a superficial, but a *radical* reform of this monstrous abuse. Let his Majesty remember that Russia is a new country, whose headlong pace has never yet been measured, either in power or civilization, by that of the old kingdoms of Europe; let him forget the late tardiness of England, in a similar question; and above all things, let him look down with imperial disdain upon the existing example of the *soi-disant* republicans of America.

The second class consists of those peasants of the nobles who are not slaves, but serfs of the glebe. This is by far the most numerous body

of society; it is in fact the bulk of the nation. The obrok they pay to their lord is in general a mere trifle compared with the value of the land they enjoy; and if you only give it the name of *rent*, you might conclude that they are the most fortunate people on the face of the earth. But the serf, unhappily, has no liberty of action or motion; if he is happy at all, it is upon compulsion. His condition depends entirely upon the character of the lord of the land. He cannot remove from one farm to another; he cannot marry without permission; the very amount of his obrok is fixed by the arbitrary will of his feudal chief.

This is his condition *in theory*, so to speak; but if it was so in practice, nothing could prevent a political convulsion but the bayonet. The proprietors of land are, generally speaking, well educated and intelligent men, who are perfectly aware that their own interest and respectability depend upon the prosperity of their peasants. The power, therefore, either accorded to them by the laws, or inherited from their ancestors in defiance of law, is rarely used to any odious extent; and the instances of tyranny, so current in Europe, either relate to an earlier day than this, or form an exception to the rule. The author quoted above, Mr. Richardson, tells us that, when he was in Russia, "the peasants no sooner arrived at puberty than they were compelled to marry whatever female the proprietor chose." At the present day the proprietor gives himself very little trouble about the matter, but allows the course of true love to run rough or smooth as it will.

When on a visit to Mademoiselle B —, of Ismailof, I remarked one day to her amiable charge, the Princess —, that I was very desirous of witnessing a peasant's marriage; when the young lady turned laughingly to an heiress in the company, and begged her to get up one for me on purpose, since her estate was at no great distance. On my asking the fair tyrant—herself, I believe, about to become "a youthful blooming bride"—how she could manage this, she replied, that nothing was easier, and ridiculed very successfully the idea entertained by foreigners of the cruelty supposed to be practised on such occasions. Among other examples of this *cruelty*, she told me, that a few days before, a young man had come to her guardian, and, lamenting his hard fate in being without anybody to "mend his shirts," besought him to give him a wife, and some trifle to begin the world with. The gentleman immediately looked round amongst the female peasantry, and, selecting one who in appearance, habits, &c., seemed to be his equal, asked her whether she had any objection to a husband? Whereupon the delighted fair one, unable to speak from the suddenness of the joy, threw herself down at his feet, and knocked her forehead upon the ground; and on the very same day this interesting pair entered into the holy and indissoluble bonds of matrimony.

The third class in my arbitrary division of society, and the next in numbers to the foregoing, consists of the crown peasants. Their obrok is the property of the emperor, and assumes the form, therefore, of a tax upon their lands; while their villages may be said to be small communes governed by individuals of their own body. They are, however, the property of the crown, in the same sense as the preceding class may be said to be the property of the nobles, and with this further drawback upon their freedom, that they may be transported in whole colonies wherever the emperor chooses. But the system, like the other, is much

better in practice than in theory; and, so far as my own observation goes, I can say that the crown peasants of the barbarians are to all intents and purposes as free, as comfortable, and as happy as any peasantry in Europe.

The fourth class consists of the Corps des Bourgeois, comprehending the artisans of every description. When they choose to become sellers of the articles they have hitherto assisted to manufacture, and are able to declare themselves possessed of a suitable capital, they advance a step higher, and belong to the fifth class.

The fifth class is the merchants, subdivided into three guilds, according to the amount of capital they declare, and on which, independently of the obrok they pay to their lord, supposing them to be still serfs, a tax is charged by the government of four and three-quarters per cent. The lowest capital is 8000 roubles, or about 337*l.*, which empowers a merchant to retail his goods in the town and arrondissement to which he belongs; the next is 20,000 roubles, or about 842*l.*, involving the right to traffic in the whole empire; and the third is 50,000 roubles, or about 2,104*l.*, the merchants declaring which may import and export, and establish manufactories.

When a merchant acquires sufficient money, he generally buys his freedom, and thus relieves himself from the obrok; but if his lord does not choose to sell, the serf has no right to compel him to do so. Thus the extraordinary spectacle is sometimes seen, of a peasant serf rolling along in his own carriage, and living as expensively as any noble in the land.

The *petty* merchants of Russia are liars, cheats, and swindlers, almost to a man. This is owing to the arbitrary nature of the obrok, and their other burthens as feudal tenants. From their very infancy, they were accustomed to petty trickery, in order to deceive their lord or his steward; and it is not surprising that they carry about with them into the world the lessons which they received almost in the cradle. At the same time it must be confessed the system is carried on too long. Even after they become freemen, and acquire some very tolerable notions of their own dignity as men and citizens, they continue to cheat in their business as before—to call their god (who hangs up in the shop, with a lamp burning before him) to witness the lie—and when detected, to own the perjury with the blandest smile in the world. This is not so much the fault of their education, as of the ignorance, stupidity, and corruption existing in the administration of the laws. The injury it does to their trade is incalculable; people are afraid to go into a Russian shop, and prefer trusting therefore to foreign competitors, who, when naturalized, enjoy all the privileges of natives. The greater merchants, the military officers who have risen from the ranks, and the nobility in general, are as honourable people as can be found in Europe. Dishonesty, therefore, is not, as some writers have imagined, a part of the national character. The radical cure would be, to get rid of the system of servage; but as this cannot be managed in a day, something else should be tried: if the dishonesty of the shopkeepers cannot by fair means be brought at least within the bounds of moderation, let it be torn out of their backs with the knout!

I am at some loss whether or not to class the above among the vices of barbarians! What say ye to the question, O ye stock-selling-off tradesmen of London!—O ye *prix-fixe* shopkeepers of Paris!—ye who

teach your assistants to cheat as a part of their business, and who hang them, when taught, if they practise the accomplishment upon yourselves ! As for that fixed national character, which seems born in the blood, look for it among the Turks, who have hardly advanced a single step in civilization since their establishment in Europe—look for it in the Indians of America, who are to this day wild men of the woods—look for it (but here I speak doubtfully) among the negroes of Africa ; but look for it *not* among the Russians. Russia has sustained a greater change in the course of one century than any other nation of Europe in the course of eight. There is more difference between Russia of to-day and Russia of forty years ago, than between England of the Tudors and England of the Guelphs.

One day, when in conversation on this subject with Mr. Wilkins, the American ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg, he told me an Indian anecdote, which has probably not before been in print. With this I shall for the present conclude ; with the intention of endeavouring next month to present a nearer view of the Barbarians of the North, in their huts, their walks, their occupations, and their pastimes.

The son of a Delaware chief was brought up from infancy as the playmate and friend of Mr. Wilkins. No difference whatever was made between the two boys ; their dress, their meals, their beds, their education—all were alike ; and the lads themselves regarded one another as brothers. When young Wilkins arrived at the years when it was necessary for him to go to college, his companion was in every respect—in appearance, in language, in feelings—an Anglo-American boy ; and the two friends parted in the hope of meeting again, unchanged except in the addition of four years to their age, and a corresponding number of inches to their stature.

In four years, young Wilkins returned to the parental home ; and while crossing the threshold of the house, his tumultuous thoughts were perhaps fully as much occupied by the friend into whose arms he was about to rush, as by any member of his father's family. He caught the eye, however, of a naked Indian sitting on the bench before the door, and paused as he was about to enter. The object, though picturesque, was common, and he turned his head, without knowing why, to look again at the face of the savage. The red youth then smiled ; and his question " Do you not know me ? " explained all.

After his friend went to college, and when he was thus thrown back, as it were, upon his own mind, the Delaware boy, as he said himself, was beset by strange wild thoughts, which he could neither understand nor describe. He felt an unconquerable longing for the liberty of the woods—a thirsting after the air of the desert ; and, after struggling long and fiercely against a propensity which his habits of civilization persuaded him to be evil, and for the existence of which he could not in any manner account, he at length tore off his European dress, and fled into the wilderness. I cannot call to mind the name of this Indian ; but he became a distinguished chief in the wars with the English, and was celebrated not only for bravery but for cunning. He was at length suspected of playing false on both sides ; and Mr. Wilkins, in riding through a wood, saw accidentally the body of his early friend lying dead, and horribly mangled, at the foot of a tree. The Delaware had been murdered by his own countrymen.

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## THE VOW OF THE PEACOCK\*.

THE picturesque is to the Gothic what the classical was to the Grecian—the characteristic of their creations. Each age has left its taste in its remains. The Greek era was impressed with its most sunny and spiritual climate. The great poet, the wonderful philosopher, gave the mind's immortality to their language. Their works were the temple of faultless proportion—the statue of unequalled beauty—the urn, the vase, and the lamp of the most perfect outline. Everything was simple, but of a grace still unequalled. The natural influences of their lovely country were in all their imaginations. The stately column of the cypress—the flowing fall of the acanthus—the soft lines of their azure hills melting in the transparent air—these were the inspiration. These were the materials out of which was framed the most consummate system of beauty. The beautiful was the ideal of Greece. The Gothic, on the contrary, admitted other elements—the wild and the grotesque were in its earliest inventions. The dark forests—the fierce seas, from whence came the first adventurers, gave their own likeness. In the cold climate, too, originated the fantastic. The invention inspired by the clear sunshine, or the silver moonlight, takes a more ethereal form than that whose birthplace is by the kindled hearth, whose red uncertain gleams fling quaint shadows on the scarcely-lighted walls. Sculpture was the art which embodied the spirit of the Grecian age; while architecture embodied that of the Gothic. One left the statue severe in its marble simplicity—the other left the cathedral stately as a whole, but embellished with strange combinations. Such is the picturesque as opposed to the classical. The picturesque was the characteristic of the age of chivalry—it marked its buildings, its institutions, and its poetry. The conception of a true knight—he *sans peur et sans reproche*, is a fine one. The knight required all the attributes of the ancient hero, and others of modern necessity. He was to possess not only the high descent, the courage, and the personal strength, but to add to these the later requisites of courtesy, devotion, and love. In this may be traced the influence of Christianity and woman. To defend the weak—to assist the oppressed—to disdain danger—to be gentle and generous—to speak the truth, and to be faithful to the one chosen lady of his affections, was the devoir of a good knight and true; also, according to one of the Troubadours,

“ Un chevalier n'en doutez pas  
Doit ferir hault à parler bas.”

It must be allowed that such qualifications would go far towards forming a very perfect gentleman of our own time; but the spirit of those days was essentially fanciful, and on the first general and lofty outline of chivalry were ingrafted a thousand odd and wild exuberances. The absurd followed close on the elevated, like a dwarf attending on some lovely princess. Few things more marked the temper of chivalry than its vows; its love, its religion, and its tendency to exaggeration, are alike to be found in these, its professions of faith; a history of the vows of celebrated knights would, in fact, comprise the history of chivalry. These vows were taken in many different ways, but the most celebrated was that called the “Vow of the Peacock.” These noble birds, for so they

\* “The Vow of the Peacock,” by the author of the “*Improvisatrice*,” &c. &c.

were styled, represented perfectly, by the brightness and variety of their colours, the majesty of kings, and the splendour of those dresses worn when holding what was called Tind, or full court (*Cour plenière*). The flesh of the peacock or pheasant was, if the old romances may be credited, the principal nourishment of knights and lords. Their plumage was considered by the ladies of Provence as the richest ornament wherewith to decorate the Troubadours. They weaved crowns of the feathers, which were given as prizes to the poetical talents then consecrated to the celebration of valour and gallantry. The day when a solemn vow was to be taken, a peacock, or else a pheasant sometimes roasted, but always decorated with its finest plumes, was brought majestically by dames or maidens on a large dish of silver or gold, into the assembly of knights. Each or all then made the vow on the bird. But perhaps the most accurate idea of such a ceremony will be formed by the following extract from "Mathieu," giving an account of a festival held by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

"At length the day of the banquet arrived. If the magnificence of the Prince was admired in the abundance and multitude of the services, it shone still more conspicuous in the spectacles, then called interludes (*entre-mets*), which rendered the feast more amusing and more solemn. There appeared in the hall divers decorations, of machines, figures of men and extraordinary animals, trees, mountains, rivers, a sea and ships. All these objects, mingled with people, birds, and living animals, were in motion about the hall, and on the table, and represented actions relative to the duke's design. It was like the fêtes in the palace of Alcina. It is impossible to imagine, without surprise, what must have been the extent of this hall, which contained a table so spacious, or rather of this vast theatre, with space enough for the movement of such a crowd, and so much machinery; without reckoning the number of guests, and the multitude of spectators. All at once entered a giant, armed like a Saracen of Grenada, in the ancient style. He led an elephant bearing a castle, in which was a dishevelled lady, dressed in long mourning habits, after the fashion of a nun or a devotee. On finding herself amid the assembly in the hall, she recited a triquet, ordering the giant to stop, but he, watching her with a fixed look, continued his advance till he stopped before the table of the duke. At that moment the captive dame, who represented Religion, made a long complaint in verse of the evils she suffered from the tyranny of the infidels, and complained of the delay from those who ought to succour and deliver her. This lamentation ended, Toison d'or (King at Arms of the Order of the Fleece), preceded by a long file of officers, bearing on the wrist a live pheasant, adorned with a collar of gold, enriched with pearls and precious stones, advanced to the Duke of Burgundy, and presented to him two maidens; one was Yolande, his illegitimate daughter, and the other was Isabel of Neufchatel, daughter of the Lord of Montaignu, each accompanied by a Knight of the Golden Fleece. At the same time the King at Arms offered the duke the bird which he bore, in the name of the ladies who claimed the protection of their sovereign. "In order," says the narration, "to conform to ancient customs, according to which, in great festivals and noble assemblies, is presented unto the princes, lords, and knights a peacock, or some other noble bird, to take upon them vows of service to the dames and maidens who claim their

assistance." The duke, after having attentively listened to the request of the King at Arms, gave him a billet, which was read aloud, and which began with these words—"I vow unto God, my creator, the first all; next unto the most glorious the Virgin Mother, and after to the Ladies of the Pheasant." The rest contained his sworn promise to carry the war into the country of the infidels for the defence of the oppressed church.

The example of the duke was then followed by his whole court, who took divers of these fantastic vows for which chivalry was celebrated; some swore never to sleep in a bed; others never to eat off linen; others to abstain from meat and wine during certain days in the week till the vow was accomplished. A new spectacle closed this ceremony; a lady clothed in a religious habit of white, and bearing on her shoulder a rouleau, enriched with labels of gold, "*Grace à Dieu*," came to thank the assembly, and presented twelve ladies, accompanied by so many knights. These ladies represented different virtues, such as Faith, Charity, Justice, &c., and a label on each shoulder bore their names. At last all began to dance in their mumming guise, "*Et à faire bonne chere pour remplir, and racherer plus joyusement la fête.*" But the vow was not always attended by such "pomp and circumstance." Any lady in distress might claim that assistance which every knight was bound to afford; and such a scene, though not we believe representing any recorded historical fact, was given by Mr. M'Clise in the picture which suggested the poem now before us. There is something in the romantic devotion of chivalric love peculiarly suited to Miss Landon's style, the very essence of whose poetry lies in the romance of the affections. With verse rather naturally musical than carefully polished; with great felicity of simile, the result of a quick perception of the charm of association; with an overflowing tenderness, the popularity of her writings has consisted in their being entirely feminine. The woman is felt in every line: she makes audible the melody of that warm yet gentle heart in her sex, which all men have possessed or covet to possess. Miss Landon possesses not the elements of the tragic but of the affecting; she only appeals to our sympathies. The natural strain of her mind is melancholy—a melancholy which deepens in every succeeding work. How can it be otherwise? Without the unfair test of supposing particular passages to be the records of individual experience, it is very obvious that her personal feeling gives its colour to the whole. The sickness of hope deferred—the long-lingering pang of early disappointment—the bitterness of the discovered illusion, are too truly expressed not to have been keenly felt. Such a result appeared to us the inevitable consequences of such a career. The imagination cannot exist without strong susceptibility to impression—

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,  
Is ever the first to be touched by the thorns."

The most successful literary course has its hardships and its mortifications, the more difficult to be borne when the temperament is sensitively alive to praise, and that praise has necessarily become the great object of existence. Triumph inevitably ensures envy, and the effects of envy come more home to us than those of triumph. Our author, in her "*Errinne*," truly asks—

“What is the gift of fame,  
But as a barrier to so much that makes  
Our life companionable?”

The flattered and the admired are rarely the loved. Miss Landon began her literary career a mere child; of course, let her talent have been what it might, with the feelings and inexperience of one. To what disappointment must this have inevitably subjected her. It is impossible to write as she has done without keen affections; we cannot describe that which we do not know: and how often must these affections have been wasted and deceived? Her own standard would inevitably be too high; above all must the imaginative exclaim—

“And many love me, but by none  
Am I enough beloved.”

Again, it is impossible for the young and the gifted to believe in the small envyings that surround their daily path, till the conviction is forced upon them by the most painful experience. A successful female poet always gives us the idea of a flower upon a glacier. This under-current of bitterness is perceptible in all Miss Landon's writings. There are two poems in this volume in which it is so strongly expressed, that we must quote them, in support of our theory, that where the laurel grows the wild flower has no blossom, and the green grass grows not:—

“THE MINSTREL'S MONITOR.

“Silent and dark as the source of yon river,  
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know,  
Though wild as the flight of the shaft from yon quiver,  
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.

The lily flings o'er it its silver-white blossom,  
Like ivory busks which a fairy hath made;  
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,  
As though 'twere enamoured itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers  
On the stream, as it loved the bright place of its rest;  
And its waves pass in song, as the sea-shell's soft numbers  
Had given to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and sunny,  
There the first birth of violets' odour showers weep;  
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,  
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,  
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun;  
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?  
Who can say whence its springs in its beauty?—not one.

Oh my heart, and my song, which is as my heart's flowing,  
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own!  
'Mid those the chief praise on thy music bestowing,  
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone?

Dark as its birth-place, so dark is thy spirit,  
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody came;  
'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will inherit  
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame.”

The next has even more of personal regret—more personal, because

*The Vow of the Peacock.*

more general. This may seem a paradox; but yet the poem which comes home to the many is the one that embodies some individual sentiment.

## "THE MOON.

"The moon is sailing o'er the sky,  
 But lonely all, as if she pined  
 For somewhat of companionship,  
 And felt it was in vain she shined.  
 Earth is her mirror, and the stars  
 Are as a court around her throne;  
 She is a beauty and a queen;  
 But what is this? She is alone.  
 Is there not one—not one—to share  
 Thy glorious royalty on high?  
 I cannot choose but pity thee,  
 Thou lovely orphan of the sky.  
 I'd rather be the meanest flower  
 That grows, my mother Earth, on thee,  
 So there were others of my kin,  
 To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.  
 Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death;  
 But with these better could I bear  
 Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,  
 And be a solitary there."

The principal poem is a tale of some length. Its heroine is thus introduced:—

"It was a mournful sight to see  
 That youthful brow lie down  
 Without its purple canopy,  
 Without its royal crown;  
 A rugged pallet, which was laid  
 Upon the floor of stone,  
 Thro' whose dark chinks the night-winds play'd  
 With low perpetual moan;  
 A death's head-telling from the wall—  
 'Thy heart beats high, but this ends all!'  
 A crucifix, a pictured saint,  
 With thin-worn lip and colours faint,  
 All whereon youth loves not to dwell,—  
 Were gathered in that gloomy cell.  
 I said, 'twas sad to see such head  
 Laid lowly in so rude a bed;  
 Eyes long accustomed to uncloze  
 Where sighed the lute, whose breath the rose,  
 Not for the lack of state or gold,  
 But for the history which it told.  
 The youthful sleeper slumbering there,  
 With the pale moonlight in her hair;  
 Her child-like head upon her arm,  
 Cradling the soft cheek, rosy warm;  
 The sweet mouth opening like a flower,  
 Whose perfume fills the midnight hour;  
 Her white hands clasped, as if she kept  
 A vigil even while she slept;

Or, as her rest too long delaying,  
Slumber stole over her while praying.  
Yet this is not the dreamless sleep  
That youth should know—the still, the deep !  
See, on her cheek th' unquiet red  
A sudden crimson flush has shed !  
And now it fades, as colours die  
While watching twilight's transient sky ;  
And now 'tis deadly pale in hue ;  
On the wan forehead stands the dew !  
The small white hands are clenched and wrung :  
She wakes ! how wild a look is flung  
From those blue eyes which, strange and wide,  
Glance, like a deer's, from side to side !  
She listens : but she cannot hear,  
So loudly beats her heart with fear.  
Gradual she knows the lonely cell—  
She hears the midnight's bell ;  
She sees the moonlight on the pane,  
And weary, droops her head again.'

It is in such paintings that our author excels. It is the real redeemed by the beautiful. One great charm in these pages are the sudden bursts of some strong emotion, suggested almost by chance ; witness the very mention of the earliest Italian poet :—

“ One wandered there, whose gazing eye  
Deserved to mirror such a sky ;  
He of the laurel and the lyre,  
Whose lip was song, whose heart was fire—  
The gentle Petrarch—he whose fame  
Was worship of one dearest name.  
The myrtle planted on his grave  
Gave all the laurel ever gave ;  
The life that lives in others' breath—  
Love's last sweet triumph over death.  
And tell me not of long disdain—  
Of hope unblest—of fiery pain—  
Of lute and laurel vowed in vain.  
Of such the common cannot deem ;  
Such love hath an ethereal pride !  
I'd rather feed on such a dream,  
Than win a waking world beside.”

These last two lines concentrate the ideal of the heart, which is the essence of feminine poetry.

We regret that we have not space to quote more than a few stanzas of “ *The Letter*,” which appears to us the very perfection of all that can be imagined of woman's love, gentle, silent, tender and devoted :—

“ Once, and once only, let me speak  
Of all that I have felt for years,  
You read it not upon my cheek,  
You dreamed not of it in my tears.  
And yet I loved thee with a love  
That into every feeling came ;  
I never looked on heaven above  
Without a prayer to bless thy name.

*The Vase of the Peacock.*

I had no other love to share,  
That which was thine—and thine alone ;  
A few sad thoughts I had to spare  
For those beneath the funeral stone.

But every living hope was thine,  
Affection with my being grew,  
Thy heart was as a home and shrine,  
Familiar, and yet sacred too,

How often have I watched the spot  
On which thy step had only moved ;  
My memory remembers not  
The hour when thou wert not beloved.

I never had a grief or care  
I sought not from thine eyes to hide ;  
In joy I said, ' Ah ! would he were  
My pleasure sharing at my side.'

I bent above each old romance,  
And seemed to read thy history there ;  
I saw, in each brave knight, thy glance  
Distinct upon the kindled air.

Whene'er I sang, our songs they seemed  
To paint thee only in the lay ;  
Of only thee at night I dreamed,  
Of only thee I thought by day.

The wind that wandered round our towers  
Brought echoes of thy voice to me ;  
Our old hall's solitary hours  
Were peopled with sweet thoughts of thee.

And yet we part—this very hour !  
Ah !—only if my beating heart  
Could break for both—there is no power  
Could force me with your love to part.

There is no shape that pain could take,  
No ill that would not welcome be,  
If suffered but for thy dear sake,—  
But they must be unshared by thee."

We frankly confess that we have our doubts whether woman's love be quite the disinterested and intense thing that Miss Landon represents it to be ; still it is an exquisite creed. We have rather dwelt on the more essentially feminine portion of the work, but it would be injustice to the writer not to give a specimen of her powers in another line. We conclude with the following bold and spirited lines :—

## "THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG."

" Away, away ! your care is vain ;  
No leech could aid me now ;  
The chill of death is at my heart,  
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears  
Within a warrior's eyes ;  
Away ! how can ye weep for him  
Who in the battle dies ?

If I had died with life head  
Upon my lady's knee,—  
Had Fate stood by my silken bed,  
Then might ye weep for me:  
But I lie on my own proud deck  
Before the sea and sky;  
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails  
Will have my latest sigh.  
My banner floats among the clouds,  
Another droops below;  
Well with my heart's best blood is paid  
Such purchase of a foe.  
Go ye and seek my halls, there dwells  
A fair-hair'd boy of mine;  
Give him my sword, while yet the blood  
Darkens that falchion's shine,  
Tell him that only other blood  
Should wash such stains away;  
And if he be his father's child,  
There needs no more to say.  
Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!  
Now fling me on the wave;  
One cup of wine, and one of blood,  
Pour on my bounding grave."

It has been beautifully said that "Woman's heart is love and song united." That heart is Miss Landon's peculiar domain. It is the inspiration of the present volume which must add to its writer's fame. We congratulate her on the production of pages

"Where thought finds happiest voice, and glides along  
Into the silver rivers of sweet song."

#### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

*The Two Agitators, written at a Ball at Brambleburg.*

GREAT Daniel O'Connell is gone to the North:  
His tongue a remonstrance indignant pours forth,  
And eloquence flows from his mouth.  
But you, pretty Jane, with a pair of black eyes,  
Come over the natives of Kent to surprise,  
And agitate hearts in the South.  
He fires with a word, and you fire with a look,—  
Head and heart thus invaded, what mortal can brook?  
Alas! there's no end to our woes,  
He agitates old, and you agitate young:  
Till you close your peepers, and he holds his tongue,  
Poor Britain will ne'er find repose.

*A Caution addressed to Lady H—n, on reading the following Advertisement in the "Morning Herald": "Colosseum—Various Exhibitions,—Sports and Fights, in which the visitors will partake."*

Those Colosseum fights eschew,  
Avoid the fierce attack:  
Else, going there with eyes of blue,  
You'll come away with black,

## THE TEMPTATION OF RACHEL MORISSON.

It was a clear, sunny September morning—bright and cheerful. Autumn was *stealing*, not *striding* over the landscape, and Rachel Morisson looked out upon a joyous picture as she sat within the window of her father's house.

Her two younger sisters had spread a richly-fringed carpet beneath a verandah that was curtained by clustering vines: the elder of them had filled a basket with the rich clusters of the purple grape, and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bounding, beautiful greyhound, the pet and torment of the family. Kate Morisson, the tempter, would not, however, suffer either of them to touch a single grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachel; indeed, her youthful sisters loved Rachel dearly,—and loved her the more, for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiled as was their custom in former times. I have often observed that the love of children increases with the illness of a friend or companion,—a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.

"There is a bunch, Rachel,—a bunch fit for a queen! The doctor said you might eat grapes."

"Thank you, dear Kate; they are very fine indeed: but you should not have tempted Miriam and Nina with them."

"Oh!" replied Kate, laughing, "I love to tempt them—to teaze them a little; it does them good."

"No, I do not think so," said Rachel. "I am not fond of quoting from the Holy Scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember we pray, not to be led into temptation; and, Kate, looking on the temptation with which you tempted your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think——"

"What, sister?"

"Upon mine own!"

"Yours, Rachel! I did not tempt you with grapes."

"Grapes!" repeated Rachel Morisson, smiling, though there was sadness in the smile. "No, not with grapes;—yet I have had my temptation."

"What was it, sister?"

"I will tell you when you are old enough to understand its nature."

"But I *am* old enough, Rachel. I shall be seven next month. Perhaps, sister, you were tempted to tell a story?"

"No."

"To wear tight shoes at the dancing lesson?"

"No!"

"To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?"

"No."

"To ride the kicking pony?"

"Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find out. Listen to me; if it pleases God that I live until you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my 'temptation;' if—listen to me, Katherine—I am taken from you into the world of spirits before you attain the beauty and incur the dangers of womanhood, I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have

planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave."

Kate did not quite understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side, and looked up into her face, and felt her heart sad within her. A little time, and the sharp winds of an unusually cold spring sent (the physicians said) poor Rachel Morisson to an early grave. There was one who knew otherwise,—who knew that the iron had entered her soul, and festered in its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes, and sorrowed over her bier,—but not as one having no hope, for her last blessed words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" There was much mourning in the bereaved dwelling. Kate was able to feel and to tell how truly she missed—

" The glancing of her sister's eye,  
The waving of her hair,  
The footsteps lightly gliding by,  
The hand so small and fair."

But little Miriam soon forgot her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass, as well as months; and when we review them, we think they pass as quickly. The *retrospect* of both is nearly the same; but the *prospect*, how different! Katherine Morisson had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous distinction of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose once beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, left a "written testimony" of her trials; that she laid open her heart's feelings, hopes, and disappointments for her advantage; that, to prevent her sister's tears, she had re-shed her own—for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again counted the drops of blood distilled from her lacerated heart. "My blessed child!" said her mother, "have you forgotten poor Rachel's legacy?—how she bequeathed you the knowledge of her 'temptation,' that your fate might not be as hers?"

She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written; and Kate retrimmed her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might read THE STORY of her dead sister.

"A WOMAN, Kate!—a young unmarried woman's trials—are generally of the affections;—trials of temper—trials of judgment—trials of power—come afterwards; but a young girl's trials are of the heart.

"I hope you have not yet understood what it is to love; unless, indeed, you *love what is lovely*,—lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet, Katherine, it is long—oh, how long!—before it wears out: *I found it so*. You know the pains my dear mother ever took to impress upon us our religious duties; to teach us Christ all-in-all sufficient; and to manifest our faith by our works. I fear me that I trusted too much to my own strength—that I thought too much of my own acquirements. The pains bestowed on my education made me superior to my *companions*, but not, alas! superior to *myself*. The remembrance of your sister—of the once living reality of her who pens these lines—will, before you

read them, have faded to an outlined vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl, who loved flowers and music, and for whom you gathered the finest grapes; and the thought of her will bring back her last kiss—her white brow—her dead hand, the never-to-be-forgotten touch of death!—the tears—a mother's precious tears!—and then the funeral. Ay, my beloved sister, all will be as a vision; but we may learn wisdom from such.

“I *did* think too highly of my acquirements, and practised them more for the sake of display, than a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who, possessed of much beauty, much talent, and some—indeed many, amiable qualities, was, nevertheless, deficient in the great requisites for domestic—much less Christian—happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies sporting in the sunshine; I learnt to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel his feelings, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it—was not that strange?—One of the mysteries of love; perpetually denying his influence with my lips—lying to my own heart—practising self-deception; but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me—(Ah! Kate, take my experience with you into the world, and remember that while *men talk* of love, women *feel* it)—loved me—he believed well—yet endeavoured to laugh at my ‘amiable weaknesses,’ ‘early prejudices,’ ‘want of worldly knowledge.’ Such he termed, in honied words, woman’s best and surest safeguard—her refuge—her hope—her shield and buckler. At first I was alarmed—but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affections, he became more careless in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose that he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage, and, in truth, the Christian knowledge, to combat his assertions; and, for a long time, I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief, that he did but jest! And awful as it was, still it was a comfort—a coward’s comfort, truly, that has no truth for its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness; but my father thought of the splendour of the alliance, and rejoiced therein.

“The time approached for our union, and the care, attention, and tenderness of my affianced husband made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, the preparations, and the festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavoured to—yes, I *did*—believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an unsanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors; it was to be the *last* Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so, that I hailed it as a happy omen; and on that memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose roses and jessamine had been twined by his hands—which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day—the sprays were bending beneath the dew drops, and the air was heavy with perfume; everything was hushed and silent—even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh! how fervently prayed, that I might—that *we* might together find ‘the way, the truth, and the life.’

“I had escaped from the tumult of company to commune with my

own heart, and HE, to 'whom all hearts are open,' knows, that I prayed more for *him* than for myself. Suddenly, the church-bell sounded in my ear, and I rose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jessamine that curtained the arbour's entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer coming towards me; perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone, but an intimate friend, who was to have been his bride's-man, was with him, and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed and talked together, and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard.

"The Sacrament will take up so much time, that I cannot meet you as I intended.' This sentence attracted my attention; though when indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

"Then, why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman upon earth!"

"I would do more than that for Rachel; but when once away from this, she will get rid of all her early prejudices, and become one of the world; her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of rational over formal religion."

"To have a preaching wife—to be obliged to go to church, sing psalms on Sundays, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!"

"Psha—you do not suppose that my present life is a type of what is to come? No, no; I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of *Saint Alfred*, but it pleases her, and believe me she is not half as bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday!"

"Is it possible!"

"Fact—upon my honour. Now she is getting better and better;—I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then——"

"Kate, Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed '*mummery*'—the man for whom I lived and prayed to exult that my religion was declining—to plan its destruction! I do not ask *you* to pity me *now*, because my transgressions have been pardoned—my race run—my sorrows ceased their troubling—my spirit found its rest!—but *then*, or rather when restored to perfect consciousness, you would have pitied me.

"For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the TEMPTATION was with me still. I knew that Alfred's attentions had been unremitting—that he had watched over me—they *said* he had prayed for me. Oh! to whom was he to pray? *his* people were not *my* people, his God *not* my God. And yet I loved him—loved him in my heart of hearts—prayed for him; Kate, I pray for him still—at morn—at midnight—by the way-side—and in secret; his name is on my lips—on my lips!—in my heart! My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that *two* can never be as *one*, except in the Lord—she almost wished me to perform my contract—she feared that, though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—and she talked of the believing wife saving the unbelieving husband. It might be so; and had I married, believing that he believed, I would have borne my cross; but the

film had been graciously removed from mine eyes—he was an acknowledged *infidel*, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as *mummeries*. Could I look up to, select such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him—talked of the lands which I had lost—the *station* I had cast away! My bride's-maids mourned that their splendid dresses could not be worn; and you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of cake. But oh! when he, the loved one, promised to be all I desired—said that I could save him from the destruction into which he would surely plunge if I did not share his name—then came my worst temptation—then, then, I felt how bitter it was to remember that he who had deceived me *once* might repeat the deception! They tell us we ought to forget the *faults* of those we love; I found remembering their perfections the most dangerous of the two.

“Enough! we parted. He said, ‘If his life, if his opinions, became really religious, would I marry him?’ I said, ‘Yes.’ He went forth again into the world, and he forgot me—I remained in my own home—I forgot not him. His career has been thoughtless, brilliant, and extravagant—he has grown of the world, worldly; while I have found rest, and peace, and hope,—and ere, long ere you have read these pages, shall have been made immortal. Oh, then, beloved Katherine, let your prayer be, ‘Let me not be led into temptation;’ for once being led therein, by the vanities, the pleasures, or the riches of life, our escape is doubtful, and our trial great.”

Bitterly did Katherine weep over the records of a life which was terminated before twenty summers had stamped the perfection of beauty on her brow; but I am happy to record, that Kate was saved much misery by the wisdom she gleaned from the “Temptation of Rachel Morisson.”

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### WINDSOR BY MOONLIGHT,

(A Picture by T. C. Hoiland.)

BY MRS. HOILAND.

OH! lovely scene—earth, water, air, and sky  
 Are redolent of beauty. The fair night  
 Hangs out the lamp of heaven triumphantly  
 On scenes with nature's loveliest feature's dight.  
 Old Windsor's palace-towers are gleaming bright  
 With royal revelry, o'er Thames' calm stream;  
 Near which young beauty lingers, fain to hear  
 The whisper'd vow that hallows “love's first dream,”  
 And bids the flutt'ring bosom cease to fear.  
 Thus noble Surrey sooth'd his Geraldine,  
 Pouring a poet's passion, pure, intense,  
 Into her very heart. Vile memories hence,  
 Of blood, and woe, and crime, that shock the sense!

## RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

*Inledon and Pope (the Tragedian) on American Manners.*—Pope's love of the good things of this life was unbounded; amid many other sayings, one of his was to the effect that he knew of but one crime that man could commit, and that was peppering a rump-steak. When Inledon returned from America he met his old friend Pope, and after mutual congratulations, the latter exclaimed, "Well, Charles, and how do they feed?" "Immortally," replied Charles, "the very poetry of eating and drinking, my dear Pope, in all things but one; by—— they take no oil to their salads." "No oil to their salads!" reiterated the horror-stricken tragedian, "*why did we make peace with them?*"

*Michael Kelly and Pope.*—Pope, who came out in London in 1784, and was then about twenty-seven years old, was very solicitous, towards the latter part of his life, of being reputed much younger than he really was, a desire that Mich. Kelly thought proper on all occasions to thwart. One morning Pope called, and Kelly put into his hands a letter with the Dublin post-mark, addressed to Pope, "To the care of M. Kelly, Esq." After many thanks, Pope opened and read the effusion, which was from an unknown correspondent, begging a favour for his grandson, reminding Pope how often he (P.) in Dublin had patted the writer on the head, and praised his aptitude as a scholar, &c. &c., and concluding with the following paragraph:—"I am now *eighty years* of age, and do hope that the friend and patron of my *boyhood* will not desert me, or mine, in my declining years." Nothing but Kelly's good dinners could ever have tempted Pope to forgive this.

*Kean's Learning.*—When Kean first appeared, many contradictory reports were abroad respecting his education, and a Mr. C——, resolving to put it to the test, wrote to him one morning a note in Latin, requesting some tickets for his benefit. "Well," said R——, "and *how* did Kean construe it?" "Into an insult," was the reply. The same gentleman, who was always a warm partisan of Kean, being once hard pressed on the subject of Kean's academic deficiencies, exclaimed, "D—n it, Sir, surely a man may have drunk at the well of learning without being expected to *swallow the bucket!*"

*Singular Fortune.*—K——, a well-known literary gentleman, by the will of a relative, became entitled to a certain legacy, provided by a certain day therein named he had "any children lawfully born in wedlock." Time passed on, and K——, who was a bachelor, had not yet seen any one to whom "his affections tended," and the person who, in failure of the above event became entitled, was anticipating his succession, when "Married this day, at St. George's Church, &c. &c.," dissipated, or at least shook his hopes. For some time the lady gave her lord little chance of obtaining the bequest; at length, when it was getting, in sporting phrase, too near to be pleasant, the lady proved *enceinte*; months wore away, and K—— waited on an eminent chamber-counsel to consult him. Mrs. K——'s calculations rendered it probable the event would occur a fortnight or three weeks too late; "Should that be the case, would he forfeit the fortune?" "I fear you would," replied the lawyer; "besides, my dear Sir, the will says *children*, and though the testator most probably meant child or children, the Court would construe it literally." Home in "the study denominated brown" went poor K——, day followed day, until within four of the period named in the will, when Mrs. K—— blessed her husband with *twins*.

[Motives of delicacy prevent the mention of names, but the parties are too well known to render the accuracy of the story at all doubtful.]

*A Hint from the Gallery.*—The Coburg Theatre, under the management of Glossop and others, enjoyed an unenviable celebrity for attention to anything but "words, phrases, and grammar." On one occasion the scenes stuck in the grooves, and the gods were much offended at beholding the halves of a house with an interstice of a yard or so between them; at length a sweet called out, "Ve don't expect no good grammar here, but, hang it, you *might* close the scenes."

*A Reformed Rake.*—A theatrical lady, celebrated for everything but continence, at length resolved to marry and reform. Her conduct was duly canvassed in the dressing-rooms of the theatres. "I am told," cried one, "that she confessed to her liege lord *all* her amours." "What a proof of courage!" exclaimed one lady. "What an extraordinary instance of candour!" said another. "And what an amazing instance of *memory*!" cried the third.

*American Feasting (a Kentuck).*—When Mr. Gallot went through the United States with M'amselle D'Jeck, the celebrated elephant, he, one evening, was warm in his praises of the hospitalities and socialities of the mother-country; amid other instances, he quoted one of the Rutland punchbowl, which, on the christening of the young Marquis, was built so large that a small boat was actually set sailing upon it, in which a boy sat, who ladled out the liquor. "I guess," said one of the company, "I've seen a bowl that 'ud beat that to immortal smash; for, at my brother's christening the bowl was so deep, that when we young'uns said it warn't sweet enough, father sent a man down in a diving-bell to stir up the sugar at the bottom."

*Dr. Abernethy and P*—, *the Comedian.*—P—, who was of a scorbutic habit, was, for a considerable time, the patient of Abernethy; the guineas followed one another into the pocket of the doctor, and the actor got no better. At length, in no pleasant humour, he presented himself. "No better, Doctor!" "Um," said Abernethy, "I'm afraid you don't strictly adhere to your regimen—vegetable diet." "Sir," said the enraged actor, "I've taken as much green stuff as a jackass, and yet I'm no better," and flounced out of the house. Abernethy, who was too eccentric himself to be offended by eccentricity in others, had a prescription made up, and sent it with his red pills to Mr. P—, with this direction:—"Let the jackass take one of these per night, and go on with his *hot mash of green stuff* as usual."

*Egerton's Reply.*—It was often said of old Chapman, of Covent-garden Theatre, that he taught his sons to fight before he taught them to read; certain it is, that they were equally petulant and pugnacious; and the thing next heard of either S. or W. Chapman (after their engagement in any new company) was, that they had knocked up a play and knocked down the manager. This pugilistic propensity was most peculiarly developed in Samuel (the youngest and smallest), who had fairly fought his way through the provinces. When the late Mr. Egerton took Sadler's Wells Theatre, S. Chapman wrote to him for an engagement. Egerton's reply was laconic, but decidedly to the purpose:—

"DEAR SAM,

"I can't fight.

"Yours truly,

"DANIEL EGERTON."

*Genius. The Tragedians of the last Century.*—Genius has a power of investing trifles with importance, interest, and grandeur. Mrs. Siddons sang "Billy Taylor" with a force of humour that our best comic actors might have envied; Kean's *parlante* style of executing the ballads of "Black-eyed Susan," "My trim-built Wherry," and "Sally in our Alley," was to the full as pathetic as his farewell in *Othello*; and Henderson drew tears in the old see-saw ballad of "The Babes in the Wood." John

Kemble had no *déshabile* talent, if I may coin the phrase; away from the lamps he was a mere private gentleman, and to most persons must have appeared an exceedingly dull one. His mind was not obtuse, but his extreme slowness gave him all the appearance of obtusity. In allusion to his asthma, he was wont to say that no one else of his family knew the misery of "drawing on their own chest, and finding the neck dishonoured." Kemble and Henderson were both subject at times to profound melancholy; Kean gave way to despondency, but that his habits sufficiently accounted for; with his two great predecessors the feeling seemed to be "a part of them and of their natures." It is singular to remark, that neither Garrick, Quin, Kemble, Barry, Henderson, or Cooke ever had a son. Of all our tragedians for the last hundred years, Kean alone has left a perpetuator of his name.

*A Preventive Check to an Elopement.*—\*, a young actor, had been fortunate enough, whilst in a provincial town, to win the affections of a lady, young, beautiful, and accomplished, and who, moreover, was entitled to a considerable fortune on her attaining the age of twenty-one. Her friends were hostile to the attachment she had formed, and no chance was left but the old resource—an elopement. Not without difficulty the actor obtained a gig and a tolerable trotter, and having got his adored snugly seated by his side, it was crack whip and away. To take the high road he knew would be madness, he therefore dashed along by a bye-way: after journeying some miles, they got into one of those interminable lanes that are too narrow to turn in, and make amends for their lack of breadth by their enormous length; five miles of this "long lane that had no turning" had he traversed, when he was stopped by a turnpike-gate. It was night; the gate locked, and the inmates of the turnpike asleep. He rapped, he thundered, and his agony was increased by hearing the sound of a trotting horse behind him. He threw stones at the windows to awake the toll-collector, and at length a child about four years old popped his head through the broken pane, and unburthened himself of the following pleasing intelligence:—"Daddy dunk abed." Such was indeed the fact; the toll-keeper was insensible, and thus ended the elopement, for the pursuers overtook the delinquent, and the lady was secured by her friends.

*Elliston and the Cryer.*—Elliston had several relatives and many friends in the church; visiting one of the latter, who had some occasion to call upon his clerk, who was also the public cryer, Elliston accompanied his friend; the cryer was from home, and whilst the reverend gentleman explained to the good man's wife the purport of his business, Elliston looked over two or three things that had been left to be cried that afternoon, amongst others one was of a dog lost, who, mid his peculiar spots and blemishes, had "sore eyes;" Elliston, always on the *qui vive* for a frolic, altered the word "sore" to "four." The cryer came home, took up the several matters, and commenced his duties, enunciating in sonorous tones, "Lost a black and tan-coloured terrier, answers to the name of Carlo, has two white legs and four eyes." "You scoundrel," cried a traveller, who was the owner of the animal, "how d'ye think I shall ever get my dog, if you describe it in that manner?" The cryer protested it was according to copy, and on examination it was evident the paper had been tampered with. Home went the cryer, boiling with indignation; his wife had informed him of the call of his reverend employer, but had said nothing about his companion, and therefore no doubt remained on the official's mind that the clergyman himself had played him the trick. He awaited patiently until Sunday for his revenge, and before he took his seat as clerk, removed the book of St. John from the New Testament. The clergyman gave out the lesson, as the 2nd chapter of St. John, and then began to look in vain for the book in question; at last he whispered to the clerk,

"What has become of St. John?" "He can't come," was the reply, "he has got sore eyes."

*Tom Sheridan's filial Duty.*—Miles Andrews one day meeting Tom Sheridan, expressed his surprise at seeing him out; after a good deal of astonishment on both sides, Andrews cried, "Is it possible you do not know that your father is no more?" (Such a report had that day been current in the City.) "Why," replied Tom, "I left him half an hour ago, and he said he was very well; but he is such a cursed liar, there's no believing a word he says, and therefore, notwithstanding his assertion, it's very likely to be as you say."

*Coleridge's Tragedy.*—Coleridge was very fond of quoting burlesque distiches: one of his favourites was the letter of one Smart, who had been promised a hare by a forgetful Welchman; it ran thus—

"Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader!

Hast sent the hare? or hast thou swallow'd her?"

After the production, and failure in attraction of "Remorse," Coleridge sent "Zayola" to a dramatist for his opinion as to its fitness for theatrical representation: his friend answered him in his favourite style—

"It never can be acted; thus, dear Coleridge, answer I:

It isn't like a play; but it's like a bill in Chancery."

*Mathews, and some of his Contemporaries.*—Poor Mathews! he was a man of harmless eccentricities, and of the strangest anomalies. Amid the many things that he believed or affected to believe, one was, that "no man ever caught a fish by rod and line." "No, no," he would exclaim, "a net might deceive anything, but fishes are not such cursed fools as not know that cat-gut and wire isn't good for 'em!"

He had an intense, an unceasing love of approbation, and this led him occasionally obtrusively to occupy the attention of the company he was in. I once actually heard him sing fourteen comic songs (those strange mixtures of melody and mimicry which were created by, lived, and died with him) in one evening. He implicitly believed in his own tragic powers; he felt he had the mind to conceive, and—as far as enunciation alone went—the power to execute: he did not see that his appearance, his gesture, and his eternal restlessness, all partook of the ludicrous. He was a little prone to speech-making at public meetings, and was on the tenterhooks to bring forth some witticisms that should "set the table in a roar;" his extemporaneous jokes, however, were seldom good. He had no eye for painting; the most miserable daubs were foisted on him, and as he affected a taste, he was continually the victim of print and picture dealers. He could not bear (few can) to have the genuineness of any *original* painting or curiosity in his collection impugned. A celebrated upholsterer going through Mathews's gallery, was called upon to admire the cassolette (sent to Garrick with the freedom of Stratford, and purchased by Mathews at an enormous price,) made of the Shakspeare mulberry tree. The gentleman in question, who was a connoisseur in wood, declared that the material was of walnut, not of mulberry. Mathews grew livid with anger, his rage was really awful; and this trivial circumstance (for the man of furniture persisted) wholly estranged the parties. He had what might be termed a *knack* at music, but he was not a musician; he played the violin with taste; (his original tutor was Mr. Charles Cummins, Professor of Music, Leeds, who when a boy was, with his father, Mr. Cummins, the Yorkshire Kemble, in all the towns of the northern circuit, where Mathews was then low comedian;) could play a little on the piano and organ, and was fond of attempting any instrument that came in his way. His industry in his art, and in all that in any way, however remotely appertained to it, had no parallel: he was studying fresh characters to the day of his death; in America (where his attraction needed not the provocative of novelty), he studied and played Coddle, in "Married Life." When he went into the

provinces, he had a machine resembling a mail-coach, which was formed of a portion, and contained the rest, of his monopolylogue scenery; in this vehicle there was room for Mathews and friend; outside were his servants and luggage. He carried his own proscenium, which was so arranged as to fit up, in a couple of hours, in an assembly-room or town-hall, and give it all the appearance of a complete stage front. No actor was ever such a slave to the humour of his auditors; if they, in the technical phrase, *went* with him, he was the gayest creature upon earth; if—and this occurred occasionally in the provinces—they were dull, and did not take his jokes, he was depressed beyond all conception, out of humour with the world and all therein contained, and delivered his entertainment wretchedly. He was not only sensitive as to what his friends said, but brooded over what they did not, but ought to have said; what they *looked*, he noted. When he first came to the Haymarket, in his professional ardour he shaved his head, that his wigs might fit the better. Harris, of Covent Garden, heard of him, and asked Fawcett what sort of actor Mathews was? "Mathews, Mathews," said Fawcett, with an air of difficult recollection, "Eh! ay, yes; that's the thin man that shaves his head to be funny." Mathews, doubtless, forgave, but he never forgot this. He had such a rage for collecting, that in the green-rooms of provincial theatres he would watch any one who received a letter, per post, and if he perceived the party about to put it by carelessly, would offer the price of the postage for it, and, in this way, he had purchased hundreds of epistles that possessed no interest in any eyes but his own.

Notwithstanding his reiterated public declarations to the contrary, he had a great antipathy to being imitated, because, as he affirmed, "They are none of them a bit like me." Those who have seen Yates's identification of the great mimic may judge how far prejudice and self-love had blinded judgment.

*G. F. Cooke and Mathews.*—For the first season or two that Mathews was in London, whenever Cooke met him, the conversation began and ended with an exhortation to Mathews "to avoid drink." "Young man, if you wish to rise to be a great actor, in fact, to be a Cooke, eschew drinking; by that sin fall the greatest, how then can a comedian hope to prosper by it?" In vain did Mathews truly affirm that he never so indulged; George always made this injunction the burden of his talk. [This strange impression on G. F. Cooke's mind regarding the mimic, arose from a confused recollection of some potent potting at Mrs. Judy Burn's, on which occasion George well remembered that one of the party was dead drunk, without being exactly certain whether it was Mathews or himself; we need not tell the reader it was *not* the former.] Soon after Mr. Mathews's marriage with Miss Jackson (now his widow), he was walking with an eminent divine, and met Cooke in one of his maudlin moods; George would not be avoided; he congratulated his friend on the happy event, and Cooke could be elegant, and even fascinating. The reverend gentleman was charmed; not so poor Mathews, for George wound up with the following rhapsody—"She is a lovely creature, an amiable creature, formed to make any man happy; God bless you, Charles, your felicity is in your own power; but do let me intreat and implore you *now*, whatever you do, to avoid that d—d drink."

*Mathews and T. Hood.*—"Hood's words don't *act*," Mathews said: "he sets out on a pilgrimage in pursuit of puns. He is an *inquisitor* upon the King's English, and has *tortured* every word in the language till it *confessed* a double meaning. His drollery is addressed to the *eye* rather than the *ear*—he is pleasant in print. Peake is a punster to hear, Hood to read."

*Mathews and Theodore Hook.*—"No one ever fitted me dramatically like Hook: he knew every note of my gamut, but then he and I had been intimate associates; and, moreover, Theodore was a musician and a mimic, and would have been (had he chosen) an admirable comedian: he knew

enough of the histrionic art to know exactly what material a comic actor wanted from which to work out his effects."

*Mathews, Carpus, and R*.—Dr. Carpus had long since given it as his opinion that Mathews had experienced improper treatment at the time of his accident, and that had he been in judicious hands he would not have been lame. Some one speaking on this subject to R— said, "I understand Mathews means to leave his broken leg to Carpus when he dies." "The devil he does!" said R—, "well, for my part, I should be sorry to have such a *leg-as-he* (legacy)."

*Mathews' criterion of docility in a Horse*.—After being thrown out of his gig (by which he was lamed) he declared he would never drive a horse that would not allow him to saw the reins underneath his tail. As quadrupeds of this philosophical temperament are rare, Mathews seldom, if ever, drove again.

*Russell (Samuel)*.—Russell, who lately took a benefit at Drury-lane, and who is best known as Jerry Sneak Russell, is the oldest exhibitor now extant,—that is to say, he appeared in some capacity full sixty years since (exceeding Bannister by two years); at the time of Russell's *débüt*, however, he was only seven or eight years old. He performed at Coach-makers' Hall, gave a series of songs, recitations, &c., and was much followed. When Breslaw, the "emperor of all the conjurers," started through the provinces with his ambidextral displays, he engaged little Sam Russell and little Miss Romanzini (afterwards Mrs. Bland, then nine years old) to accompany him: these juvenile performers proved very attractive, and received a lucrative offer at the opening of the Circus (now the Surrey), under the management of old Charles Dibdin, (of *Sans Souci* celebrity,) in 1779 or 1780. There Russell spoke the opening address, and there he remained until

He grew hobbady-hoyish  
For Cupidons and Fairies much too old,  
For Calibans and Devils much too boyish.

About the year 1785 he launched into the drama, and ten years afterwards appeared at Drury in Charles Surface and Fribble.

*John Kemble and Mr. W*.—A Mr. W— (who originally enacted under the tutorage of Jack Bannister, and who was, according to Suett, an amphibious animal, half amateur and half actor) played at the Liverpool theatre for practice many years since, when John Kemble appeared as a star: the play was "Hamlet," and W— was cast the Grave-digger: it was this gentleman's custom to play each character he appeared in after the manner (and, as S— said, "a *long way after* the manner") of some approved London favourite; but, unfortunately, he could not fix upon any style in which to represent the Grave-digger: he commenced *à la* Bannister, but, finding that would not do, attempted the quaintness of Quick, then veered to the hard style of Fawcett, and wound up with the mouthing of Munden. Kemble, who was ill and fretful, acted in considerable amazement through the churchyard scene, whilst the ghosts of all his comic contemporaries were successively raised by the Liverpool Grave-digger. The play ended, the tragedian came into the green-room very much exhausted; every one paid him attention, but our Grave-digger was peculiarly officious; (John was acting manager then of Drury, and made all the engagements;) at last Mr. Kemble was assisted to his dressing-room by his servant on one side and the untiring Grave-digger on the other. "You must be fatigued my dear Sir," said Mr. W—; "playing with performers all strange to you,—having to rehearse this morning, and instruct us, and I am sure many of them have distressed and annoyed you. I'm afraid I have also, but, as it was unintentional, I am sure you will forgive me." W— paused for a compliment, and John, looking steadfastly at him, replied, "My dear Sir, if you can *forgive yourself*, I'm sure I can."

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Workings of the New Poor Laws—Theatrical Licences—The “ Youthful Betty ”  
—The British Legion in Spain.

WORKINGS OF THE NEW POOR LAWS.—We cannot afford, in this era of “ crises,” to allow “ good intentions ” to go for more than they are worth. We are hardly in a condition to make liberal allowances. Sorely urged by the necessities and commotions of the time, we must judge by results. We must pronounce remedies to be good or bad as they affect our case, and not as they indicate the intentions of those who prescribe them. To mean well is much ; but it is small consolation to feel that we are being ruined by people who mean well. Granting that the legislature in passing the amendments of the poor-law “ meant well.”—granting that the ends of morality and the cause of the poor may ultimately be served by the subversion of the principles of the old law, by the repeal of poverty’s Magna-charta, the 43d of Elizabeth, it must be admitted that frightful evils are meantime sustained, and that we are encountering great risks and inflicting certain miseries for the sake of a perhaps questionable good. To say the least, the present time is hardly the proper one for making so hazardous and agitating an experiment. There were already sufficient causes of exasperation afloat, already enough to inflame the feelings of the poorest classes, to excite their imagination and perplex their understanding, without the addition of an extreme innovation upon rights established as theirs for centuries,—an innovation, the fine philosophy of which they cannot be supposed to comprehend, and about the ulterior effects whereof they cannot be expected to care, while they are actually suffering under it the acutest of miseries and the most unnatural of deprivations.

We are persuaded that these Whig amendments are working, and will work, infinitely more discontent and exasperated feeling among those whom it is most essential to the ends of order to tranquillize, than all other causes of agitation put together. Here the agitator cannot be charged with creating the evils he professes to deplore. Nobody harangues the people on this topic : nobody takes this for his theme in starting upon a talking tour through the country. And yet this is the subject which rankles most in the minds of by far the largest mass of the industrious community. Here at least the excitement and disaffection work unassisted. The examples of this pervading feeling are infinitely more numerous than are recorded.

One example threatening to lead to most disastrous consequences, occurred a few weeks since at Steyning. The Board of Guardians had resolved upon separating some pauper-families—to remove the parents to Henfield and retain the children in Steyning workhouse. The men, and the women also, refused compliance. A general spirit of resistance was manifested by the other paupers. The town became disturbed ; the governor of the workhouse could not put the order into execution ; a constable went round to the inhabitants calling upon them for assistance ; they positively refused, and appeared to countenance the resistance to a decree which, in professing to recognise one noble law, establishing the right of every human being to food and shelter, violated another—that which connects parent and child. A struggle took place, and one or two were wounded. Captain Goring was *taken prisoner*, and forcibly detained in the workhouse. The calling-in of the military and coast blockade towards night terminated the fray, but the inhabitants to the last refused to interfere. The parish authorities there, by the way, have since excited further

resentment, by the discovery of an item in the accounts of ten pounds for *plate supplied to the workhouse*—silver forks and a fish-slice!

Many painful cases have been disclosed in the metropolis within the past month. An aged female, who had been an inhabitant of St. Andrew's, Holborn, for almost fifty years, complained at Guildhall of the stopping of her pension of two shillings a week, with the view of forcing her into the workhouse, at an extra cost to the parish; but above all, at the cost of her *feeling* and strong sense of independence. The overseer laughed at the magistrates; the law was on his side, and he persisted in devoting the poor creature to the poorhouse, although she could partly earn a subsistence out of it, and spare her natural pride also. We had thought that one of the chief principles of the "amendments" was to inculcate, not to repress, repugnance to a workhouse life. At Haiton Garden a still more disgraceful scene occurred. A miserable woman was charged with creating a disturbance, by begging of the overseer for sustenance for her sick child. He refused to take them into the workhouse, though wholly destitute of shelter and food, almost of covering. He insisted that the child was well enough; it was proved to have the measles, and that he knew it. He had given the woman a shilling some days before: "We don't like," said he, "to give her much, *for fear* she should spend it in gin;" yet he was unable to say that she was addicted to drinking. Nothing could exceed the insolence, the apathy, the positive brutality of this man in his examination by the magistrate; it is equalled, however, daily, and daily are magistrates to be heard expressing in the strongest terms their regret that the law restricts them from interference in cases of the most cold-hearted and reckless cruelty.

In addition to a score of such instances as the above, we have noted, within the last fortnight, two or three of actual *death from starvation*, occurring in the very heart of this centre of pride and luxury—this mart of wealth—this seat of the aristocrat and the merchant—this capital of civilized Europe—London! In two cases the sufferers were women; one perished in Westminster, the other in Bartholomew's Hospital. The verdict of the coroner's jury was simply—"Died for want of the common necessaries of life!" and the report is served up at the breakfast-tables of the great, like an ordinary piece of news—a "Shocking accident," or a "Dispensation of Providence"—an event for which man is not responsible—which is not to be helped, and therefore not worth sighing over.

**THEATRICAL LICENCES.**—For such of the minor theatres as are within the jurisdiction of the Middlesex magistrates the usual licences have been granted. It seems idle to expect any beneficial legislative enactment for the general regulation of the numerous metropolitan theatres; for in Parliament, the state of the drama, and the public abuses of theatrical establishments, appear to be subjects very little understood, and not worth inquiring about. The only point of interest they appear to possess is, whether they can be made to benefit the revenue. The proposition made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer last session, to grant to every theatre in England a licence for the sale of wines and spirits, so that every temple of the drama might be converted into a temple of drams,—every "school of morality" into a "gin-palace,"—this was cheerfully assented to; though the scheme, we believe, was ultimately abandoned, upon the remonstrances of deputations in the licensed victuallers' interest. We allude to this matter with the view of showing how little Parliament troubles itself about the "drama," legitimate or illegitimate, or the morals of the many thousands by whom it is supported. Of course it is not to be expected that the Lord Chamberlain will incur any responsibility with respect to the theatres under his control, or exhibit any particular ardour where the legislature itself exhibits such indifference. But the Middlesex magis-

trates, who are such active debaters and rigid moralists in some matters, might easily and reasonably exercise a degree of control over the regulations of the houses which they license. The theatres should be compelled to close at a certain hour, instead of being kept open very often till midnight, or later; and a certain number of persons only should be admitted, instead of allowing the avarice of a manager, for the sake of a few pounds gained by the admission of a hundred persons for whom there is no accommodation, to destroy the comfort of a whole audience who had previously paid for their seats. Moreover, if we are to have a censorship, it should be extended to all, alike to those under magisterial authority, as to the patent houses and those within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain. And that censorship should surely be so exercised as not merely to affect the political and religious tendencies of a dramatic production, but to extend to those frequent violations of morals and public decency, that even in theatres of repute are regularly numbered among the "hits" and happy points of the night. We heard an expression the other evening in the new drama of "Cavaliers and Roundheads" at Drury-lane, which conveyed an insult to the common feeling of a respectable audience, and must have made every modest female in the theatre blush; it was loudly hissed, which though, as far as the ladies were concerned, it made the indecency more manifest, was a mark of indignant feeling not often displayed. We have frequently been surprised to see apparently refined and educated people tolerate the grossest and most offensive vulgarities, in a theatre under the control of the Lord Chamberlain, and now under a new (we hope, a reformed) management. We appeal to the Middlesex magistrates to "take more care of this" in their department. A manager would resist the temptation even of violating decorum for the sake of a bad joke, and of pandering to the coarsest tastes of the coarsest part of his audience, if reminded upon such occasions that the renewal of his licence was thereby endangered. The metropolitan theatres, with two or three exceptions perhaps, are just now in hands so peculiarly fitted to lower the public taste, to vitiate the public morals, and to degrade the drama in every respect, that the severest exercise of authority is more than ever necessary to the protection of the play-goer, and of the noble art which, rightly cultivated, is so capable of administering to the keenest and purest pleasures of society. We trust that Mr. E. L. Bulwer will next session again bring the question of a thorough "reform of the drama" under the consideration of the legislature.

THE "YOUTHFUL BETTY."—We have news of a rather old young favourite—one of the most youthful of the whole tribe of almost elderly gentlemen yet extant about the metropolis; even of the late Young Roscius—the present Mr. Master Betty. What a career was his! Never did a little David slay great Goliaths with such rapidity and ease—with, we may add, such exceedingly small pebbles. The history of the stage has no record of such another phenomenon, as the fascination of a "discerning public" by agency so disproportioned to effects. The history of human nature scarcely comprises anything more ridiculous. That the charm should have lasted three nights, or nine days, would not have been miraculous, though now even that would be impossible; but that it should have spread itself over "enlightened England," and have endured for such a period, is a page in the book of real romance that merits being turned down as the richest of its records. We happened to see our Jack the Giant-killer the other day in the neighbourhood of the theatres, and looked after him with an interest amounting to the intense. We had seen the conqueror of the great John Kemble—the disturber of the serene and philosophic spirit of the illustrious George Frederic Cooke—the light that had made pale the lustre of Siddons's glory for more than a season.

We felt that we had seen the conqueror of several Napoleons, the winner of many Waterloos. There was something really interesting in his appearance. He was still Master Betty in the bright green of his coat, the buff hue of his hat, the rosininess of his aspect, and the quick turn of his motions. With all these he has just been fascinating the folks at Gravesend, as we learn from an account in the papers, setting forth the archery feats of "a field-day on Willis's Ground." Roscius was the principal male performer, and he was the victor of course. He won three prize arrows, the most successful of his competitors winning but one. This was worthy of his infancy—of his boyish triumphs. He was Master Betty once more; and the fair lady who alone equalled him in skill and success, "Miss Huggins, who is a most excellent shot, and won three arrows," must have been in danger of receiving a dart more unerring and irresistible than any that she discharged. He must have been an excellent personification of the little bow-and-arrow god—upon a Daniel Lambert scale. We wish a happy aim to all his darts, and may it be long before the Fatal Archer levels one at him.

**THE BRITISH LEGION IN SPAIN.**—The daily reports "of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled," have been, for two or three months past, considerably lengthened, by the number of complaints of cruelties endured by individuals enlisted in the service of the Queen of Spain. It is very probable, or rather it is certain, that, in many of these cases of alleged cruelty and injustice, the wrong has been greatly magnified, and no blame has been fairly attributable to the authorities in the British Legion. In others they appear chargeable with the grossest mismanagement, or the most culpable neglect of the poor wretches who had committed their lives and fortunes to such keeping. In one statement, a grave charge is advanced against the humanity and consistency of General Evans—in not merely sanctioning, in practice, a system of military flogging, of which he is so decided an opponent in theory, but in inflicting three hundred lashes on a British soldier, only for expressing his horror of the barbarities of the Spanish mode of flogging, of which he had been a witness. It has been alleged, in general terms, that the Commander of the British Auxiliaries had nothing to do with the affair, but the soldier has arrived (so it is said) in this country, and his statement surely ought to be inquired into. The electors of Westminster are especially bound to ascertain the facts, and to clear their representative's character from the imputation. Of the numerous cases in which wounded men have been stripped of their uniform, and shipped off for England, to undergo a course of starvation, ere they could obtain an amount of wages due to them, the following is a specimen. A poor "Patriot," whose appearance betokened the extreme of misery, stated to Mr. Norton, at Lambeth-street, that he, with twenty-six others, had been wounded in a skirmish near Santander,—that they had been stripped of the greater part of their uniform, possessing only a pair of thin canvass trousers, a coarse linen shirt, and an old left-off soldier's coat,—and in this state they were forced on board a steam-boat, and sent home. On landing, they were informed by the Spanish agent, that their three months' arrears of wages could not be paid for six weeks, when the accounts from head-quarters would arrive. Meantime these twenty-seven men, most of them labouring under the effects of their wounds, were crawling about the streets of the metropolis in a state of starvation. It is likely that such cases as these, when they obtain publicity, and the sympathy of a magistrate, are speedily attended to, to avoid further exposure; but ought they to occur at all? The responsibility can only attach to those who are responsible for embarking their miserable countrymen in such an expedition, and whose honour was expressly engaged to protect them, as voluntary auxiliaries, from every evil, save the ordinary and necessary chances of war.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth, by Edward Osler, Esq.

Distinguished as Britain is by her naval superiority, any contribution to that branch of its history must be acceptable. This certainly is a valuable and interesting addition to our naval biography.

The name of Exmouth has long deserved to be ranked with those of Howe and Collingwood; his bravery, his ability, unbounded success, and daring exploits, have long been familiar to every Briton, and we are convinced no Englishman can read this book without a feeling of exultation and pride.

The author has undertaken the memoir with the sanction and assistance of Lord Exmouth's elder and only brother, and has derived most of the personal history from the hero's own correspondence.

The Life of Admiral Exmouth is interesting not only for the brilliant services rendered to his country, but as a bright instance of the superiority of our naval discipline and arrangement. He began his career an almost unfriended orphan, and rose to the highest honours of his profession without having been indebted to money or to patronage. It is a pleasing spectacle to witness rising merit struggling out of its difficulties, and success rewarding its exertions. Let the young midshipman who has nothing but zeal, character, and his sword to rely on in his career, read this biography, and derive instruction from the example, and encouragement from the success of Admiral Viscount Exmouth.

Our hero appears to have had bravery marked on his brow from the earliest period of life, having when a school-boy ventured into a house on fire and brought out a large quantity of gunpowder in safety. As a proof of his daring, the following anecdote may be instanced—

"In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage for America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, soon quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the General might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom, and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realized; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde*, while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Captain Pownoll reproached him for his rashness, but he shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow."

Lord Exmouth's first promotion was the result of one of the most daring exploits our memory furnishes us with, that of throwing himself on a "death service," to secure the Carleton's tow rope, while exposed to the determined fire of the enemy. For this feat he was complimented by his several commanders, and promoted. He soon after this had so nearly taken General Arnold, as to secure his stock and buckle in the hand; and before he was twenty years old, it appears he constructed a bridge across the Mohawk, by which the army reached Saratoga, and he was called to sit in council with his generals, and received the especial thanks of Burgoyne.

The whole of Lord Exmouth's subsequent history is rife with anecdotes of his courage, humanity, coolness, and discipline. On the very first day of his first cruise, he took a French privateer, and was rewarded by a Post-Captaincy. Every subsequent page of his history bears some trace of his activity and success, record of achievement, or instance of his ability for command.

The following is a memorable example of his firmness and prudence ;— on two or three previous occasions he had saved his vessel from fire :—

“The Culloden was under easy sail off the coast of Coromandel, and preparations had been made for partially caulking the ship, when a pitch-kettle, which had been heated, contrary to orders, on the forepart of the main-deck, caught fire, and the people most imprudently attempted to extinguish it with buckets of water. The steam blew the flaming pitch all around; the oakum caught fire, and the ship was immediately in a blaze. Many of the crew jumped overboard, and others were preparing to hurry out of her, when the presence and authority of the Admiral allayed the panic. He ordered to beat to quarters; the marines to fire upon any one who should attempt to leave the ship; the yard-tackles to be cut, to prevent the boats from being hoisted out; and the firemen only to take the necessary measures for extinguishing the fire. The captain, who was undressed in his cabin at the time of the disaster, received an immediate report of it from an officer, and hastened to the quarter-deck. He found the Admiral calmly giving his orders from the gangway, the firemen exerting themselves, and the rest of the crew at their quarters; all as quiet and orderly as if nothing had been going on but the common ship duty.”

The circumstances attending his expedition to Algiers must be familiar to every one; in this engagement additional proofs of his natural qualifications for command are related. The volume closes with an account of his exit from this his scene of greatness, showing that he was as distinguished in his private character as in his professional. His biographer reports the pithy opinion of one of his brother officers, “that every hour of his life was a sermon, that he was great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed.” The book, again we say, should be read by every British seaman.

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A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption and Scrofula. By James Clark, M.D., F.R.S.

Tuberculous diseases, of which class pulmonary consumption is by far the most prominent, are reported by our best authorities to destroy a larger portion of mankind in temperate climates, than all other diseases taken together. This island appears to be particularly affected with it, as every Briton can testify, either from painful experience in his own domestic circle, or the equally distressing observations of his suffering and afflicted friends. According to our author, tuberculous diseases of the lungs cause a fifth part of the whole mortality in this country, and in some districts, and even whole countries, the proportion is much larger; many medical writers report the rate to be still more frightful. If we calculate, in addition to consumption, the many instances of tuberculous disease developed in the form of glandular and nervous affections, as well as call to mind the numerous instances of crippled and disfigured victims of this malady daily crossing our path, dragging on a bare miserable existence, it will appear that a *third part* of the mortality of this country arises from tuberculous diseases. Well indeed then may this complaint be termed the scourge of fair Britain's land, and man's most insidious and deadly foe! Need we then offer one remark on the vital importance attending a correct view of the nature, causes, and treatment of such a disease? Several works have been lately submitted to the public on this subject, and the first that comes under our notice is Dr. Clark's; its perusal has given us the most sincere gratification and pride, especially so as the production of one of our metropolitan physicians. The arrangement and literary execution of the work deserve our approbation, as well as the judicious selection of facts by the author, for the due illustration of his several arguments.

Consumption or phthisis has been, till within a few years, very vaguely applied to a variety of diseases having scarcely any character in common

except emaciation. The marked improvement in medical science through the medium of morbid anatomy has led to a more correct view and more rational practice; Laennec, Louis, Andral, and other continental pathologists, are by Dr. Clark instanced as having so materially contributed to this subject, as to justify the assertion, that "the publication of Laennec's valuable work in 1819, is the most important era in our knowledge of pulmonary pathology." It is now generally admitted that consumption is not a local disease, referable to a local cause, but that it is, as described by Dr. Clark, "a secondary affection, the consequence of a pre-existing constitutional disorder; the necessary condition which determines the production of tubercles." The Doctor thinks tuberculous disease, whether in the lungs or elsewhere, has its origin in a morbid state of the constitution; in some cases hereditary, in others induced from various causes, independent of hereditary predisposition, and to this condition he applies the term "*Tuberculous Cachectic*;" and to this particular cachectic state of constitution the author points the attention of the physician, that he may apply his energies and talents with a view to its correction and alleviation. The main object, the main principle of the work in short is, to impress on the minds of the profession and the public, the necessity of adopting the principle of prevention, only as the means of extirpating this scrofulous diathesis from our race. For he remarks, in page 6, "that although the public may become the dupes of boasting charlatans, no physician can hope ever to cure a case of confirmed consumption; as well may he reasonably expect to restore vision when the organization of the eye is destroyed, or the functions of the brain when its substance is, by disease, reduced to a pultaceous mass."

Dr. Clark thinks hereditary predisposition one of the most serious causes of tuberculous cachexia. Improper diet, impure air, deficient exercise, excessive labour, imperfect clothing, want of cleanliness, abuse of spirituous liquors, intense mental application, and, in short, all debilitating agents are severally shown to favour the development of tuberculous diathesis.

The chapter on prevention is full of much practical information. Dr. Clark, for that purpose, considers the main object should be to arrest the hereditary transmission of the disease, and to prevent its development in children born with the constitutional predisposition. Many rules are laid down especially applicable to the present state of society, and highly valuable to the head of every family. Although there is great difficulty in correcting disposition to tuberculous diseases in children, still the Doctor conceives that, in many instances, we have the power indirectly to accomplish it. We are to place the predisposed child in the most favourable circumstances, as regards those agents which exert a constant influence on health; such as food, air, and exercise. Particular rules are laid down which we have not space to detail, for the guidance of the parent, in reference to the suckling, food, clothing, dress, bathing, air, and residence of infants. The observations on the education of *strumous* children are so just, that as we have not room to quote the author's words, we must refer our readers to the work. He condemns the anxiety of parents for early indication of talents, upbraids the confinement of the young student in the close school-room, and reprobrates the practice of sacrificing health and strength for mental superiority and attractive accomplishments. Finally, our author shows the necessity of a parent, in selecting a profession for his son, considering well whether his *physical powers* are sufficient to sustain the duties attending, as a matter of course, its successful practice.

The chapter on the history of this disease in animals is highly interesting to the naturalist, as well as the citizen and physician. It has long been satisfactorily proved that monkeys and apes fall victims to consumptive diseases, and that tubercles have been seen studding, as it were, their lungs, liver, spleen, and other organs. M. Royer Collard found a large

number in the lungs of a lion that died in the Jardin des Plantes. M. Dupuy ascertained their occurrence in hogs, horses, and sheep, and their existence in rabbits is a matter of daily observation. Mr. Owen, assistant-curator of the museum of the College of Surgeons, has found tuberculous disease in the Persian lynx, the civet cat, the tiger, the American Tapir, the American elk, the Esquimaux dog, and various other animals in the Zoological Gardens. In all these animals Dr. Clark states that the morbid appearances presented on examination bear a close analogy to those observed in man; and although the existence of tuberculous disease in insects requires to be established by more numerous observations than have as yet been made, still Dr. Clark thinks that neither that, nor any other class of animals, is exempt from its influence.

The medical portion of the work reflects equal credit on the author with the more popular part. We think that, in a therapeutic point of view, Dr. Clark's is the best English treatise we have seen on consumption. The etiology, the diagnosis, the various modes of treatment, both ancient and modern, are fairly discussed in the succeeding chapters; the section on the diagnosis of pthisis, examining each particular symptom separately, is one of the best in the book, and evinces to our mind the most perfect acquaintance with the subject. An analysis of these chapters is better calculated for the medical reviewer. The statistics of the disease are treated at considerable length in the chapter, and well will its perusal repay the reader; this part of the subject has been evidently investigated with much industry and great ingenuity. The remarks on climate and regimen are of the same judicious and practical character; and, on arriving at the conclusion of the volume, we must confess we never read a work so fully answering the expectations raised by the perusal of the author's most modest preface. The work will long occupy a most prominent feature in medical and hygienic literature.

#### The Book of the Denominations; or, the Churches and Sects of Christendom in the Nineteenth Century.

This is a work which all parties will read, and which all parties will abuse. We do not like it the worse for that. By unveiling the sects to each other, and showing each division of the universal church its own features, the author has, in our opinion, rendered a very important service to them all. There is indeed food enough for bigotry and intolerance, and, as some would think, for scepticism and infidelity; but the admirable preliminary essay seems to charm away these evil spirits; and over a thousand differences, and on subjects to which the several parties who agitate them attach infinite importance, charity presides, while truth sheds her steady light in such equal measures, that these differences, instead of realities, melt into shadows; and their respective advocates, almost forgetting that they exist, feel themselves linked together in one bond of perfectness. Though the "Book of the Denominations" extends to nearly 700 pages, wherever we opened to read, we found ourselves compelled to go on to the end of the article. This determined us to sit down in good earnest to the perusal of the whole, and for the most part we acknowledge that we have been informed and gratified. We wish the author had been less severe upon the abuses of our Church in her three departments, England, Ireland, and Wales. However just his strictures, on what we admit to be indefensible, we think he should have given greater prominence to the unrivalled excellence of her doctrines and formularies. Many things in the latter, we are aware, need correction; but even the wrinkles of a mother, and of such a mother, are entitled to respect. If the author be a dissenter, as we suspect, though it is not often that dissenters write in a style so flowing, free, and classical, it is satisfactory to know that he belongs not to the Socinians, or, as they are fond of styling themselves, Unitarians;

we have seldom seen so full and strongly marked a portraiture of this arrogant sect as these pages exhibit. The articles entitled "Helvetic Reformed Churches," "Church of Geneva," and "Reformed Churches in France," discover considerable research, and are written with great ability. "The Papacy" also contains some amusing and even laughable relations of the gross and absurd assumptions of the miracle-mongers of the Romish Church. The "Introduction," which is an abridgment and translation of Villier's "History of the Church," appended to his "Essay on the Spirit and Influence of the Reformation of Luther," is really a first-rate performance; at the head of a work of this nature it is in its proper place. We are indebted to the editor for bringing it once more before the English public. Though not in every respect what we could desire, "The Book of the Denominations" has long been a desideratum, and one which we scarcely hoped to see so ably supplied. •

The Poetry of Life. By Sarah Stickney, Author of Pictures of Private Life. 2 vols.

We recommend these valuable and beautifully written volumes to all classes of readers,—to the young more especially, and to women above all. They will afford both instruction and delight; and supply another proof that the female pen can be vigorous as well as fine; useful as well as elegant. Miss Stickney's mind is essentially epigrammatic, and the more she thinks and the more intensely she labours, the greater will be her success. "Private Life" was a book in a thousand; we suspect, however, that Miss Stickney did not take as much pains with the present volumes as she did with the former. There are symptoms of haste amongst her pages, and occasionally opinions are set forth in which it is difficult to agree; perhaps it may be our stupidity, but we never could perceive any "exquisite pathos" in Miss Edgeworth's "love-scenes." We always thought she was anxious to get rid of the "tender passion" as quickly as possible, and we thought it so best, as it was the only passion she managed badly. Again, in the same essay—The "Poetry of Love"—our fair author affirms that "Shakspeare has done little towards giving dignity to this passion!" This position is so erroneous, that it is hardly worth running a tilt at it. Is there no "dignity" in Portia's love? Can anything be more pure than her affection "who wedded with the Moor?" Did any one before refuse "dignity," as the chief attribute, to the simple yet noble Hermione? Has our author ever read and pondered over the character of Imogen? We beg her pardon for asking the question, and yet we would rather she had not, for we fear she shut her heart against its tenderness—its grace, its innate "*dignity*"—blended with all the delicacy of female loveliness. We would hint to Miss Stickney that Shakspeare should be approached with an humble and teachable spirit. We all go to him to *learn* what human nature is. We consult his illustrations of the passions which agitate, soothe, command, or destroy, to be *instructed*, and the older we grow the more we value the power of his genius. Had this same essay on the "Poetry of Love" been in the first volume instead of the second, we should have shut the book in anger, and we confess, so have deprived ourselves of much pleasure; but that paper is cold, tame, and uninteresting, and we can only recommend the fair lady to fall in love herself; this, we are sure, would oblige her to re-write her essay, and then we might hope for a different filling of the thirty-six pages she has written to prove that she knew nothing of her subject. How different is her exquisite paper on the "Poetry of Grief!" how truly must those who have become "acquainted with sorrow" appreciate the tenderness and truth which come forth in every sentence.

The "Poetry of Woman" is gracefully, but not as powerfully managed; but the *chef-d'œuvre* of the work is the "Poetry of the Bible." As far as

it goes it is perfect, but it might have gone farther, or Miss Stickney might have combined the "Poetry of the Bible" and the "Poetry of Religion" together: we cannot avoid regretting that some of the sublimity of Job and Isaiah were not brought forward to illustrate the magnificent poetry of Scripture; but then the lady's work could not have come within its proper limits. We recommend it strongly to her consideration to publish a separate volume on the Poetry of Holy Writ. We have not space to analyze the different subjects farther. We have said the volumes are not perfect, and we have shown why we said so; but we strongly appreciate their excellence, and we honour the talent which combined so many subjects calculated to bring poetry into new repute amongst us. Miss Stickney's mind is of a very high order; she can combat and conquer any subject she pleases by a little attention, and as we understand that she is in the "early flower of her age," we are led to anticipate the time when we shall be able to bestow unmingled praise upon her works.

We should not now have considered it necessary to censure when there is so much to applaud, but that the author is one who ought not, and who would not be satisfied with a passing compliment;—she is, indeed, one who is destined to hold a very prominent place in the literature—the useful literature—of the country.

#### The Philosophy of Health, by Southwood Smith, M.D.

Another proof of the liberal anxiety of the medical profession to enlighten their fellow men, on the structure and functions of their own bodies, with a view to self preservation. Although Dr. Combe's work, and the Bridgewater Treatises, have so recently come under our observation on the same subject, still there is so much vigour in this volume as to infuse additional interest. The style is perfectly original; the subjects are treated ably and agreeably; and, although the matter is not new, it has given us the impression of freshness, and fixed our attention instinctively to the book. It is a work that requires, and to be understood must have, reflection on perusal.

The importance of the subject to man is forcibly depicted, and our mind was deeply impressed by the author's eloquent appeal to women on their obligation to study and understand the physical and mental constitution of human nature. "The bodily organization, and the mental powers of the child," says Dr. Smith, "mainly depend on the management of the infant; and the intellectual and moral aptitudes and qualities of the man have their origin in the predominant states of sensation, at a period far earlier in the history of the human being than is commonly imagined. Women are teachers; they must be nurses; they are entrusted with the direction and control of the first impressions that are made upon the human mind, and the momentous physical, intellectual, and moral results that arise out of those impressions."

We have long felt that the present system of female education is bad, and thought that the female mind was capable of much higher occupation than is generally allotted to it. Although it may not be desirable that every woman should possess the mathematical powers of a Somerville, or the comprehensive mind of a Staël; still we cannot but regret that the principal time of a girl's education should be absorbed in fostering opinions, feelings, and tastes, which positively are calculated to disqualify them for their important duties as parents. The mother is to model the human mind, to guide the new-born babe to health, knowledge, goodness, and happiness, and yet such is the constitution of society, that woman is expected instinctively to arrive at the necessary standard of excellence acquired only by the opposite sex after long study and severe discipline. Earnestly do we recommend our female friends to read the introduction to Dr. Smith's Philosophy of Health.

We have scarcely time to present anything like a fair analysis of the work.\* The first and second chapters on Organic and Animal Life are well deserving attention; the language is luminous, and yet easily comprehended. The ultimate object of organization and life is ingeniously handled in the third chapter, and broadly stated to be *pleasure*. "It," says the Doctor, "is the result of the action of living organs, whether organic or animal. Pleasure is the direct, the ordinary, and the gratuitous result of the action of the organs;—pleasure is conducive to the development of the organs, and to the continuance of their action. The end of organic existence is animal existence; the end of animal existence is sentient existence; the end of sentient existence is pleasurable existence; enjoyment then is the end of life, and the means by which it is prolonged." The fourth chapter is occupied in showing the relation between the physical condition and happiness of man, and between happiness and longevity.

"Happiness and longevity are generally coincident; unless the state of the body be that of tolerable health, and the state of the mind that of tolerable enjoyment, long life is unattainable." The epochs of life, its utmost extent, probable duration, law of mortality and decrement, are severally discussed in a most able manner, and illustrated by a reference to statistics and some of our best financial authorities. In the succeeding chapters of the work, the primary elements of which the human body is composed are exhibited in detail, and illustrated by a number of explanatory cuts; their structure and functions are demonstrated; and the nature of the circulation, with the physical characters of the blood, are very forcibly explained. The succeeding volume will, we hope, soon appear, and certain are we, from the interest and delight experienced by us in the perusal of this, that additional gratification will follow the next, which is to be on man's moral attributes, education, health and disease.

Rosabel. By the Author of "Constance." 3 vols.

The same spirit, the same intention of doing good, and instructing while amusing the reader, distinguishes the pages of "Rosabel" as well as the pages of "Constance;" but in style and manner we prefer the latter to the former work. The author is evidently an intelligent, but not an unkind observer of human nature under its various disguises. Her portraits are elaborately finished; yet she loves light better than darkness; and the heroine's career, from first to last, is exactly such as might be anticipated from the commencement of her life. There are twenty "Sister Charlottes" to one "Rosabel:" for the indifferently good are a far more numerous class than the *decidedly* bad, or the more rare "perfect perfection." The opening scene conveys a great deal, and the slight sketch of "Nurse Martha" is inimitable in its way.

"Mrs. Waldegrave" and "Aunt Alice" are admirably drawn. Many, alas! are the motherless nieces we have seen trembling beneath such dominion. The bustling and important Lady Lovaine would rescue the dullest book that ever was written from the charge of insipidity. We wish she were more frequently introduced, for she is exceedingly amusing; and comic as she certainly is, her character is not overdrawn; indeed there is more discrimination and quiet humour displayed in the delineation of her ladyship's peculiarities than we anticipated from so gentle a pen; she is an admirable set-off to the "sisters twain," whose harshness embittered the early days of the spirited Rosabel. Indeed the volumes are most happily conceived, and though at times the descriptions and dialogues are too minutely finished to suit our own individual taste, yet there is no work of modern fiction that we would more gladly recommend to the perusal of our female, and more especially our young female, friends. It should be in every lady's library.

**Men and Manners in Britain.** By Grant Thorburn, Seedsman,  
of New York.

Some years ago, when very angry feelings prevailed between the French and English, an officer named Pillet was taken prisoner at Vimiera, and sent with a number of his countrymen to be incarcerated in the *depôt* of Norman-cross. In this Patmos he composed and sent forth certain revelations of things done in England, for the purpose of enlightening his own country, and as a set-off to the abuse it had received from the English press. Among much falsehood and exaggeration, he told many facts, such as that the solemnity of the marriage-tie is profaned by a blacksmith, and a marriage performed on his forge is as valid as one solemnized in a cathedral by an archbishop—that the honour of a husband is satisfied by a pecuniary compensation, and the pollution of the marriage-bed purified by the money of the adulterer; these and similar sundry things he detailed, which we are concerned to say *pudet et hæc nos opprobria dici et non potuisse refelli*. But many of our contemporaries, instead of admitting that the things were so, and urging the notice of them as an argument for their reformation, grossly abused the Frenchman for telling what they themselves knew to be true.

Something similar has just now occurred. A person of the name of Grant Thorburn, who announces himself to be the real Simon Pure, the true Lawry Todd, has come to England to enlighten his adopted country, America, on the crimes and vices of England, and give, as he says, "a bone to gnaw" to the Trollopes, Halls, and Fiddlers of the day. We will not follow the example of our brethren of the "Quarterly," and others, in the case of Pillet; but we will admit that the man has said, in his odd way, much that is true, and the very fact of his remarking it ought to be a reason for our correcting it. We will notice only one, at his setting-out:—

"In the hotels, besides paying your bill at the bar, you are called on by 'Sir, remember the chambermaid,' 'Sir, remember the waiter,' and also by a slovenly-looking fellow whom they call *Boots*. In the stage, you are perhaps drove from London to Coventry, or any other direction, to a distance of fifty miles; there you change driver and guard, when you are again subject to the same beggarly impositions—'Sir, I have drove from London,' 'Sir, I have guarded you from London.' You *may* give as much as you please, but you *must* give a shilling to each. In fifty miles more the same beggarly farce is acted over again. Between London and Liverpool, 200 miles, I paid twelve shillings sterling to guards and drivers, besides three sovereigns stage fare. Why I could travel 200 miles in America just for the money I paid to guards and coach-drivers for the same distance in England."

Instead of abusing a stranger for stating this and similar things, which we at home know and feel to be true, we submit if it would not be a more effectual answer to correct them.

Among the apparently trifling, but really curious and characteristic details of the metropolis, he is attracted by the immense panes of glass in Regent-street. Passing one evening by a shop brilliantly lighted, he entered, and asked the master what he paid for each pane; he was informed that it was nine feet by five, and cost fifty guineas. It was so clear, pure, and clean, that he was obliged to lay his hand on it, to ascertain if there was any substance between him and the goods exposed behind it. Yet, should this valuable glass be broken by a passenger, the owner can recover no more than ten shillings sterling. Is this true, or if it be, is it just?

The little book, on the whole, is a compound of shrewd and just remarks, mingled with some of the most silly twaddling that ever a travelling seedsman of New York put together.

**Duelling, or, the Laws of Honour examined upon Principles of Common Sense and Revealed Truth. By J. C. Bluett.**

We never have been, are not, and never will be, directly or indirectly, the apologists or palliators of duelling. When a person was endeavouring to excuse to Dr. Johnson the conduct of a lady who had erred, "Sir," said he, "the woman is a —, and there's an end on it." We say to the palliator of the duellist, "Sir, the man is a murderer, and there's an end on it." He is so, not only by the laws of God, but by the laws of England. We are, however, greatly concerned to find that one excuse, and the only one that ever had the shadow of even plausibility, has received an accession of strength by the recent conduct of some individuals. The excuse is, that it is a restraint on insolence and abuse, and so a safeguard to the courtesies and civilities of life. As long as men were responsible in this way, they were careful not to give offence. Certain persons have lately assumed to themselves an impunity on this point; they give utterance to the foulest abuse, and then shelter themselves under the protection of conscience. One man is particularly distinguished in this way. When called upon for that reparation which formerly every man pretending to stand in any respectable grade of society felt himself bound to give to those whom he had grossly offended, he replies by playing mountebank tricks with what he calls his bloody hand, and appeals to his conscientious vows registered in Heaven! This assumed impunity adds a double brutality to that dastardly spirit that shelters itself under it; and we cannot sufficiently express our contempt for, or stigmatize, a conduct which adds double force to an argument in favour of a practice he pretends his conscience restrains him from. We remember an anecdote in point, which occurred during the melancholy ascendancy of Cromwell's coarse and brutal levellers. One of them had grossly insulted a Cavalier, and then refused him satisfaction for conscience sake. "If your conscience," said he, while he kicked the scurrilous and cowardly hypocrite, "restrains you from giving satisfaction, it ought also to restrain you from giving offence."

We are greatly indebted, however, to Mr. Bluett for his well-meant and excellent little work. He takes up the matter with the uncompromising principles of a moral and religious man. He adverts to the excuses of duelling and refutes them all. The laws of honour cannot justify it, because they equally admit adultery, gambling, drunkenness, and a thousand other vices; it is no excuse to say the practice is confined to gentlemen, for no one can define what a gentleman is; it cannot be said to be a means of redress, for it is altogether inefficient for the purpose; it cannot put the weak upon a level with the strong, for there is always an infinite difference between the capabilities and chances of the antagonists, and no two go to the field with exactly the same advantages; and finally, it cannot enforce the moralities or even courtesies of life, because they are both often violated in the grossest manner by professed duellists. But perhaps the most valuable part of the book is the arguments deduced from religion, proving, by a series of apt quotations and inferences, that it is directly opposed to the laws of God and the precepts of Revelation. He contrasts the false courage of a duellist with the true fortitude of a Christian, proving that the former is merely the excitement of insanity; and he concludes by justly observing, that as human laws cannot abolish it, for the severest have been tried in different countries without effect, it can only be accomplished by the spread of religious feeling, and a reformation of opinion by appeals to men's reason and common sense. To these desirable effects we trust the little book before us will much contribute, and we therefore strongly recommend its circulation.

## Pelham. In Shilling Numbers.

This is the age of cheap literature: so well, if the literature be wholesome as well as cheap. If we were to have the old novels of the old school, or bad translations from French or Italian infidels dealt out to us for "almost nothing," because they are not subject to the high tax of copyright, the trashy or poisonous stuff would be dear at any price; but if we are to have the best fictions of modern time placed within the reach of persons of very narrow means, the matter is one on which we may safely congratulate the public. Amusement is scarcely less essential than information as a "help" to those who would forward the improvement of human kind. It is therefore of vast importance that the purer and better productions should be supplied at the lowest possible rate. We are consequently pleased that Mr. Colburn has resolved to issue his more popular novels in such a form as to render them accessible to all classes. It is, we believe, many years since Mr. Cooke published in weekly parts his "Library of Entertainment;" it was successful; although, where there was then one reader, there is now a hundred. The plan of dividing a story, so as to tantalize the reader, by postponing his enjoyment from time to time, may be objected to; but it should be recollected, first, that there are thousands unable to pay a given number of shillings for a volume, who can become its purchasers when the value is to be paid by instalments; and secondly, that there are as many whose time for reading during the week is limited to about the period that one of the shilling parts would occupy. It is for such persons that this "weekly issue" is principally intended; and although not of the wealthier, they are by no means to be considered as confined to the humbler classes. There are few of our readers who could not point out many of their friends and acquaintances, in public offices, or occupied in discharging duties for which comparatively small but fixed salaries are given, to whom the opportunity of thus procuring a pleasing and useful library, would be desirable. Mr. Colburn's list comprises most of the more popular works of modern authors; including nearly all Mr. Bulwer's, all Mr. Ward's, the best of Horace Smith's, the most successful of Mr. Hook's, and the choicest of those of Banim, James, Fraser, &c. &c. Two or three parts have been laid before us; they are "got up" and embellished with considerable taste, and it is evident that the publication is commenced with a determination to secure its success.

[Some of the Annuals are upon our table. As usual, they are issued as near to Midsummer Day as to that of merry Christmas. This is to be regretted; they become weary, stale, and flat, if not "unprofitable," before the new year is with us. We prefer, therefore, to notice them altogether next month. Those we have seen fully bear out the character they have established. The "Landscape Annual" is perhaps even better this year than it has ever been. Of the "Book of Beauty" we have heard much, but seen nothing. The accomplished editor of this volume, it is said, has been successful in obtaining the assistance of nearly all the more distinguished writers of the country. We hear of but one new speculation—an illustrated novel by Captain Marryat; and believe that none of our old acquaintances have retired from the field. There is, however, another embellished work, which, although not an Annual, makes its appearance with the gay flutterers of the season. It is thus announced by Messrs. Saunders and Otley:—"The Book of Gems. The Poems and Artists of Great Britain." This beautiful work will be a perfect novelty among the embellished publications of the day, and will present the combined attractions of Poetry, Painting, and Engraving. It will be splendidly illustrated with upwards of Fifty exquisitely-finished Engravings, from original pictures, by the most distinguished living painters, and will altogether form one of the most beautiful library, drawing-room, and present books which the advanced state of the arts in this country has hitherto produced."]

## LITERARY REPORT.

THE great success attending the cheap re-issue in Shilling Numbers of his "Modern Novelists," has induced Mr. Colburn to bring out on the same plan of weekly publication the "Napoleon Memoirs." Las Cases's celebrated Memoirs of the Life, Exile, and Conversations of the French Emperor, with a variety of fine embellishments, is accordingly in course of appearance. Two Numbers, containing 240 octavo pages of letter-press, accompanied by a Portrait of Napoleon, a View of the house in which he was born, and a Map of St. Helena, are already before the public.

The Fourth Number of "Pelham," in the new and cheap re-issue of "Colburn's Modern Novelists," price one shilling, is now ready for delivery. It is illustrated by a beautiful frontispiece. Two more Numbers will complete the work. The next production selected to succeed "Pelham" is "The Disowned" of the same author. "If I were asked," observes Mr. Bulwer, "which of my writings pleased me the most in its moral—served the best to inspire the younger reader with a generous emotion, and a guiding principle—was the one best calculated to fit us for the world, by raising us above its trials—and the one by which I would most desire my own heart and my own faith to be judged—I would answer—'The Disowned.'" The best productions of the following writers are announced to be included in this Select New Library of Entertainment:—Mr. Bulwer, Hook, Capt. Marryat, Horace Smith, Author of Tremaine, Gleig, James, Banim, Maturin, Croly, Lord Mulgrave, Miss Aikin, Miss Burney, Lady Bury, Lady Morgan, Mrs. Shelley, Mr. Fraser, Galt, Allan Cunningham, &c.

A new and complete edition of Juvenal's Satires, lineally translated, with Notes, &c., is preparing, by P. Austin Nuttall, LL.D., Translator of Virgil and Horace.

J. A. St. John, Esq., Author of "Tales of the Ramad'han," has nearly ready for publication a new Novel, entitled "Margaret Ravenscroft; or, Second Love."

In the press, "Narrative of a Voyage round the World, describing the British Settlements and Islands on the Northern Coast of New Holland," by T. B. Wilson, Surgeon R.N.

Nearly ready, "Old Bachelors; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions," by the Author of "Old Maids."

Preparing for publication, "Norman Leslie," by Theodore Fay.

Mr. J. A. St. John announces, under the title of "The Masterpieces of English Prose Literature," a Selection of the most celebrated Authors of Britain; with Preliminary Discourses on their Genius, and Notes Historical, Biographical, and Literary.

In the Press, "The Wallsend Miner," by James Everett, Author of "The Village Blacksmith."

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Painting, by Leonardo Da Vinci; translated from the original Italian, by John Francis Rigaud, Esq.; with Twenty-three Copper-plates and other Figures, and a Life of the Author, with a critical Account of his Works, by John William Brown, Esq.

Land and Sea Tales, by the Author of "Tough Yarns," embellished by Geo. Cruikshank. 2 vols.

Chevillie's First Steps to French, essential to, and in harmony with, all Grammars.

Walton's Calculator's sure Guide. 10s. 6d.

The Providence of God Illustrated, by the Author of "History in all Ages." 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Village Sermons, by Arthur Roberts, M.A., Rector of Woodrising, Norfolk. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

New System of Homœopathic Medicine, by Mr. Brookes, Surgeon.

The Family Topographer, Vol. V., by Saml. Tymms, containing the Midland Circuit, or Counties of Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Northampton, Nottingham, Rutland, and Warwick; and Cheshire in the Chester Circuit. With eight Maps.

Lee's Observations on Medical Institutions, &c. 8s.

Paterson's Roads, 18th edit. 8vo. 18s.

The Oriental Annual for 1836. 21s.; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.

Trollope's Analecta Theologica, Vol. II. 8vo. 17s.

The English Boy at the Cape, 3 vols. royal 18mo. 10s. 6d.

Bold's History of Architecture, 2nd edition, royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The Book of Family Worship, Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth, 12s. morocco.

The Forget Me Not, 1836, 12s.

Conti, the Discarded, 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Letters from Brussels in the Summer of 1835, by Mrs. A. Thorold, 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Gilpin, on Landscape Gardening, 2nd edit. royal 8vo. 20s.

Tremordyn Cliff, by Frances Trollope. 3 vols. 11s. 6d.

The Yemassee, by the Author of Guy Rivers, 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

"Pelham," or the Adventures of a Gentleman, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. Nos. I., II., III., and IV., price 1s. each, in the cheap re-issue of "Colburn's Modern Novelists."

Las Cases's Life, Exile, and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon, Nos. I. and II., with Plates, price 1s. each.

## FINE ARTS.

## PUBLICATIONS.

**The Destroying Angel.** Drawn by John Martin ; engraved by Alfred Martin.

This is one of Mr. Martin's gorgeous, but at the same time singular, conceptions. "The Destroying Angel," having the outward form of man, is seen grasping in either hand the lightning, which he hurls on the doomed city. In the foreground are the priests and people—penitents too late. The city is in darkness, save that a dash of light extends over it. The engraving is well executed ; we presume it is the work of the admirable painter's son, and if so, we congratulate Mr. Martin on having found so valuable an auxiliary. We may also congratulate the public ; for the artist will thus be enabled to devote more thought and time to the production of those splendid imaginings which he has heretofore been compelled to multiply with his own hand.

**The Loiterer.** Painted by R. Farrier ; engraved by Mrs. W. H. Simmons.

We rejoice to see a female name affixed to an engraving. It is an art in which there can be no reason why women should not greatly excel. The attempt ought to be encouraged among us, who find so little for them to do between avocations that are very high and those that are very low. Mrs. Simmons has produced an admirable print ; there are few of our mezzotinto artists who could have surpassed it. It is well and skilfully drawn, and is finished with a fortunate blending of skill and effect. We trust she will continue to use her burin, and that her next undertaking will be one of a more ambitious character. Certain we are that she will execute with ability and success any production of art that may be placed before her to transfer to copper or to steel. To Mr. Moon belongs the credit of having exerted both judgment and gallantry in the selection of this engraver.

**Scotland.** By Wm. Beattie, M.D. Illustrated by Thomas Allom, Esq. Parts I. to V.

This is one of the illustrated works—cheap and good—which we may safely recommend to our readers. The designs are very beautifully and very accurately executed by Thomas Allom—*Esquire*—who, although an excellent artist, would seem to be a "wee bit" above his business. We recommend him in future to drop this claim to gentility, which is by no means in good taste. The engravers have done well. Robert Wallis has the superintendence of this department, and Dr. Beattie has rendered the descriptions exceedingly interesting. He has perhaps committed a few blunders, such, for instance, as his speaking of cholera having reduced the price of salmon in the London markets to 4*d.* or 6*d.* in 1823 ; he might have bought a ship-load of it for the same price in August, 1835 ; but on the whole, he is a careful and clever traveller, and one who may be safely trusted either as a counsellor or a companion.

The publication of the works of the late Sir Thomas Lawrence in monthly numbers is said to be in a state of forwardness. We have seen one of the prints, a full length portrait of the King ; it is admirably engraved ; and if it may be regarded as a fair specimen of the work, there can be no doubt of success.

*Graphic Wafers.*—An ingenious and very elegant substitute for sealing-wax has been lately introduced from Germany into England, by Mr.

Schloss, of Great Russell-street. They are formed of stamped or embossed paper, prepared with a composition of gum, so that, when damped and laid on the envelope of a letter, they close it even more effectually than wax, and present a more agreeable appearance. The introduction will be generally welcomed; a light is not always at hand, and the use of the common wafer is universally condemned as an atrocity. These graphic wafers will remove both difficulties—that of being compelled to wait for a candle before a letter can be closed, and that of adopting the coarse material which Lord Chesterfield execrated, when he exclaimed, "The rascal has sent me his spittle." We have seen some specimens of these wafers, with crests and initials; all of them are decorated with devices; and we have no doubt of their becoming exceedingly fashionable.

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## THE DRAMA.

The two great theatres are busy,—and, strange to say, prosperous. The attractions of Macready at old Drury, and low prices at Covent Garden, have drawn crowds. Good acting, and good plays, therefore, in spite of all mournful prognostics, will still *do*. We rejoice to find that the public are not indifferent to the high talents of Macready. He has been for a considerable period "out of sight," but it is evident that he has been carefully studying, and materially thinking,—that, in short, his absence from the theatres has not been a holiday. Next month we propose to enter at some length into the characteristics of his acting,—for, it seems to us, that they are of a rarer and better order than formerly,—such, indeed, as place his name with those of Garrick, Kean, and Kemble.

Mr. Osbaldiston (the manager of Covent Garden) is trying the experiment of cheapness, yet is not neglecting talent. At the minor theatres, also, matters progress profitably. Young Matthews has formed a good company at the Adelphi; and at that agreeable house "the Queen's," the efforts that have been made, have been followed by success. By the way, a lively *jeu d'esprit* has been forwarded to us, to which we willingly give insertion. It is called the Garland of Beauties; and is from the pen of a veteran dramatic writer, Sir Lumley Skeffington. It is stated to have been "penned down" in the Queen's Theatre:—

Ye Sylphs, weave a garland where beauties appear,  
 As fresh as the buds in the Spring of the year!  
 Ye Sylphs, bid them glow with effulgence more bright,  
 Than the lustre of stars on a Midsummer night!  
 Let a nymph lend her name to some exquisite flower,  
 Give bloom to its beauty and force to its power;  
 Then waft o'er its breast, as the purest adorning,  
 The very first breeze at the birth of the morning!  
 When Mordaunt, the myrtle, to love is in debt;  
 When Honey's the pride of the young mignonette;  
 When Lee shines the lily and Nisbett the rose,  
 Even fabulous charms are transcended by those.  
 As gems of the garden, a redolent treasure!  
 As blossoms of fancy that govern our pleasure,  
 They here must be call'd in the code of our duties,  
 The bevy of Graces, the garland of Beauties!

Mr. Braham's Theatre, in King-street, St. James's, will, it is said, be ready to receive visitors early in December. We may, therefore, taking all things into consideration, anticipate a prosperous winter for the several houses, and pleasant entertainments for the lovers of the drama.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

*Universal Sea-Language.*—The following is a copy of a paper presented to the British Association by Sir John Ross, but which could not be entered in the Proceedings, according to the existing regulations, as referring to a printed work:—This universal sea language is a complete system of communications between the crews of ships of different nations, without any knowledge of each other's language. This ingenious and simple code of signals was first communicated to me by the gallant inventor, Captain Rhode, of the Royal Danish Navy, at Copenhagen, in July, 1834; and, in September last, I had the honour of submitting the English MS. to our excellent King, who, having perused it with attention, commanded me to transmit it to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, at the same time expressing his high approbation of the system. Here, however, it met with some delay, probably from the changes which took place in that Board, and from the circumstance that no less than three codes of signals were at the same time under the consideration of their Lordships; and it was not until April last, when I had an interview with Lord Auckland, that their report on this interesting subject was obtained: this could not but be favourable, and the usual number of copies were subscribed for, as also by the Hon. East India Company, the Committee of Lloyd's, Corporation of the Trinity-house, &c., and at length the English edition is in progress. The French edition, which is also a translation from the original Danish, has been already printed, the government having subscribed for no less than 200 copies. The German and Spanish translations are soon to follow. The advantages of this method of communication by signal, over every other, are briefly these:—In the first place it will be found by far the cheapest, the whole expense being the price of the book, which is only sixteen shillings, the purchase of flags or other symbols being unnecessary. Secondly, the only materials required on board any ship are the flags under which she sails, jack, ensign, and pendant (the colour being immaterial), and two white flags, for which two table-cloths, or, if there are none on board, two shirts, or anything that will represent a flag will suffice; so that everything required is to be found even in the smallest craft. By these simple and ready means, communications of any and of every kind may be made by an English vessel to a foreign one, and *vice versâ*, without the least knowledge, and under circumstances of peril and distress which have rendered every other mode impracticable. Again, those on the sea-coast who would wish to save their fellow creatures from a watery grave, might point out to the stranger an unknown harbour or creek, or the best place to run on shore, and by these invaluable signals convey to a perishing crew of any nation every information required to assist their humane endeavours; while, on the other hand, the crew of a stranded ship might convey to the spectators of their perilous situation everything that is requisite, even the perishing foreigner's last farewell to relations and friends. I can safely assure the section, that during my services in his Majesty's navy, of above forty years, had I been in possession of these signals, and had they been generally distributed and published in different languages, as they are now intended to be, I should have witnessed the saving of hundreds of lives, and thousands of pounds in valuable property.

## VARIETIES.

The Report of the Committee on Orange Institutions, which has been presented to the House of Commons, states, that an organized institution; dangerous to the discipline of the army, and dangerous to the peace of his

Majesty's subjects, pervades Great Britain and her colonies—that signs and pass-words are used by the members of the institution—that all members pay annual contributions *with the exception of soldiers and sailors*—that the ostensible object of the institution is to support the Protestant religion and Protestant ascendancy—that the Orange lodges have a decidedly political character—that there are several hundred Orange lodges—that the number of Orangemen in London might be 40,000—that the system of Orangeism pervades a great portion of the army—that New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land appear to be deeply imbued with it—that all efforts to suppress lodges in the army have hitherto been unavailing—that the clergymen of the Church of England have engaged to a considerable extent in the affairs of the Orange institution—that the Bishop of Salisbury is Lord Prelate of the Order—that some clergymen are masters of lodges—that the number of Orangemen in Ireland is *two hundred and twenty thousand, chiefly with arms in their possession.*

The Select Committee appointed to consider the salary of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery have reported that by 3 and 4 William IV., the yearly salary of the Clerk of the Crown is fixed at 800*l.*, and by the 6th section it is enacted that such salary shall be taken in full satisfaction of the duties of the office, and of all expenses incident to the performance thereof; that the expenses of the office vary in different years, and according to the business done. In 1830 it amounted to 734*l.*; in 1831, to 828*l.*; in 1832, to 274*l.*; in 1833, 231*l.*, exclusive of the salary of chief clerk, which was formerly paid by fees, and which are now carried to the consolidated fund; that it is expedient that a yearly salary of 500*l.* should be fixed for the Clerk of the Crown, and that the expenses of the office should be allowed under the supervision of the Treasury, and charged upon the same funds as the present salary; and that the Lords of the Treasury, in concurrence with the Lord Chancellor or Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, should have power to alter the scale of fees now taken by the Clerk of the Crown.

*Salmon.*—Mr. Daniells, long employed as a clerk in the Foyle fishery, has collected much valuable information on the habits of this fish. From numerous experiments he ascertained that the male salmon was the sole labourer in the arduous operation of forming the spawning trough. Of many taken for trial, the males were found with snouts scratched almost to bleeding, and with bellies and sides nearly denuded of scales by the violent rubbing they had undergone, while the females bore no marks of injury. The sharpened form of the snout in the male salmon, as well as the male of the sea-trout, is consistent with this theory; and the peculiar condition of the female, laden with spawn, affords a satisfactory reason why such should be the law of nature. It excuses, likewise, the apparent apathy with which, in some sheltered pool, she awaits the return of the male, whom she then accompanies to the prepared furrow, that they may together deposit their milt and roe. The great disproportion between the males and females taken in the nets has also been noticed by Mr. Daniells—the males perhaps not exceeding in number one-third of the females; but it is probable that this arises from a partial separation of the sexes in the ascent of the river, the males keeping the central and more rapid part of the stream.

From the 1st of May, 1826, to the 1st of Jan., 1827, the number of capital cases reported to the King in Council was 160; of which the sentence of death was mitigated previous to the order for execution, 140; ordered for execution, 20; sentence mitigated after the order for execution, 5; sentence executed, 12. From the 1st of May, 1827, to the 1st of January, 1828, number of capital cases reported, 168; sentence mitigated previous to order, 153; ordered for execution, 15; sentence mitigated after order,

3; sentence executed, 12. From the 1st of May, 1828, to the 1st of Jan., 1829, number reported, 107; sentence mitigated previous to order, 89; ordered for execution, 18; sentence mitigated after order, 5; sentence executed, 13. From the 1st of May, 1831, to the 1st of January, 1832, number of cases reported, 110.; sentence mitigated previous to order, 108; executed, 2. From the 1st of May, 1833, to the 1st of January, 1834, number of cases reported, 69; sentence mitigated previous to order, 69; none executed.

During 1834, 9,766,116 gallons of wine were imported into England, of which French wines, and those from the Cape, make one-half of the whole quantity. Cape pays a duty of 2s. 6d., all other wines 5s. 6d. per gallon. Within the same period, 1,639,121 gallons were exported, and 6,480,544 retained for home consumption. The net amount of duty received thereon was 1,705,638 pounds sterling.

The annual demand of timber for the Royal Navy in England, in war, is 60,000 loads, or 40,000 full grown trees, a ton each, of which 35 will stand on an acre. In peace 32,000 tons, or 48,000 loads. A 74-gun ship consumes 3000 loads, or 2000 tons of trees, the produce of 57 acres in a century; hence the whole navy may consume 102,600 acres, and 1026. per annum.

*Prison Discipline.*—Under the Act passed this Session for effecting a greater uniformity of practice in the government of prisons in England and Wales, and for appointing Inspectors of Prisons in Great Britain, five gentlemen have just been nominated to that important office. They are Mr. William Crawford, who had been sent to America to examine the system of prison discipline in the United States; the Rev. Whitworth Russell, chaplain to the Milbank Penitentiary; Captain Williams; Frederick Hill, Esq., and Dr. Bisset Hawkins. It is understood that the Inspectors will, in the first instance, visit in a body all the prisons in and near the metropolis, and that they will then proceed individually to inspect the different prisons in Great Britain. They are bound to make an annual report, to be laid before Parliament.

The iron trade has undergone a depression far more serious than could be well imagined by those not intimately connected with it. In 1824 the price of pig-iron may be taken at 11*l.* to 12*l.* per ton, and that of the bar-iron at 15*l.* to 16*l.*, while within the last two years the same quality of pig-iron has been sold at 4*l.* 5*s.*, and bar-iron even at so low a price as 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The sum of 110,000*l.* appears this year in the miscellaneous estimates, to defray half the expenses of prosecutions in England and Wales, at assizes and quarter-sessions, and to defray the whole expenses of the conveyance of transports. These have been met hitherto out of the county-rates. So far, therefore, the rate-payers, who are principally agriculturists, will be relieved.

In the Chapter Library of Gloucester Cathedral there is a copy of Coverdale's Bible, and, it seems, in better condition than most of those in other public libraries. Of seven mentioned by Dr. Cotton, *that* in the British Museum is the only one that has the title-page. The Bodleian copy is said to be by far the finest. In the dedication to King Henry VIII. some copies have the name of *Anne*, some that of *Jane* coupled with the King's. The copy here has *Anne*, and the title-page is perfect. This Bible was presented, together with several other books, by Thos. Pury, sen., Alderman of Gloucester, to the Library, which had been lately constituted (in 1648) by Thos. Pury, Esq., jun., in the Chapter House of the Cathedral, and which, with other matters belonging to the church, Oliver Cromwell and his Parliament gave to the mayor and burgesses.

*Loss of Iron in Coach Travelling.*—It has been calculated by an engineer of eminence that every four-horse coach deposits twelve pounds of iron in

every one hundred miles of its journey, and that, consequently, assuming the number of such coaches passing daily between London and Birmingham alone, to be twenty, the weight of iron deposited during every transit exceeds 250lbs. These results, it is stated, are not conjectural, but derived from investigations applied to the horse-shoe and the tire of the wheels—in the first instance, previously to use; and in the second, after the wear and tear of the road had rendered them useless; and they have been found, it is added, as to every ton weight of iron so tried, nearly uniform.

*The Corn Trade.*—A return has been made by order of the House of Commons, towards the close of the Session, comprising the quantity of Foreign Grain and Flour which has been entered for consumption since the passing of the present Act, and the average rate of duties paid thereon; by which we find that, from the 15th of July, 1828, to the 5th of July, 1835, 4,837,912 quarters of foreign wheat have been brought on the British markets, at an average duty of only 6s. 8½.; besides 462,282 quarters of wheat, the produce of the colonies, at an average duty of 3s. 8d.; also, 1,896,102 cwts. of foreign flour, at 1s. 11d. per cwt., and 417,113 cwts. of Canadian and other Colonial qualities, at 1s. 6d. per cwt. No doubt this statement has been moved for with the view of bringing before Parliament, in the ensuing Session, some measure relative to a revision of the Corn Laws.—*Mark Lane Express.*

That interesting natural phenomenon, the Mirage, was witnessed lately on Agar, one of the Mendip Hills. It was first observed about five o'clock in the evening, and represented an immense body of troops, mounted and fully accoutred, which appeared to move along sometimes at a walking pace, and at other times at a quick trot, with drawn swords at the "carry." For some time the figures appeared six abreast, after which they gradually diminished to two, or files. The illusion, we are informed, was so complete that the bridles and stirrups were clearly distinguishable, whilst the horses' feet were seen to move in a perfectly natural manner. "The whole body appeared in one uniform; of a dark hue, approaching nearly to black. The phenomenon was observed for upwards of an hour, and continued till it became dark, and was witnessed by a great many of the country people, who were puzzled to account for the presence of so large an army as appeared to be moving before them. The cottagers around the foot of the hill, we are informed, were, for a considerable time, in a state of consternation, imagining that the troops could be no other than an hostile force; some of them went to prayer, others proceeded to hide their little treasure, and others again entertained the thought of consulting their safety in flight; and to the present time the visitation forms almost the only topic of discourse. With respect to the cause of these strange appearances philosophers differ; but the most generally received opinion is, that they are owing to the extraordinary refraction which the rays of the sun undergo in passing through masses of air in contact with a surface greatly heated: this may seem to account for their frequency in the deserts of Arabia, where they are by no means uncommon; but the solution seems hardly satisfactory as applied to the present case, and especially when we take into account the difference in the climate of our own country and that referred to.

In the second volume of the Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council of England, recently published by the Record Commissioners, the following curious particulars are given respecting the revenue and expenditure of this country. In 1421, (the 9th of Henry V.) the whole amount of receipts into the Exchequer was 55,743*l.* Of this sum the custos of England received 8000 marks. 19,119*l.* 5s. 10d. were appropriated for the war allowance of Calais and the marches; for the defence of the east march of Scotland, as in time of war, 9500*l.*; the Lieutenant of Ireland received 2500 marks, and the Governor of the Castle of Fronsak, in

Guienne, 1000 marks; and the Treasurer, Keeper of the Privy Seal, Judges, and other officers of the King's Courts, were allowed 320*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* The Collectors and Comptrollers of the Customs and Subsidies received 821*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, being rather more than one-sixty-seventh part of the receipts. The "Pension List" formed a very heavy item in the expenditure, as no less than 32,125*l.* 16*s.* 10½*d.*, being nearly one-fifth part of the whole amount of revenue, was paid in annuities to Dukes, Earls, Knights, and other persons. The sum total of these charges on the revenue was 52,235*l.*, leaving a surplus of 3507*l.*, out of which it was necessary to make provision for the chamber household and wardrobe of the King and Queen—for the King's works—for the clerk of the King's ships—for the keeper of the King's lions in the Tower of London—for artillery, and other *matériel* of war—for the support of the King's prisoners—for embassies, &c.; but the old debts of Harfleur and Calais, and the old debts of the King's wardrobe, household ships, clerk of the works, arrears of fees, &c., the executors of the will of Henry IV., and the debts of the King whilst he was Prince of Wales, remained unprovided for.

*Coals.*—An account of coal, culm, and cinders imported into the port of London during the year 1834, and sold at the Coal Market:—

SHIPS.	QUALITY.	TONS.
1,433	.. Newcastle	474,835
2,138	.. Newcastle Wallsend	667,538
232	.. Sunderland	55,959
1,794	.. Sunderland Wallsend	501,321
1,005	.. Stockton	221,711
248	.. Blyth	64,268
176	.. Scotch	39,487
124	.. Welsh	31,025
159	.. Yorkshire	17,139
14	.. From sundry places	446
20	.. Small Coal	2,487
<hr/>		<hr/>
7,393		2,076,216
11	.. Culm	2,175
0	.. Cinders	294
<hr/>		<hr/>
7,404		2,078,685

—*Mining Journal.*

*Turnpike Roads.*—In the year 1833, the number of miles and the annual income of Turnpike Trusts in the six Western Counties were as follows:—

	Miles.	Annual Income.
Dorset	347	£10,189
Somerset	746	36,972
Wilts	768	42,328
Hants	810	26,361
Devon	782	28,934
Cornwall	318	8,727

*Railway Levels.*—The London and Birmingham line has 27 miles level, or equivalent to level; 20½ miles rising not more than 10 feet per mile, and 62½ miles rising from 10 feet to 18 feet per mile. The Southampton line has 20½ miles level, or equivalent to level; 13 miles rising about 10 feet per mile; and 30½ rising from 20 feet to 50 feet per mile. The great northern line to Norwich and to York, proposed by Mr. Gibbs, has 236 miles level, or equivalent to level, and 16½ miles rising from 20 to 50 feet per mile. Mr. Walker's line for the same purpose, called the Northern and Eastern line, has 112 miles level, or equivalent to level; 74½ miles not more than 10 feet per mile, and 73½ miles rising 16 feet per mile. The Brighton line, as proposed by Mr. Stephenson, has 15 miles practically level, 5½ miles rising 10 feet per mile, and 33 miles rising 16 feet per mile. Mr. Gibbs's Brighton line, including the Croydon portion, which is now

in progress, has 46½ miles practically level, and 10 miles rising about 50 feet per mile.

By an official statement published by the British Chamber of Commerce at Canton, it appears that the quantity of tea exported from that city to Great Britain between April 23, 1834, and March 31, 1835, amounted to 43,641,200lb., of which, 36,382,000lb. were black, and 7,259,200lb. were green. The quantity sent to London was 31,903,468lb.; to Liverpool, 5,051,867lb.; to Bristol, 1,295,066lb.; to Ireland, generally, 2,197,067lb.; and to Scotland, 1,462,533lb. The whole was exported in 67 ships, being on an average above 651,361lb. to each.

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Fossil Geology.*—The celebrated Alexander von Humboldt is once more in Paris, and, at the meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, on the 17th of August, called the attention of the members to the prints of footsteps belonging to a quadruped, in the variegated sandstone, or *bunte sandstein* of Hildburghausen. It is an animal of the *Plantigrada* division, which traversed the rock while soft, and in various directions. A stone containing these impressions, from ten to twelve feet long, and three to four wide, has been sent to the collection of mineralogy at Berlin, of which the Baron submitted a beautiful drawing. There are four or five species of smaller impressions, which cross those of the larger quadruped at right angles, and are remarkable for the unequal dimensions of the fore and hind feet, and all have five toes. The rock is covered with them as with a net work, and here and there sinuous, serpular concretions, perhaps of the plants on which the animal walked, or perhaps some accidental effect of drying. The great importance of this discovery lies in the place occupied by this sandstone in the chronological series of rocks.

*Steam Engines in France.*—Statistical accounts of steam-engines in France, taken under the direction of the Administration des Mines, up to the end of 1833, show there were then 947 steam-engines, presenting together a force of 14,746 horse-power—a single horse-power being estimated at 75 kilogrammes, or 165 lbs. avoirdupoise, raised to the height of metre, or nearly four feet, in a second. Of these engines, 759 were made in France, 144 abroad, and 44 whose manufacture had not been ascertained. This account shows, that in all the years, from 1827 to 1833 inclusive, the last year was that within which the greatest number of engines had been erected. These amounted to 130, of which five only were of foreign manufacture. Of the 903 engines whose manufacture had been ascertained, 334 were of low pressure, and 569 of high pressure. These 903 engines form the total of those which have been constructed within the last twenty years. It is proved that there are now in use in France a great many more high pressure than low pressure engines. On the 1st of January, 1834, there were in France 95 steam-vessels, besides those in the service of the government. The engines they employ are 118 in number, of which 82 are low pressure, and 36 high pressure. Of these 118 engines, which present a force of 3480 horse-power, 34 are of French construction, 59 foreign, and 35 unknown. At present, the engines constructed in France, in proportion to those made abroad, is not as 34 to 59, but as 125 to 5.—*Mining Journal.*

There are in France 3000 fire-engines, served by 55,000 firemen, of whom 45,000 are armed and equipped. Upwards of 15,000 communes may receive succour in case of fire, in a very few hours. The sum provided by the communal budgets for the expenses of these establishments is 1,000,000 francs. In many places there is a great deficiency, which is

supplied by voluntary contributions. The expenses of keeping the engines in repair, and supplying the places of those which become worn out, are estimated at 30,000 francs annually. To the above engines there must be added a great many more belonging to large manufactories and other establishments.—*Paris Advertiser*.

*Ruins of Pompeii*.—The world may soon expect a more elaborate and accurate account of the remains of Pompeii than any which has hitherto appeared, as the French Government has now an architect taking plans and drawings of every street of the unveiled city, which are to be engraved, accompanied by suitable letter-press.

*The Lady Bird*.—*Septem punctata coccinella*, or, as the hop-growers call it, the golden fly, which is considered so serviceable in clearing hop-gardens of vermin, are this year more abundant than they were ever known to be before. The heights to the eastward of the town were the other morning literally covered with countless millions of this beautiful insect. It may not be generally known that it is a cure for the tooth-ache under its severest aspect. Dr. Frederick Hirsch, dentist to several German Courts, in directing the application of them for the relief of those who may be visited with this torturing disease, observes, that he crushed the insect between his thumb and forefinger, until their points were warm; he then applied the substance both to the affected tooth and the gum; he continues, that he was happy enough in almost every instance to succeed in removing the pain on the first application, and had only to repeat the operation in the cases of a few females.—*Boulogne Journal* (a new weekly paper published at Boulogne in English, and very well conducted).

By an authentic account published at Marseilles, the number of deaths by cholera in that city during the four months of the first visitation of the disorder was 933, while in the two months of the second visitation, the number of deaths was, in July, 1543, in August, 835, in all, 2378, making together 3400 deaths, or about 1 in 43 of the population, which is pretty nearly the same proportion as at Paris.

The scientific Congress assembled at Douay, opened its sittings on the 6th inst., when M. Guizot was proposed as president. This met with violent opposition. In vain did those who met it endeavour to establish a distinction between M. Guizot, the historian, and M. Guizot, the minister, and the meeting broke up without coming to any resolution. At the second sitting on the 8th, a sort of compromise was come to, and M. Guizot received the Presidency in his character of Member of the Institute, and not as Member of the Cabinet.

*Chances of Marriages*.—The following curious statement by Dr. Granville, is drawn up from the registered cases of 876 married women in France. It is the first ever constructed to exhibit to ladies their chances of marriages at various ages. Of the 876 females there were married:—

Years of Age.	Years of Age.	Years of Age.
3 at 13	59 at 23	5 at 32
11 ,, 14	53 ,, 24	7 ,, 33
16 ,, 15	36 ,, 25	5 ,, 34
43 ,, 16	24 ,, 26	2 ,, 35
45 ,, 17	28 ,, 27	0 ,, 36
77 ,, 18	27 ,, 28	2 ,, 37
115 ,, 19	17 ,, 29	0 ,, 38
118 ,, 20	9 ,, 30	1 ,, 39
86 ,, 21	7 ,, 31	0 ,, 40
85 ,, 22		

*Coal in the Nerbudda*.—Capt. Ouseley, the resident at Hosungabad, we understand, after numerous unsuccessful attempts, has at last succeeded in discovering some very valuable beds of coal in the rich mineral district in which he is stationed. For some years past this intelligent officer, it

appears, has been induced to believe, from a variety of circumstances, that large deposits of that substance were to be found in the valley of the Nerbudda: but until within a few months, small quantities of it only were obtained, and these, generally speaking, of an indifferent quality. In January last, however, information was brought to him of the presence of large masses of black mineral on the bank of a small stream called the Seta Rewa, one of the tributaries of the Nerbudda; and on proceeding to the spot, they turned out, as he expected, to be beds of coal. The quality of the mineral was the next point to be ascertained, and was found to be remarkably good; for a large fire was soon made, and an intense heat produced from such portions of the bed as lay most exposed.

From a report, published by the official organ in Germany, it appears that the annual sale of books in that country amounts to 21,500,000 francs (860,000*l.*) About forty years ago Germany contained only 300 book-selling establishments; in 1833 the number had increased to 1094. In valuing the population of the different circles of the Confederation at 38,266,000, we may reckon one library to 122,222 inhabitants; while in Prussia the proportion is one to 33,899. In France, the number of literary productions, which quadrupled itself from 1814 to 1826, increased twofold from 1826 to 1828. At this period the number of works published in France was 7616; in 1830, 6739; in 1831, 6063; and in 1833, 7011. In England, the commercial value of literary works amounted, in 1828, to the sum of 334,450*l.*, and in 1833 to 415,300*l.*; and adding to this the amount of daily and weekly papers, reviews, and magazines, the general sale of English literature in 1833 may be estimated at the large sum of 2,420,900*l.* sterling.

The "Echo" of Poitiers gives the following account of the disastrous effects of a water-spout, which a few days ago traversed the estate of Monts, in the commune of Ceaux, near Couhe:—"Immense trees were completely uprooted, broken into pieces, and their trunks carried ninety or one hundred yards from the spot where they grew. All the lesser branches were stripped from them, and whirled to a distance of upwards of a league. Within the width of its current, which was between twelve and fourteen yards, nothing could resist its violence. Twelve trees were carried away, all the maize and potatoes were completely torn out of the earth, the vines were levelled with the ground, and the grapes crushed to a pulp, and finally, an immense branch of a sorb tree, whose wood is extremely hard and heavy, was found 500 yards from the stem. At about half a league from Monts, the water-spout carried some unusually large chestnut trees from the plain on which they grew, into the meadows on the banks of the river Clain."

The attention of antiquaries has lately been directed to Noyel sur Somme, which in old maps is called Noyel sur Mer, various objects of great curiosity having been found there. The surface displays many remains of the middle ages, and beneath there has been discovered a great number of Roman medals and other antiquities; below which again, many small figures and other objects belonging to ancient Egypt, or her colonies, have been turned up, which have given rise to various conjectures.—*French Paper.*

*Coal Mine on Mount Lebanon.*—A bed of coal has been recently discovered at Carnayl, on Mount Lebanon, and the agents of Mahomet Ali, under the guidance of an English gentleman, are exploring it with all the energy the nature of the country admits. It is about three miles north of the great road leading from Beirout to Damascus, and about eighteen miles from the former city. It is a black bituminous coal, and burns readily, and with a clear yellow flame,

The population of Austria, divided into religious sects, is as follows:—500 Mahomedans, 13,000 Armenians, 50,000 Unitarians, 480,000 Jews, 1,190,000 Lutherans, 1,660,000 members of other reformed churches, 3,040,000 members of the Greek Church, and 26,990,000 Catholics.—*French Paper.*

In all France, during the year 1831, only 25 persons were executed, of whom 23 had been convicted of murder. The same year, in England alone, the number executed was 52, of whom 12 had been convicted of murder. Hence, in France only two, but in England, with a vastly smaller population, no fewer than 40, exclusive of murderers, died by the hands of the executioner.

*Splendid Antique Vases.*—Twelve antique vases, of extraordinary beauty, and some of them of a much larger size than any before known, have lately been purchased by the Neapolitan Government, at a moderate price, from Major Lambert, their proprietor. They were dug up at Pruvo, in the district of Buri, in Apulia. No. 1 is five feet in height, and two feet six inches in the largest diameter; it is divided into compartments, containing 150 exquisitely designed figures of men, animals of various kinds, masks, &c. No. 2, about four feet high by two in diameter, with 73 figures, and a Greek inscription. No. 3, three feet six inches, with 25 figures, and three Greek inscriptions. Nos. 4 and 5, two feet eight inches high; by ten inches in diameter, with 37 figures; and the remainder are smaller, but very beautiful.

*Pompeii.*—Professor Zahn, the diligent observer of the excavations of Pompeii, has sent some new and interesting accounts of the discovery of various antique fresco paintings, of great value. They are in a private house, near the old city walls, not far from the house of the Vestals and the house of Isis. Of these paintings, which are in one small apartment, the first represents Psyche tormented by three Cupids; the second, Phedra and Hyppolitus; and the third, the Sacrifice of Iphigenia.

The census of the population of the Prussian States makes it amount, at the end of 1834, to 13,510,000 souls.

The army of Austria, on the peace establishment, is estimated at 270,000 men. The military force of Prussia is composed of 120,000 men, regular troops, and 200,000 landwehr.

*Pauperism in Europe.*—Among the 178,000,000 individuals who inhabit Europe, there are said to be 17,900,000 beggars, or persons who subsist at the expense of the community, without contributing to its resources. In Denmark, the proportion is 5 per cent.; in England, 10 per cent.; in Holland, 14 per cent.; in Paris, in 1813, 102,856 paupers out of 530,000; in Liverpool, 17,000 in the population of 80,000; in Amsterdam, 108,000 out of 217,000. The number of indigent (it is feared) has since rather increased than decreased.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT, \*

WITH REMARKS ON THE QUESTION OF ABOLISHING THE CORN-LAWS.

FOR a month or two after the close of the harvest there is always much discussion, and not a little discrepancy, touching the actual amount of the product. This year there is the usual quantum of contradiction, and it is to be observed that, generally speaking, the object appears to be to give the most unprosperous view of the case that it can be made to bear. Now, when price is so low, the inducement to raise price necessarily

acts with redoubled force; and accordingly deficient ears, superabundance of straw, and a disproportionate yield, are called in to aid the delusion. But all such expedients are, and must be unavailing. There is an universal estimate derived from universal inspection, which, though not absolutely accurate, is sufficiently near to work the conviction that the crop has, at least, been good. The daily and weekly supply of the markets, the cautious purchases of those most deeply skilled and interested in the trade in corn, are also tests, and these all indicate the firm belief of a supply equal to the demand; while such an opinion is fully backed up by the transactions of the last three years. All the talk about land going out of cultivation from a low price of grain, is now proved to be a mere bubble. On the contrary, the farmer naturally endeavours to compensate a low price by increased produce; and this will, in some degree, account for the visible additions of the later seasons. The importations from Ireland, where the exertions making to enlarge the employment of the people, and to direct capital to agriculture, are great and continual; and, from the colonies, are quite adequate to reconcile the contradiction between Mr. Jacob's and Mr. Macculloch's anticipations, and the supply and consequent fall of markets. We have arrived at the period when, with favourable seasons, a production equal, and more than equal to the consumption, may be securely reckoned upon; and, against this, it is impossible that prices should ever rise, even to the lowest of those various points which it has been so long the endeavour to substantiate, as the necessary and indispensable rates of remuneration to the farmer. This begins now to be universally acknowledged. The establishment of this truth is accompanied by another; namely—that protecting-duties are inoperative, and therefore useless. The tenantry are convinced upon this head, whatever the landlords may think of it. The momentous changes in foreign commerce begin also to be known and computed. All these things will have a sensible, and probably an immediate effect, upon the opinions of Parliament, relative to the continuance or extinction of the corn-laws.

If any extraneous causes can tend more rapidly to bring about this effect, it will be those to which we have just alluded, and, most especially, the commercial system of Russia. This appears to be neither more nor less than an attempt, under a more covert form, to introduce the exclusion of British manufactures and of colonial produce through England, from the Continent. And although the same permanent objection lies against the scheme, which defeated the never-to-be-forgotten endeavour of Bonaparte to strike the same blow at the wealth and power of England, there is now a difference in the commercial and manufacturing constitution of these countries, which requires the English Government to watch their progression, and neither to irritate the Continent by arbitrary restrictions, nor to throw away the advantages she might possess, by the adoption of better regulations. Germany is advancing rapidly in the use of machinery, and is already capable of furnishing herself with much that she was accustomed, while in a less mature state, to purchase of the merchants and manufacturers of Great Britain. But it must also be obvious that two material circumstances will operate in favour of the endeavour Prussia is now making to rear manufactures, and to render Germany independent of England; these are, first, the cheapness of subsistence (into which the principal charges of manufactures ultimately resolve themselves); and, secondly, the rejection of the raw produce of those countries by England. Corn and timber are the means by which the people of the northern States can alone pay for the merchandise of England, and these England will not take; the graduated duty, under the existing production of England, Ireland, and the colonies, amounting to a prohibition. The impolicy of this country, by maintaining the corn-laws, is therefore in truth abetting, in the most striking particular, the attempted exclusion of the commercial system promulgated by Prussia, and upon the very eve of adoption by the

German States. The political consequences it belongs not to our province, in this article, to insist upon; but those consequences will strongly persuade the Government (be it Whig or Tory) to frustrate the purposes of Prussia, and at the same time of Russia, who views the scheme as among the best modes of strengthening her designs upon Turkey. These considerations all seem to be not only preparing, but precipitating the long anticipated change in the corn-laws, to which, as we have shown, the Government is invited by the events of the last four years, indicating at once the power of England, Ireland, and her dependencies, to produce a more than adequate supply, and the necessary consequence, the reduction of the protecting-duty nearly to a nonentity; for its only effect has been to preclude the introduction of foreign corn. Upon price it can have had little force, for price has gradually sunk to a lower term than it has found since the commencement of the war with the republic of France.

These are the two main questions: first, to what further degree would all open trade affect price; and, secondly, at what point of declension will price settle, supposing the protecting-laws to remain as they are?

Before we enter upon these questions, we owe it to ourselves to premise, that forewarned as we are by the total failure of Mr. Jacob's conclusions, drawn, we are ready to acknowledge, from the most extensive information any man could be reasonably supposed to attain, we can scarcely expect that implicit confidence should be placed in any train of reasoning upon premises embracing so vast a range. But from experience, and from what we already know of the Continental growth and commerce in corn, arguing from the widest calculations of the cost of production and transit, and from the effects of an open market in England upon the price abroad, it should appear that the price could not be brought much lower. Perhaps the very lowest rate at which foreign wheat can be purchased, is 28s. per quarter, and the cost of transmission can scarcely be taken, on the average of distances, at less than 6s. We are rather inclined to believe, from the most careful review of Parliamentary documents, and the private correspondence of merchants and millers, that were the trade now thrown open, the effect after a very short period would be to raise the price, because the continental grower would see some vent for his produce beyond the domestic consumption, now clearly inadequate to take off the supply. Mr. Jacob and Mr. Macculloch have brought strong reasons, and strong facts also, to prove that continental wheat cannot be grown and exported to a profit at much less than 48s. per quarter, taking the average of distances and seasons. But granting 25 per cent. for error in this calculation, a free trade would not sink the price below the present average. We would not, however, be too sanguine upon this head; for there are two points of no slight importance, which their calculations seem entirely to have overlooked or disregarded. These are the profit of the freightage of the vessel to the shipowner outwards and inwards, and the profit upon the cargo to the English merchant, which he may send out in barter for the corn. But these contingents will necessarily lower price, because it is manifest that these profits may cause the merchant and owner to import corn even at a loss upon the corn, and yet drive a good trade by the advantages upon the freight and cargo. We are therefore prepared to believe that the price of corn would continue as low, and perhaps it would at first especially, fall a trifle lower; but we think the circumstances we have enumerated would about counterbalance each other, and that the present might be fairly taken for the average price, in average seasons.

When we come to consider the second branch—to what rate price will fall under the existing duties and appearances, if we take the common law of political economy?—we should answer, to the lowest point which will defray the charges of production. But this will be deemed vague and illusory. These charges vary so entirely with the quality of land and local accidents, that such a solution affords no certainty. We are rather dis-

posed to treat it upon the plainer principle of supply and demand, and to say that the moment it is ascertained that the supply is beyond the home demand, the price will adjust itself to what can be obtained for the surplus in foreign markets. To this, it should seem, it is already nearly come. The above drawn inferences lead to the final conclusion, that both upon domestic and foreign grounds, for fiscal, no less than political reasons, Parliament will seize the occasion, and make some great and permanent changes in the laws respecting the trade in corn, while the experiment can be tried with so little appearance of disturbing, in any dangerous degree, the prospects of agriculture.

We have thus, though slightly, yet we hope clearly demonstrated, the new circumstances which seem to promote the views of those who have so long advocated a free trade in corn. Much more remains to be said, which we must postpone to future opportunities, and many will be allowed us before the matter comes before Parliament. The hopes held out by the Marquis of Chandos, of the repeal of a moiety of the malt-tax, derived, according to his Lordship, from the report of the Excise Commission, are obviously founded upon his misapprehension of the terms of that paper, for the recommendations of the Commissioners go to exactly the contrary way. They couple even the supposed reduction with the express condition of allowing the free import of barley, in relation to price, and expressly declare that even under any circumstances, the reduction could not be effected without involving the coincident loss of a large sum to the revenue. This, therefore, if it assume any practical shape at all, will probably be taken as a part of, and in conjunction with, the larger question of the corn-laws and corn-trade generally.

The supplies of wheat, barley, and flour, are now becoming every week more abundant, and the necessary consequence is, a slight depression in price. Nor can this effect be soon mitigated, for as payments come round—rent and tithe particularly—and as the winter poor-rates nearly equal the summer outlay for labour, money must be had. And now it is that a want of confidence, not in the men, but in the trade itself, operates so much against the farmer, for scarcely a guinea will any banker advance to rescue him from this competition. Till after the year be turned, it is therefore probable the same difficulty and depression will continue. The deficiency of the turnip crop has been excessively felt in the business of the various fairs. The abundance of stock offered could not be sold at hardly any price, for the simple reason that no one has wherewith to maintain his own ordinary average of sheep or bullocks, much less any addition. Even where the turnips promised to revive after the rains, they have gone off to an inconceivable degree from the ravages of the black canker and ground insects.

The weather is favourable in the highest degree for getting in the wheat. It will be remembered that some few years ago a Mr. Hickling, of Norfolk, found three extraordinary ears—saved and sowed them—they made a prodigious increase, and he gradually accumulated a large stock of seed wheat. This was last year purchased by Mr. Richardson, of Heydon, who tried the experiment by means of Mr. Bulwer's tenants, extensively, and the success has been enormous. Fourteen coombs (*i. e.*, seven quarters) per acre, has been the average, and that gentleman has again purchased a large quantity for the patriotic purpose of propagating the growth; and through his means the seed is extensively using. It is in every respect to be recommended. The quality is fine, and the straw so strong, that it keeps up against all ordinary assaults of rain and wind. Let us also urge upon the attention of farmers, the fact that *red weed* is effectually to be eradicated by passing a bush over the new sown wheats, soon after they begin to get above ground, when the earth is soft with a recent fall of rain.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Gardening.*—Land can never be dug too well. The spits should be thin and finely broken. Trenching may often be done to advantage; it is superior in its effects to digging, simply because the land is more deeply and regularly moved. When the digging is deep, the root makes its way down and seeks nourishment for itself. The spade goes much deeper than the plough, and leaves the ground comparatively loose under it. There are many instances of wheat dibbled in the spring, two grains in a hole, the holes nine inches apart each way, having produced forty, and even fifty, bushels to the acre. In this manner, the expenditure of seed is not, perhaps, two pecks per acre; but in this way the ground is well dug, and loosened, and cleaned, which is of vast importance, for weeds often take up more nourishment than the corn. In making a garden, drain the ground; without draining, unless the soil is very light indeed, your garden will never prosper. The stagnant water in the winter, autumn, and spring, rots the roots of plants, and kills the seed, and the soil is rendered less fertile by the constant soaking wet. Cut some drains slanting across the ground into a ditch on the outside, if there is one, and fill up the lower part of the drains with bushes and loose stones; but if there is no ditch, dig out the walk pretty deep, and fill in the bottom with stones, broken bricks, dry rubbish, and bushes. Next to draining comes trenching deeply. Nothing improves the ground so much as working it; begin by trenching it (if the soil admits of it) three spits deep. It would take too much time to do all in one year, but it may be done by degrees. After being trenched three spits for one crop, a single digging will be enough for the second crop, and for the third; a digging of two spits will, for the three crops, always give a fresh surface, which is a matter of great importance in growing fine vegetables. Draining and trenching are of more consequence even than manure, as those will find who try the experiment. Of course manure is not to be neglected when it can be got. Wood ashes will do something; rotten leaves, stalks, &c., not eaten by the pig, are excellent manure. The scouring out of the ditch is good manure; and a few barrows of turf sods, chopped up and dug in green, will be as valuable as a load of dung; the scrapings of roads, if the soil is heavy, are also excellent, and assist much in lightening the ground.—*Useful Hints for the Labourer.*

*Weights and Measures.*—We call the attention of our agricultural friends to the following section of the Act passed in the late Session of Parliament for regulating weights and measures:—Sec. 6. “And be it enacted that from and after the passing of this Act the measure called the Winchester bushel, and the lineal measures called the Scotch ell, and all local or customary measures shall be abolished; and every person who shall sell by any denomination of measure other than one of the Imperial measures, or some multiple, or some aliquot part thereof, &c. shall on conviction be liable to a penalty not exceeding the sum of 40s. for every such sale.” It follows from this enactment that the comb, boll, double bushel, load, sack, or any other provincial term, is completely done away with, and it must be observed that this part of the Act comes into immediate operation. The one of the heaped measure is also abolished, and all bargains made thereby are declared void, as well as a penalty of 40s. imposed on the seller. \*

## USEFUL ARTS.

*Fire-Proof Houses.*—A writer in the “Mechanics’ Magazine,” communicates the following useful hints on this subject:—“All party walls

should be eighteen inches thick, and all divisions between the front and back part of a house should be nine-inch brickwork. The joists should be one-inch thick, and drilled through every six inches, to receive screws for fastening down the floor. I would form a perfectly even and durable ceiling, resisting effectually one great means of communication in case of fire between the different stories. Some of the floor-screws might be passed at proper distances through the sheet-iron, the heads being neatly countersunk, and all of them are intended to screw into the underside of the floor by passing the screw from the lower room. On the top of every house should be placed an iron tank, lined inside with lead—three pounds might do—having a ball-cock, and supplied by the water companies for domestic purposes as well as in cases of fire. The tank should be six feet square by three feet deep, and should be so placed on the roofs that a communication by a two-inch pipe might be made between each pair of tanks at the bottom. A pipe should descend to the bottom or ground floor, and, passing through the front wall under the pavement, should be inserted into a general supply three-inch pipe, the latter having at every third or fourth house a pipe two feet long rising from it, and fixed to the wall with a key-tap to fix a leather hose to when necessary, every inhabitant having a key. Such taps would, in case of fire, supply the engines; supposing only twelve houses forming the side of a street, with nearly 8000 gallons of water, and the opposite houses of course the same. From the pipe that descends from the tank should pass to each room an inch branch pipe, having a cock eighteen or twenty inches from the floor, with a key fixed to it by a chain. In cases of fire breaking out in any apartment the inmates could speedily put it out, having nearly 1300 gallons of water at their command, the produce of two tanks."

*Electricity and Magnetism.*—Mr. P. Cunningham, surgeon, R.N., has lately made the following interesting discovery of electric conductors being, to a certain extent, also magnetic conductors, and of non-electric conductors being non-magnetic conductors, thereby adding another powerful proof to the many already existing of the identity of the electric and magnetic bodies. The above result was obtained by placing successively in a copper-wire helix, connecting the poles of a galvanic battery, pieces of steel and of iron, either united end to end by brass solder, or simply retained in close contact in the above position by a copper tube, fitting tightly round the point of junction, each needle being found on removal from the helix to be a perfect magnet with two poles, the same as if it had been constructed in the usual way, of only one piece of steel. No interchange of magnetism took place when the union of the pieces was effected by sealing-wax, or when the intervening brass was an inch long, the greatest extent of solder between the magnetised pieces being the twelfth of an inch. When two pieces of iron or steel were placed at a distance from each other in the helix, each piece became a distinct magnet, but when approximated nearer they closed with a snapping noise, and formed a single magnet between them, one piece becoming a North pole and the other a South. This construction of a magnet promises to be of importance in preserving, to a greater extent, the magnetic properties of the mariner's needle; even soft iron, which under other circumstances loses its polarity as soon as the magnet is removed, being found to retain it when united in pieces as above. Mr. Cunningham has also constructed a magnetic needle, the ends of which point East and West by magnetising it transversely instead of longitudinally; being led to attempt this by the accounts of ships struck by lightning having their needles changed to point east and west, which he concluded could only be effected by a transference of the polarity from their ends to their sides.

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## NEW PATENTS.

To James Fergusson Saunders, of Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for improvements in clarifying raw cane, and other vegetable and saccharine juices, and in bleaching such raw juices; being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad.

To John Joseph Charles Sheridan, of Walworth, in the county of Surrey, chemist, for his invention of an improvement in the manufacture of soap.

To William Mason, of Brecknock-terrace, Camden Town, in the county of Middlesex,

engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on wheels, boxes, and axle-trees of carriages for carrying persons and goods on common roads and rail-ways.

To Josiah Procter Westhead, of Manchester, small-ware manufacturer, for his invention of certain improvements in the manufacture of small-wares, and an improved arrangement of machinery for covering or forming a case around any wire, cord, gut, thread, or other substance, so as to render the same suitable for various useful purposes.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM SEPTEMBER 20, TO OCTOBER 27, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 29.—W. SCAMELL, Tottenham-court road, leather-seller. W. KEY, Isleworth, linen-draper. G. MAGGS, Bristol, linen-draper. F. HOW, Margate, hotel-keeper. T. NABB, Manchester, auctioneer. J. LORRYMER, Bristol, corn-factor. G. NICHOLSON, Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer.

Oct. 2.—J. NIGHTINGALE, Oxford-street, victualler. S. GARTLEY, Golden-lane, St. Luke's, victualler. R. TAYLORSON, South Shields, Durham, ship-owner. T. TEMPEST, Leeds, grocer. W. FINNEY, jun., Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent, grocer. H. C. ALLPORT, late of Aldridge, Staffordshire, maltster, but now of Bread-street hill, commission-agent.

Oct. 6.—R. FENNER and S. HOBSON, London-street, Fenchurch-street, corn-factors. J. SHAYLER, Blackman-street, Southwark, draper. D. WOODS, Cambridge, builder. T. TAYLOR, Steeple Ashton, Wiltshire, dealer. W. WHISTON, Birmingham, smelter. T. HANESWORTH, Sheffield, hatter.

Oct. 9.—E. CAWLEY, Bridport, Dorsetshire, upholster. A. CARTER, Wenlock Basin, City-road, iron-merchant. H. ROBINSON, Nutford-place, Bryanstone-square, coal-merchant. J. R. GLENISTER, Tring, Hertfordshire, auctioneer. J. DAVIS, Goswell-street, licensed victualler. W. P. DOBREE, New City Chambers, Bishopsgate-street, merchant. J. BROWN, Lower-place, Middlesex, chandler. W. PARTRIDGE, Birmingham, haberdasher. W. BISHOP, Parkfield, Staffordshire, iron-master. J. GREAVES, Liverpool, merchant. J. BROWN, Dickerburgh, Norfolk, grocer.

Oct. 13.—G. LONGMAN, Bride-lane, City, licensed victualler. J. H. ROWE, Goswell-street, builder. T. COOKE, Liverpool, chemist. C. L. BARR, Liverpool, ship-broker,

W. BOUTLAND, Bill Quay, Durham, ship-builder. H. BULGIN, Bristol, bookseller. W. SPLATT, Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, flint-grinder.

Oct. 16.—C. MASON and C. MASON, Piccadilly, livery-stable keepers. H. H. DAVIS, Soho-square, auctioneer. G. C. WEBER, Eaton-row, Eaton-square, dealer in horses. J. KEYSE, Youls-place, Old Kent-road, plumber. S. LEWIS, Cheltenham, builder.

Oct. 20.—J. A. STOREY, Derby, grocer. R. B. BENDER, South-street, Grosvenor-square, wine-merchant. T. WASSTAFF, Little Exeter-street, Chelsea. W. GREY, Liverpool, commission-agent.

Oct. 23.—R. FRASE, Leeds, timber-merchant. J. N. DENNIS, Lisle-street, Leicesters-square, coach-maker. A. MOORE, West Park-row, Islington, builder. T. BONNER, Horse-ferry-road, Westminster, cow-keeper. J. T. MERCER, Manchester, plumber. J. WALLACE, Liverpool, provision-merchant. R. CLAXTON, Norwich, tailor.

Oct. 27.—T. C. GREATOREX, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, picture-dealer. J. ANNELL, Edward-street, Hampstead-road, corn and coal-merchant. G. L. HUTCHINSON, Essex-street, Strand, lodging-house-keeper. H. REDHEAD, Kingston-upon-Hull, linen-draper. B. ANGLE, Moorfields, licensed victualler. J. TAYLOR, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, coal-merchant. R. W. STEPHENS, Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. J. M'GOWAN, Gerrard-street, Soho, button-maker. N. SHAW, Manchester, leather-factory. J. GREEN, Liverpool, ship-chandler. G. P. BIRCHFIELD, Liverpool, grocer. R. MILLER, Norwich, tobacconist. W. DIXON, Scarborough, draper.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THERE is little matter for observation in the present state of the manufacturing and trading interests of the country, as compared with the position they have occupied for some months past. The course of business in the Cotton and Woollen trades has, with some alternations in the demand for the various descriptions of goods, gone on in a steady relation of demand and supply; and in the Silk trade the greatest activity prevails. The iron trade, which has been for years in a state of great depression, has received a powerful impulse from the extraordinarily increased demand for that material, occasioned by the numerous railways actually in progress, and the daily increasing manufacture of machinery, as well for exportation as for home use.

The Colonial Market has evinced some degree of briskness of late, in so far as Sugars are concerned; and in West India Muscovades an advance of 6*d.* to 1*s.* per cwt. has occurred within the last week. Jamaica brown, at 59*s.*; middling, 60*s.* to 62*s.*; good, 62*s.* to 64*s.*; fine to very fine, 64*s.* to 65*s.* 6*d.* The prices realised a few days for a parcel of St. Lucia were, for dark colour, 58*s.*; good brown, 59*s.* to 60*s.*; low yellow, 61*s.* to 62*s.* 6*d.*

In Mauritius Sugars there have been no extensive transactions; but at public sale recently, 2678 bags brought from 6*d.* to 1*s.*; and for the lowest qualities, as much as 2*s.* per cwt. above the prices obtained in the early part of the month. East India Sugars offer no subject for remark; but in Foreign White, there is more disposition to purchase; Bahia, low ordinary white, has brought 32*s.* 6*d.*

Within the last day or two there has been a much greater degree of firmness in the Refined Market, the wholesale grocers purchasing more freely for home consumption, and large parcels having been taken for exportation; the general quotation now is 82*s.* for lumps to pass the standard, and 41*s.* for fine crushed on board.

The last average price of West India Muscovades gazetted is 1*l.* 16*s.* 10½*d.* per cwt.

The Market for British Plantation Coffee is inanimate; but for good clear descriptions, the quotations are firmly maintained. These are, for Jamaica, ordinary to good ordinary, 89*s.* to 98*s.*; fine ordinary, 99*s.* to 105*s.*; middling, 105*s.* to 109*s.*; good, 110*s.* to 115*s.*;

fine, 115*s.* to 122*s.* In East India and Foreign-Coffee, little or nothing doing; a cargo of St. Domingo, afloat, has been sold at 53*s.* to 53*s.* 6*d.*, deliverable at Antwerp.

There is a more brisk demand than for some time past for Cocoa; of 251 bags of Grenada, good sound reddish, rather mixed, brought 48*s.* 6*d.* to 49*s.* 6*d.*; brighter, 50*s.* to 53*s.*; very fine superior red, 53*s.* 6*d.* to 56*s.* 6*d.*

Rum are in very considerable demand, and large sales of Jamaica have been made at 3*s.* 1*d.* to 3*s.* 8*d.*; the quotation for Proof Leewards is 2*s.* 1*d.*, and sales of 10½ over have been made at 2*s.* 5*d.*

The Market for Raw Cotton is suffering under a re-action from the palmy state it occupied a few months ago both here and in Liverpool a great heaviness exists, the spinners and manufacturers showing little disposition to purchase. It is probable, however, that an alteration will before long take place, as it is known that they have no large stocks on hand, and the accounts from the United States speak of a considerable deficiency in this year's crop.

The Indigo sale commenced on the 20th, and was well attended, and the ordinary and consuming qualities have in general fully maintained the prices of the previous sale; good and fine shipping qualities were not quite so firm, and may be noted at last sale's prices to 2*d.* discount.

The result of the large sales of Teas which have recently terminated has been a depression of from 1½*d.* to 2*d.* per lb. upon the Boheas and inferior Congous, and an advance of an equal amount in the finer qualities; the demand for Hysons has been limited, but Twankays firmly maintained previous prices. Of 83,500 packages offered for sale, not more than about 37,000 found purchasers, although the common Congous were offered at 1*d.* per lb. under former rates.

At the Company's sale of Silk, which has just concluded, of 2000 bales of Bengal raw Silk not a single bale was refused, and the sale went off throughout with the greatest animation, the prices realized showing an advance of from 7½ to 12½ per cent., as compared with those of last sale.

Some considerable inconvenience was felt in the early part of the month from a scarcity of money, in consequence of

so large a portion of the instalments on Omnium having been paid by anticipation, and the comparatively slow rate at which the money so paid in returned to circulation in compensation to the West India slave owners. The advantage offered in the rate of discount for prompt payment, and the desire to become possessed of money Stock led to so rapid an accumulation at the Bank, that before the middle of the past month, of the 15,000,000*l.* borrowed, full 10,000,000*l.* were already paid, while the payment to the claimants and the investments on account of litigated claims scarcely amounted together to 2,000,000*l.* Under these circumstances, the Bank Directors afforded additional facilities for obtaining money, by lending it on the security of stock, and by prolonging the periods at which the loans were payable; and by these means they averted any very serious shock, although the consequences of the diminished circulation are still apparent in the heaviness which characterizes the transactions in the Stock Exchange.

The Consol Market has been particularly dull for the last week or ten days, giving way gradually by  $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., until the prices are about  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. lower than at the commencement of that period.

In the Foreign Market scarcely any attention has lately been given to anything but Spanish securities; and in these, notwithstanding the strenuous and successful efforts of M. Mendizabal to form a union of liberal politicians of all shades of opinion in favour of the Queen's government, the depressing effects above alluded to have been still more observable.

Another circumstance must, however, have contributed to this depreciation, namely, the extraordinary appetite now shown by the public for embarking in rail-road speculations, and the considerable quantity of capital invested in

these undertakings, or held in reserve by shareholders to meet the calls for future instalments. Scarcely one of these projects, even in its most embryo state, but commands a premium; while in those which have obtained a legislative sanction, and have made some progress in the working, the premiums are startling, as will be seen by the subjoined list, which contains the closing quotations of the 26th:—

## ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 209 10—Three per cent. Reduced, 90  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 91  $\frac{1}{4}$  buyers—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 98  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. New, 99  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 16  $\frac{1}{4}$ —India Stock, 254 5—India Bonds, 2 4—Exchequer Bills, 14 16—Ditto Small, 14 16—Consols for Account, 91  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Omnium, 4.

## SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 31 3—Ditto D'El Rey, 5  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 33 5—Colombian, 9 11—Real Del Monte, 16  $\frac{1}{2}$  17  $\frac{1}{4}$ —United Mexican, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  4—London and Birmingham Railway, 47 9—London and Greenwich ditto, 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  8  $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Southampton ditto, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  dis.—Great Western, 9 10—London and Croydon, par  $\frac{1}{4}$ —London and Brighton, 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  5—London and Blackwall, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ —North Midland, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  4  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 102  $\frac{1}{2}$  3  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 84  $\frac{1}{2}$  5—Chilian, 6 per cent. 44 5—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 31  $\frac{1}{2}$  2  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Dutch, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. 55  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican, 6 per cent. 37 8—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 25 6—Portuguese Regency, 5 per cent. 87  $\frac{1}{2}$  8  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto 1835, 3 per cent. 57  $\frac{1}{2}$  8—Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 107  $\frac{1}{2}$  8—Spanish, Cortes, 43  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —Ditto 1834, 42  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, Deferred Bonds, 18  $\frac{1}{2}$  19—Ditto, Passive ditto, 10  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

From the following tables it will be seen that upon a comparison of the present financial year with the last, there is a deficiency of income to the amount of 1,084,600*l.* against the former, whilst by collating the two quarters, ending respectively the 10th of October, 1834 and 1835, there will appear an increase of receipt in favour of the latter of 344,222*l.* The dissimilarity of produce of the two years appears to be occasioned altogether by the

falling off in that of the assessed taxes, under which head alone, from the reductions made and continuing, there is apparent a defalcation of 992,198*l.* upon the year, and 163,594*l.* upon the quarter, making together 1,145,792*l.*, which exceeds by a large fraction the deficiencies upon the whole of the present year. In other respects the accounts of the two years and quarters tally pretty nearly. From the circumstance of one large class of duties having been transferred from the Excise to the Customs, and *vice versa*, there is an apparent disparity; but the productiveness of one nearly makes amends for the deficiencies of the other. Thus, the account of Customs shows an increase upon the year of 2,182,951*l.*, and upon the quarter of 403,487*l.*; whilst the Excise, on the other hand, presents a decrease upon the year of 2,265,151*l.*, but an increase upon the quarter of 82,590*l.*, which turns the balance in its favour. The revenue arising from stamps has decreased upon the year by 96,660*l.*, but increased upon the quarter to the amount of 12,196*l.* The Post-office has been steadily more productive upon the year and quarter than on the corresponding periods last year. On the year the increase is 34,000*l.*, on the quarter 6000*l.* The same may be said of the miscellaneous taxes, which have increased upon the year 31,219*l.*, and on the quarter 14,801*l.* The returns of imprest moneys and repayment of sums advanced for public works, present no results, for the increase upon the quarter just equals the falling off upon the year. The amount of Exchequer Bills wanted for the service of the quarter is estimated at 4,016,189*l.*

The Lords of the Treasury having certified to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt that the surplus revenue of the United Kingdom, beyond the actual expenditure thereof, for the year ending July 5, 1835, amounted to the sum of 1,205,496*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.*, the Commissioners have given notice that they intend to apply the sum of 301,374*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* to the purchase of Exchequer Bills, Stock, &c.

*Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the*

	Qrs. ended Oct. 10.		In-crease.	De-crease.	Yrs. ended Oct. 10,		In-crease.	De-crease.
	1834.	1835.			1834.	1835.		
Customs.....	4,950,500	5,353,987	403,487	.....	16,225,261	18,408,212	2,182,951	
Excise .....	3,924,785	4,007,375	82,590	.....	13,946,348	11,681,197	.....	2,265,151
Stamps .....	1,659,008	1,671,204	12,196	.....	6,601,884	6,505,224	.....	96,660
Taxes.....	508,714	355,120	.....	158,594	4,726,195	3,733,997	.....	992,198
Post-Office...	366,000	372,000	6,000	.....	1,362,000	1,396,000	34,000	
Miscellan....	1,172	16,513	14,801	.....	45,518	76,737	31,219	
	11,410,719	11,776,199			43,907,206	41,801,367		
Repayments of Advances for Public Works, &c..	99,527	78,269	.....	21,258	434,634	455,873	21,239	
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>11,510,246</b>	<b>11,854,468</b>	<b>519,074</b>	<b>174,852</b>	<b>43,341,840</b>	<b>42,257,240</b>	<b>2,969,409</b>	<b>3,269,409</b>
				174,852				2,269,409
								1,084,600

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

THE news from the West Indies, or, at least, from Jamaica, is not favourable. The Noble Governor, the Marquis of Sligo, at the opening of the House of Assembly, recommended strongly the adoption of certain measures relative to the organization of a police force, &c., which the members not only refused to entertain, but rejected in a tone of asperity in their

personal reply to his Lordship, that induced him indignantly to dissolve the Assembly, assuring the members, at the same time, that they would be held responsible to their constituents, for whatever ulterior measures either he or the British Government might deem it prudent, in such an emergency, to adopt.

The following is the speech of his Excellency :—

“ Gentlemen of the Council,

“ Mr. Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly,

“ The address which has this day been presented to me by the House of Assembly being of such a nature as to render it impossible for me to give it any reply, I have considered it necessary to call you together to inform you of the determination at which, in consequence, I have most reluctantly been forced to arrive.

“ The very offensive and uncalled-for tone which pervades the whole of the address, one so totally deficient in the respect due to the representative of the Sovereign, renders it imperative on me to withhold all further communication with this Assembly. The positive refusal by the members of this branch of the Legislature to entertain, at this period, measures, for the consideration of which they had been specially summoned, without even having waited to receive the information and documents which I had promised to lay before them, and without which it is impossible that they could arrive at a correct conclusion, compels me to withdraw from them the confidence I otherwise must have felt in their decisions. This hasty rejection, on grounds so insufficient, of measures of such vital importance to the well-being and tranquillity of the island, has compelled me to come to the resolution of sending the members back to their constituents, in order that another body may be selected for carrying on the public business.

“ It is my opinion that the interests they were sent to protect would have been best consulted by a calm and anxious deliberation of the measures I proposed to them ; and if, after a temperate consideration, it had been found expedient to amend or reject them, such decision would have been entitled to the weight and respect due to a Legislative Body.

“ Such a course, however, not having been pursued, it is my duty to let it be clearly understood, that on the House of Assembly rests the whole responsibility of the consequences which may ensue, and that to their conduct, must be attributed any resolution which the British Government may be compelled to adopt.

“ I do now, in His Majesty's name, dissolve this General Assembly, and it is hereby dissolved accordingly.”

This abrupt dissolution of the House of Assembly has, of course, caused a great sensation throughout the island.

*Slave Compensation.*—The compensation fund awarded to Jamaica is 6,161,927*l.*, at an average of 16*l.* 5*s.* a slave.

#### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Recent accounts from the Cape state, that several Proclamations had been issued by the Governor in reference to the recent war with the Caffres. Creoli, the successor of Hintza, had established himself in his government, and had given the Governor every assurance for the fulfilment of his engagements, and the maintenance of the treaty of peace. The heads of the powerful families of Slambie and Gaika, the former chief of the country between the Keiskamma and the Kei, had placed themselves under the protection of the Colonial Government, and declared themselves British subjects. The Governor had also declared the willingness of the Government to receive under its protection the different tribes who had not joined in the inroads into the colony. The province of Albany was perfectly tranquil, and the farmers are proceeding to their respective homes. In the new province (Adelaide) the hostile Caffres had shown themselves, and several skirmishes had taken place between them and the Fingees.

By the official report published by the Custom House, for the quarter ending the 5th of April, it appears that the value of colonial produce exported from Table Bay, Simon's Bay, and Port Elizabeth, was 94,000*l.* The amount of the imports during the same period was 180,660*l.*

## FOREIGN STATES.

## SPAIN.

The following is a list of the new Cabinet of Spain:—M. Mendizabal, President of the Council, and Minister of Finance; General Alava, Foreign Affairs; Gomez Becerra, Chief of the Zaragoza Junta, and an old Member of the Cortes, Minister of Justice; M. Ulloa, Procurador for Cadiz, Minister of Marine; M. Almodovar, Chief of the Junta of Valencia, Minister of War; and M. Martin de los Heros, Minister of the Interior.

The Cortes have been convoked for the 16th of November, according to the ordinary forms prescribed by that instrument, to devise the constitutional measures called for by public opinion.

From the seat of war in Spain, the news of the week appears, on the whole, to be somewhat favourable to the cause of the Carlists. It is manifest that they are concentrating their forces, and, though by very slow and almost imperceptible degrees, advancing at the same time; while, without coming to close engagement, without experiencing a defeat—for in the occasional skirmishes between the parties neither appears to suffer any loss heavy enough to weigh anything in the scale of victory—the Queen's Generals are not less manifestly adopting the retreating system. The reports of the serious defeats which Don Carlos had last week sustained turn out to be inventions, and the victories imaginary; while similar rumours are from time to time received of successes gained by the Carlists over an enemy who has never been within the reach of danger. The Queen's cause, however, unconnected with the military movements in favour of it, still wears a brightening aspect. Several of the juntas have given in their adhesion to the new Government, and their example may be supposed to operate, not only upon those which, like that of Andalusia, still remain intractable, but generally upon the minds of the people, among whom there is a very large class of persons who cling as closely to the principle of neutrality as possible, and who only wait for the opportunity to turn the balance in favour of one party against the other two. Which will be the uppermost party on New-year's-day, it is not easy to predict, though the chances are with the Queen; but then the struggle with the Carlists will, it is more and more apparent, be an arduous, lingering, and all but exhausting one.

The Count of Almodovar, the Captain-General of Valencia, has published, of his own authority, an ordinance, which is so absurd as almost not to be terrible. Still it shows the state of Spain, and the desperate measures to which the liberal party is resolved to resort. "1. Every murder committed by the Carlists on unarmed persons shall be avenged by the murder of double the number of the Carlist prisoners at the depôt of Peniscola. 2. Every person who, in the space of 48 hours, shall not give up all arms in his possession or power (unless he belongs to the National Guards) shall be put to death. 3. Every person crying 'Live Don Carlos!' or crying 'Death' to either of the Queens, or 'Down with Liberty!' shall be shot. 4. Every one who shall distribute any paper whatever, which in any way shall excite to revolt, shall be punished with death. 5. Every National Guard, who shall not within half-an-hour after the drum beats to arms, be in the rank of his company, shall be disarmed and arrested. 6. Every one found in the streets half-an-hour after the drum shall be beaten, shall be compelled by force to retire, and three persons are to be considered as forming a mob." The ordinance concludes by saying, "I am resolved to make signal examples, in order to terrify the enemies of liberty, and at all risks to preserve the public tranquillity."

## GERMANY.

The conferences at Toplitz have terminated. Immediately on their conclusion the sovereigns took their departure for Prague, where it was expected they would remain for several days. So ends this meeting of monarchs; a meeting which, to all appearance, has been uninterrupted by political discordance, which seems to have ended as harmoniously, and which has at least afforded a grand popular holiday. The subjects to which the attention of the Royal diplomatists had been directed during the discussion can only at present be guessed at; there is little doubt, however, that the affairs of Spain, the settlement of Belgium, and the approaching marriage of the young Queen of Portugal with the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, the nephew of the King of the Belgians, were among the most prominent features of the conference.

## FRANCE.

A treaty of peace seems to have been definitively concluded between the Royalists of the 7th of August and a strong party amongst the Legitimists of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The latter have determined no longer to *boulder* the Citizen King, but most condescendingly to participate in the gaieties of the winter season at the Tuileries, which will shortly commence. The King and Queen of the Belgians are mentioned as guests at the chateau.

## UNITED STATES.

Accounts from the United States describe the slave-holders of the South as absolutely outrageous at the efforts making by the abolitionists to better the condition of the negroes. Several persons supposed to be guilty of the *atrocious* crime of sympathising with the poor blacks had been seized by the mob, and summarily hung without trial; and the papers to the 1st instant announce that the excitement still continued. A man of the name of Carrol, who was accused of the double offence of aiding the abolitionists and pilfering his neighbours, had been subjected to the operation of Lynch's law in Charleston. He was flogged, tarred, and cottoned; his house was broken into, and all his property examined and sold. At this outrage a number of respectable citizens are said to have been present. The inhabitants of New York, under the presidency of the Mayor, held a public meeting on the 27th ult., and passed resolutions condemning slavery in strong terms, but also condemning the extravagant proceedings of the abolitionists. The people of Philadelphia have done the same. At a recent meeting at Norfolk, in Virginia, it was proposed and agreed that the State of Virginia should make a formal demand of the State of New York to have Messrs. Tappan, Garrison, and Thompson, zealous abolitionists, delivered up, to be punished by the laws of Virginia, though it was stated that the Governor of Virginia had no power to make such a demand. It was also proposed, and adopted, to offer a reward for the heads of the three gentlemen mentioned. This encouragement to assassination excited, it is said, some disapprobation; but the persons present did not like to express it, lest they should be "slicked" themselves. Another resolution gave notice to all free negroes to leave Norfolk in sixty days; and those found in the borough at the end of that time are to be whippel, tarred, and cottoned. Such outrageous proceedings will most probably lead to that extensive and servile insurrection which is at present only dreaded.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The Earl of Chatham was in his 80th year; the Colonelcy of the 4th Regiment of Foot, which he has held since 1799, has become vacant, as well as the Governor-generalship of Gibraltar. His Lordship was, besides a Knight of the Garter, a Governor of the Charter-house, an Elder Brother of the Trinity-house, and High Steward of the Corporation of Colchester. His Lordship, who had married a daughter of the late Viscount Sydney, has died without issue: his titles are, we believe, extinct. His only brother was "the Heaven-born Minister" Pitt; he had two sisters, neither of whom left issue male. Lord Chatham served during the American war, at Gibraltar, and commanded the expedition to Walcheren in 1809. In 1788 he was made First Lord of the Admiralty, in which office he continued until December, 1794; in 1796 he was appointed President of the Council, which he held till 1801, when he was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, which he held till 1806.

### MR. MATHIAS.

We are indebted to the "Athenæum" for the following memoir of Mr. Mathias:—

It appears, as if among our other regular weekly duties, the task of preparing an obituary notice of some person distinguished in literature or the arts was to be numbered—so numerous have been the deaths since the commencement of the year. We have now to record the loss of another of the elegant scholars of the last generation, of one whose reputation was rather select than extensive. As a lover and successful cultivator of letters generally, but, in particular, of the literature and language of Italy, Mr. Mathias will not be soon forgotten: his "Pursuits of Literature," the first part of which poem appeared in 1794, drew great attention from the keenness and erudition of its notes; and his Italian "Canzoni" and translations from the English have been always held up to admiration for their grace and correctness. Besides these, he was the author of many other satirical and critical works, which will be found in the choice libraries collected thirty years since. Mr. Mathias received his education at Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he carried away several honours. He was, at one period of his life, Treasurer of the Household of Queen Charlotte; and, for the last many years, resided entirely at Naples, where he died. The following personal recollections, kindly sent us by a lady well able to appreciate his talents, will be acceptable to such of our readers as interest themselves in the private life of a man of letters.

"I became acquainted with Mr. Mathias at Naples, in 1823; he had then been a resident in that city for some years, and was much esteemed and valued by the few among the Neapolitans who had any pretensions to literature. He had translated into Italian several of our English poems, which appeared to great advantage in their new garb, but his selections were not always fortunate, as witness Armstrong's 'Art of Health.' The Italians were as much surprised as delighted at his proficiency in their harmonious language, and I have heard several of the litterati amongst them bestow the warmest eulogiums on the purity and precision with which he wrote it. Though his writings displayed a perfect knowledge and mastery of Italian, his conversation in that language was not remarkable either for its fluency or correctness: but conversation in any language was not his forte, for his colloquial powers were so very limited, that one could not help feeling surprised, that a man possessed of so much erudition

should bring so little interesting matter into the general mart of society. Any allusion to 'The Pursuits of Literature' was extremely offensive to him. It was believed that the personal severity of several of the observations in that book had drawn on the supposed author some very disagreeable demands for satisfaction, which he evaded by equivocating about the authorship, a denial which he felt himself bound to persist in to the last. In stature, Mathias was below the middle size, being scarcely taller than Mr. Godwin. In face, he bore a striking resemblance to Sir Francis Burdett. He was particularly neat in his attire, and scrupulously clean in his person. He was universally respected at Naples, and though possessed of little, if any, fortune besides the pension granted to him by the late king, he maintained an independent and respectable station, and was a welcome guest in all the houses occupied by English residents. Among other nervous peculiarities he had a constant dread of being driven over by the vehicles continually passing through the populous streets of Naples, and it was often a source of amusement to his acquaintances, to see him anxiously watching what he considered a safe opportunity of passing the cross-way, advancing with precipitation, and, when in the middle, retreating in terror, though no danger threatened, so that it often took him whole hours to walk half a mile if obliged to cross the street. 'Bless my soul—bless my soul! how dreadfully dangerous!' (would he exclaim); 'I was within a moment of being killed!' though the carriage at whose approach he trembled was twenty yards off. He was a gastronome in the full extent of the word, took a lively interest in the first appearance of green peas, was a connoisseur in wild boar, and could disengage a beccafico from its envelope of vine-leaves, in much less than the ordinary time bestowed on such an operation, murmuring to himself all the time, 'Bless my soul, how very delicious!—how very delicious!' The fine climate, the cheapness of the luxuries he liked, the cheerful society, and the respect his acquirements had won for him, must have rendered the residence of Mr. Mathias at Naples the most agreeable part of his life. He spoke of it as such, and seemed to shrink as if exposed to cold, when a return to England was named, as among the possibilities of fate. Peace be to his shade! he has dropped into the grave full of years, leaving many friends, and not one enemy—for those he had excited by the 'Pursuits of Literature' he outlived."

#### NEWTON, THE PAINTER.

Gilbert Stuart Newton, Member of the Royal Academy, and an artist of no common talents, died at Chelsea, on the 5th of August, in the fortieth year of his age: he had been long ailing; his decay, bodily and mental, was not unknown either to his friends or the admirers of his genius, and the extinction of his life cannot but be regarded rather as a blessing than a visitation. He was born at Boston, in America, where a love of art came early upon him; so early, that he had already distinguished himself in original composition, when, about twenty years ago, he came to London, and entered as a student in the Royal Academy. His countryman, Leslie, had preceded him, and both improved themselves by the examples of Reynolds and West, and found advantage in the counsel of Fuseli, to study from nature, and feel for themselves. Though Newton acquired skill both in drawing and colour, and became acquainted with the fine proportions and harmonious unities of the antique, he was more remarkable for delineations in which beau-ideal drawing had little to do but expression everything. He loved to find subjects as well as sentiment in his own heart and fancy; and it was truly observed of him, that he had less inclination for the stern and the severe, than for the soft, the gentle, and the affecting. He had also the good sense to see, that for pictures of colossal dimensions the houses of England had no room, and that for subjects

denominated the high historic the people had little taste: instead, therefore, of attempting to force "camels and dromedaries" down the public throat, he contented himself with painting small pictures fit for ladies' chambers, as well as large galleries; and the subjects which he embodied were either drawn from scenes around him, or found in the pages of our writers and poets.

The chief works of Newton we visited while he resided in Great Marlborough-street: he occupied the first floor of the house No. 41, and though extremely neat—nay, fastidious about his dress, he was far from paying the same attention to his chambers, for his compositions were scattered carelessly around: the finished and unfinished were huddled together, and broken models and bits of ribbon and withered flowers abounded. To enumerate all his pictures would be difficult, for they are scattered over England, and may be found in the most select collections: many are in his native America, where it is to be hoped their simplicity and their beauty will not be unfelt. To name a few of them will be sufficient to awaken pleasing recollections in the minds of our readers:—1. Portia and Bassanio, from the Merchant of Venice; 2. Lear attended by Cordelia and the Physician; 3. Lady Mary Fox; 4. Abelard; 5. Jessica and Shylock; 6. The Vicar of Wakefield restoring his daughter to her mother; 7. Sir Walter Scott. His happiest works are of a domestic and poetic kind; he loved to seek expression in a living face, and, moulding it to his will, unite it to a fancy all his own: some of his single figures, particularly females, are equal in sentiment and colour to anything in modern art. They are stamped with innocence as well as beauty. He was a slow workman, and accomplished all by long study and repeated touches; he dashed off nothing by a lucky stroke, and had no professional fever fits. Some of his sketches even surpassed his finished compositions; elaborate detail and studied finish seemed now and then to injure the simplicity and abate the expression. Newton was tall and handsome, an agreeable companion, and abounded in anecdote.

DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA.

He was well known to the literary world by several works of fiction, and dramatic productions. Novels, in three volumes, and regular comedies in English, from the pen of a foreigner, were not only curious, but, perhaps, unexampled in our literature. And they possessed such considerable merit in almost every respect, as to procure for them no small share of popularity. De Trueba's tastes and inclinations were greatly devoted to pursuits connected with the *Belles Lettres*; and he was a zealous contributor to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, and other periodicals. In manners he was gentlemanly; and, mixing with the best society, he not only supplied his mind with subjects for observation, but was enabled to take a tone not always within the scope of the painters of manners, and the passing times. Having returned to his native country, Spain, about two years ago, he was elected a member of the Procuradors, where his knowledge of England, her constitution and feelings, as well as his general information, must have made him eminently useful. We have now to regret his premature death at Paris, at, we should suppose, an age under thirty years.

FRANCIS GOODWIN, ESQ.

Mr. Goodwin, the architect, died, on the 30th of August, from apoplexy; the result, it is conjectured, of his application and anxiety of mind for some time previous, during which he had been unremittingly employed in preparing designs for the new Houses of Parliament. Mr. Goodwin frequently displayed great ability in arranging a complex subject, and the designs he made, about two years ago, for a new House of Commons, were allowed to be of a very superior order. He had never executed any

thing in the metropolis itself, nor, we believe, in this part of the kingdom; all the churches and other public buildings which he erected being in Lancashire and the adjoining counties. A list of them will be found in the introduction to the second series of his *Domestic Architecture*; we shall, therefore, only mention the Town Hall at Manchester, which may, perhaps, be considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, at least as regards the interior. In almost every competition for a building of any importance, drawings were sent in by Mr. Goodwin, and these frequently obtained for him one of the premiums offered. This was the case with regard to the new Grammar School at Birmingham, a drawing of which was exhibited by him last year at Somerset House. Some few years ago, he brought before the public a scheme for an extensive cemetery in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis, the drawings for which were exhibited gratuitously for several months, at an office taken for the purpose in Parliament Street. The grounds were to have been ornamented with a variety of edifices, copied from the principal buildings at Athens, of some of which there would have been duplicates in the corresponding parts of the inclosure. This project excited some attention at first, but soon died away; and, in fact, it was upon such a scale that it could hardly have been realised. During a great part of last year, Mr. Goodwin was in Ireland, preparing designs for extensive additions to the College at Belfast, including a magnificent building for a museum, the plan of which would have been ingenious and novel; and he was also going to erect some baths at Dublin: yet both these undertakings seem to have been altogether abandoned.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married.*—At Manchester, Edward Bellasis, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, to Eliza Jane, only daughter of William Garnett, Esq., of Lark-hill, Salford.

At Felbrigg, the Hon. Richard Hare, grandson of the Earl of Listowel, and Captain in the 36th Regiment, to Mary Christina, fourth daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, Norfolk.

At Alderley, Lieut. Col. Wm. Henry Scott, Scotch Fusilier Guards, to Harriet Alethea, fifth daughter of Sir John Thomas Stanley, of Alderley, Bart.

At Chelmsford, Henry Methold, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn-fields, youngest son of the Rev. Thos. Methold, Rector of Stoneham, Suffolk, to Sophia Jane, only daughter of the late Geo. Porter, Esq., of Weald Side Lodge, Essex.

At Bromley, Kent, Herbert Jenner, Esq., eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner, to Maria Kleonora, third daughter of the late George Norman, Esq., of Bromley Common.

At Lower Norwood, Edward, eldest surviving son of Lieut.-Col. Williamson, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late George Graut, Esq., of Shenley-hill, Herts.

At St. Marylebone Church, Captain W. J. Hughes, 4th Light Dragoons, to Georgina Frances, only daughter of Major-General Sir Loftus Otway.

At Hampstead Church, Thomas Andrews, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Serjeant-at-Law, to Amelia, youngest daughter of Thos. Maynard, Esq., of Frognal-rise.

At Pennard, Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., to

Mary, widow of Berkeley Napier, Esq., of Pennard House, Somerset.

C. Gill, Esq., brother of Sir Robert Gill, to Frances, daughter of the late Lady Murray, and widow of Capt. Ferdinand Williamson.

*Died.*—Aged 71, Lieut.-Col. T. V. Reynolds, formerly Inspector General of Military Surveys.

In her 66th year, Lady Gibbons, wife of Sir John Gibbons, Bart., of Stauwell-place, Middlesex.

In her 44th year, Mary, the wife of the Rev. Robert Tritton, Rector of Morden, Surrey.

At Brighton, Edward Sidgwick, Esq., of the Paragon, Blackheath.

At Clifton, Charles Frederick Cock, Esq., of Montagu street, Russell-square, in his 36th year.

At Twyford Lodge, Sussex, Major General Robt. Sewell, 89th Regiment.

William Holt, Esq., Surgeon, of Tottenham, in his 75th year.

On board the ship Duke of Roxburgh, on his way to Mauritius, where he was proceeding for the benefit of his health, Thomas Mainwaring, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service.

At Kingston, Hants, Mrs. Drury, aged 82, relict of R. V. Drury, Esq., and granddaughter of the celebrated Dr. Gibson, late Bishop of London.

At Hampton Court, aged 82, Mrs. Bowater, relict of the late Admiral Bowater.

In the Avenue-road, Regent's Park, George Ripley, Esq., in his 45th year.

**PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES**  
**IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND,**  
**AND IRELAND.**

**LONDON.**

*Renovation of Westminster Hall.*—Westminster Hall looks vastly improved for the changes that have taken place within its walls; procrastinated as have been the labours of renovation, and unpromising as are the appearances of completion, the side walls and the arms constituting the terminations of the supporters of the roof, are entirely renovated, and present a remarkably beautiful appearance. The mouldings and other ornaments also present all the freshness of novelty. The appearances are delightful to the antiquarian. The southern window, that abutting upon Abingdon-street, has also undergone entire renovation, and the walls adjoining it and the surmounting turret that used to be, have scaffolding preparatory to the work of restoration. A small door-way at the farther end of the hall, to communicate with the Houses of Parliament, is retained; but it is so constructed as to be in some degree in accordance with the architecture of the hall, instead of presenting, like the olden door-way, a square wood-work, as if the door led from one parlour to another. With respect to the period when this work (which was to be finished somewhere about last Christmas), is really to be completed, there are no means of judging, but it is quite evident that it is not likely to be finished for some time yet.

**CORNWALL.**

*Supply of Tin.*—For some little time past, much anxiety has existed in the mining districts of this county, in consequence of an application by the tin-plate manufacturers to the Board of Trade for a diminution of the import duty on tin. We believe that for the present this has been refused; but we fear that the terms in which that determination was couched were such as to induce the manufacturers to contemplate a similar application during the next session of Parliament. Now, notwithstanding an advance of the price of white tin from 75s. to 85s. per cwt. has very lately taken place, we have still a diminishing supply; and on an average of the county, we fear that the tin mines are little, if at all, more than paying their current costs. The diminution of the import duty would occa-

sion the immediate substitution of Banca tin for Cornish refined tin in the tin-plate manufacture; and when we see that of 3900 tons produced by the mines in Cornwall and Devon in the past year, 3400 tons were consumed at home, we need hardly point out that the consequence of such a measure would be the stopping of almost all our tin mines, of which the return is about one-fourth of the value of the entire mining produce of Cornwall. — *Falmouth Packet.*

**LANCASHIRE.**

*Extraordinary Upheaving of Masses of Rock.*—A remarkable phenomenon has occurred at the quarry of Dr. Hughes, in Toxteth-park. Whilst the workmen were engaged in their labours, they observed a mass of rock with a quantity of superincumbent earth upon it, which would weigh at least 100 tons, suddenly to heave and rise six inches; after which it immediately settled into its proper position, cracking the rock in various places, and leaving other marks of convulsion.—*Liverpool Mercury.* The preceding statement will probably appear incredible to many of our readers; but it is an undoubted fact, that a few years ago an immense mass of rock in the tunnel of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, rose several inches, and stopped the navigation of the canal until it was cut down to the former level.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**WORCESTER.**

*County Rates.*—A circular has been sent round to the magistrates in this county, and it would seem throughout the kingdom, requesting them to make a return to the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of County Rates, of the amount of fees received by clerks under the heads specified, distinguishing the amount paid directly, or in the end reimbursed by the county, from that which is borne by individuals. This, we suppose, is preparatory to that thorough investigation of the expenses of public prosecutions to which the Commissioners allude in their last report. It seems probable, from the mode in which the return is ordered, that the Commissioners contemplate, by the formation of a general fee list, to equal-

ize these charges, which now, we understand, vary materially in different parts of the kingdom.—*Worcester Herald.*

## YORK.

*The Organ of York Minster.*—The organ of York Cathedral is the largest in the United Kingdom, and taken in all its advantages, not surpassed, we believe, by any organ on the continent. It has three sets of keys of six octaves each, and two octaves of pedal keys. The number of stops is 56, and of pipes about 4500. The great organ at Haarlem has 60 stops, and nearly 5000 pipes; but while it has only two pipes of 32 feet long, and eight of 16 feet, the York organ has four of 32 feet, and 20 of 16 feet. The diameter of the 32 feet double metal diapason is 20 inches, and the diagonal of the double wood diapason of the same length is four feet. The distribution of the stops in this instrument is thus—24 to the great organ, 10 to the choir organ, 12 to the swelling organ, and 10 to the pedals. There are six copula stops, and seven composition pedals, and there are 60 complete ranks of pipes through the manuals. Recently a great improvement has been made in the effect of this instrument, by an elevation of the swell box, which before lay too closely on the ranks of pipes below, so as very greatly to injure their power and effect. By raising the swell box, sufficient space has been given for the sound of these once half-smothered pipes to expand into full volume; and the improvement is well worth the expense of the alteration; and the additional tabernacle work which has been required to conceal the swell box is now elevated above the original case. The old organ of the cathedral, destroyed by the fire of 1829, though greatly inferior to the Haarlem in the numbers of its stops and pipes, that of the former being 52, and of the latter 3254, yet it greatly exceeded it in the number of its large scale stops, carrying with it, therefore, the preference of musical men, who found in it all the power and depth of the continental instruments, combined with the sweetness and mellowness of the English. If its predecessor could thus claim a preference over its Dutch rival, the present instrument undoubtedly surpasses it very greatly, being in fact by far the most remarkable organ in the world in its large scale stops, though several organs on the continent exceed both it and the Haarlem organ in the number of pipes; but this is no

conclusive proof of either the excellence or the size and power of the instrument, as small and bad pipes will count as well as the largest and the best.—*York Gazette.*

## IRELAND.

A moving bog has been lately witnessed on a part of Lord O'Neil's estate, in the neighbourhood of Rardalstown, on the Ballymena road, and about two miles and a half from the former town. On the 19th ult., in the evening, the first movement occurred. A person who was near the ground was surprised to hear a rumbling noise, as if under the earth; and immediately after, his surprise was not a little increased on perceiving a part of the bog move pretty rapidly forward, a distance of a few perches. It then halted, and exhibited a broken rugged appearance, with a soft peaty substance boiling up through the chinks. It remained in this state till the 22nd, when it suddenly moved forward at a quick rate, covering corn-fields, potato-fields, turf-stacks, hay in ricks, &c.; not a vestige of which now remains to be seen. So sudden and rapid was this movement, that the adjacent mail coach road was covered in a few minutes, or rather moments, to a depth of nearly twenty feet. It then directed its course towards the River Maine, which lay below it; and so great was its force, and such the quantity of matter carried along, that the moving mass was forced a considerable way across the river. In consequence of the late heavy rains, the river has again found its channel through the matter deposited in its bed; otherwise the water would have been forced back, and immense damage done to the land on the banks. The fish in the river have been killed to a considerable distance. The damage done by this mossy inundation has been very considerable. About 150 acres of excellent arable land have been covered, and rendered totally useless. Down the middle of the projected matter a channel has been formed, through which there is a continual flow of a dark, peaty substance over ground where, only two weeks ago, the reapers were at work. A house close by the road is so far overwhelmed that only a part of the roof is to be seen. Besides the actual damage sustained, the utmost alarm prevails; and the people living adjacent to the place have been removing their furniture, &c., to a distance.—*Northern Whig.*

THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE LAST IN THE LEASE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"WHY, then, Grace, where was the good of all the larning I gave you, girl darlint, if you won't read us what's on the paper; sure it's pleasant, at times, to hear the news."

"Uncle, dear, sure it's all the pleasure in life I'd have in accommo-  
dating you," replied Grace, still continuing to twirl her wheel. "Only that, you see, I can't read and spin at the same time."

"What news you tell us," persisted Corney Burnett, or as he was commonly called "Black Burnett;" "what news you tell us. Who ever expected you to read and spin at the same time? And indeed, dear Grace, its glad of an excuse I'd be, set aside the reading, to get you from your wheel; the bur and the twirl of it's never out of my eyes nor ears."

"It's eager to make the linen I am, to keep us clean and comfortable, —and you above all, uncle; to see you comfortable, sure, is the pride of my life, to say nothing of the blessing."

"Thank you, Grace; I believe it from my heart. And why shouldn't I? since the day I promised my poor brother (God be good to him!) to be a father to the both of you, I never had an aching heart on *your* account, anyhow."

"Nor on account of poor Michael either, uncle. Poor Michael, for the sense God has left in him, is as good a boy as is to be found in a month of Sundays."

"Ay," replied Burnett, sorrowfully; "but it's very mournful to see him sitting there, staring into the turf fire, and seeming to care for nothing on the living earth but that cur of a dog."

"Snap loves him dearly: it's wonderful, so it is, to see how he watches every turn Michael takes; the poor bast's eye is never tired looking at him, nor his ear never shut to his voice," said Grace, putting aside her wheel and unfolding the remnants of a tattered newspaper.

"Read the news—read the news," reiterated the half-idiot boy, who had been, as his uncle truly said, staring into the turf fire, his dog curled round his feet, and his long, bony fingers clasped over his knees. "Read the news, Grace. What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself,—what you see wrong in others, mend in yourself:—is that the news, Grace?"

Grace could hardly forbear smiling at the rapidity with which he pronounced and repeated a sentence that had obtained for him the sobriquet of "Preaching Michael;" and she replied,—“I think, Mick, honey, it would be news if people did so.”

"Ay," repeated the idiot, "what you see wrong in others, mend in yourself."

"Hold your whisht, will you?" exclaimed Black Burnett. "What name's to the paper you've got, Grace?"

"That's more than I can tell you, uncle dear," replied the gentle girl; "for the name's clean tore off: but suge it's no matter for the name; one paper's as good as another."

"Oh! be quiet, now; don't you mind that some papers are for one side, and some for t'other,—and both can't be right, that's an impossibility. How ould is it?"

"I can't tell that either, uncle; but it can't be very ould, for just down here it says that small bonnets are all the thing, and the last time Mrs. Hays, of the Grate house, was past here, she had a hat like a griddle; so, as she's tip-top, she'd have tip-top fashions. Why not? So I'm sure the paper's not over a fortnight printed, any way."

"Well, read what they're after saying in the big Houses of Parliament, and all about Counsellor Dan; read every word, not as you did the last loan of a paper I had: Barney Doolen told me twice as much out of it as you read, Grace."

"Barney made it, then," exclaimed Grace, nevertheless colouring deeply, for she knew the charge was not altogether unfounded, as she was in the habit of skipping a great deal. "Barney made the news, I say, uncle; for I read it from top to bottom,—and then again, and again,—and most of it backwards to plaze you: it took me as long as I'd spin a pound of flax—so it did."

"I wish I knew if that paper was one of the right sort," said Burnett, without heeding her observation.

"I'm sure it is," she replied; "for at the very top it begins with 'Father Mulvaney's Sarmon.'"

"A priest's sarmon put on the paper," repeated the good man, rubbing his hands glesomely, and drawing his "creepie" closer to the fire; "let's have it, Grace. Now show your fine larning, my girl;—but asy, there.—first let me light my *doodeen*. Augh!" he continued, after screwing up his tobacco in a piece of dirty brown paper and thrusting it into a hole in the wall "for safety." "Augh! Grady's tobacco isn't worth a farthing a pound—he always keeps it in paper."

"What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself," exclaimed the natural.

"He has you there," laughed pretty Grace, as she glanced at the paper-ends sticking out of the wall.

"Read the sarmon, —one at a time, if you plaze, Miss Grace," said Burnett, looking serious; but Grace, before she did her uncle's bidding, sprang up, and kissed his wrinkled cheek affectionately, whispering, "You are not angry with your own poor Grace?" The seriousness passed from the old man's brow, and Grace commenced showing her "larning." She had not finished the first sentence, however, when she stopped, and said, "Uncle, it's very strange, but this sarmon is spelt quare—not in good English."

"A mighty fine judge you are, to be sure," replied Burnett, again roused to the "short passing anger." "A mighty fine scholar you must be to faut a priest's sarmon and the printing of a newspaper! I suppose you'll be for preaching and printing yourself."

Grace recommenced:—

“ Boys and girls—but most particular boys—we must all die! Ay, indeed, die,—as sure as grass grows or wather runs. Now, you see that the grate min of *ould* times are all dead! . Not a mortial sowl of thim all alive.’ Uncle,” said Grace, pausing, “ do you think that’s true? ”

“ True ! ” repeated Black Burnett, not looking in the mildest manner from under the deep and shaggy brows which had gained him his cognomen ; “ to be sure ; and to all reason it’s true. Show me one of the people of *ould* times that’s alive . ”

“ Molly Myran, of Crag’s-pass, near Carrickburn, ’s above a hundred,” replied Grace, who feared, she hardly knew why, that the sermon was a sort of quiz upon the priesthood, though she dared not say so.

“ Molly Myran ! ” again repeated her uncle, contemptuously. “ God help the child ! Sure no one’s worth talking of amongst the rale ancients that’s less than a thousand or two ! Go on with the sarmon . ”

Grace continued—

“ ‘ There was Julius Casar, and twelve of them there was—*mortus est*—he’s dead ! ’ ”

“ Morty who ? ” inquired Burnett, sharply.

“ *Mortus est!*—M-O-R,” continued poor Grace, reading and then spelling the letters.

“ I hope you’re reading what’s on the paper,” persisted her uncle, doubtfully.

“ As true as Gospel,” she replied, “ that is what I’m reading. ‘ There was the great Cleopatra, an Egyptian, and a grate warrior ; he used to dhrink *purls* for *wather*—*mortus est*—he’s dead, too ! There was Marc Anthony, a great frind and co-ajutor of Cleopatra’s, he had a grate turn for boating and the like—*mortus est*—he’s dead, too ! There was Charlcymange, a grate Frinch man of larning and tongues, and with all his larning—*mortus est*—he’s dead, too ! There was the grate Alexandre, the general of the whole wide world ! ’ ”

“ Lord save us ! ” ejaculated the old man, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe against a stone which projected from the back of the chimney.

“ ‘ The whole wide world ! ’ ” repeated Grace ; “ ‘ he used to roar and bawl whenever he couldn’t set a faction fight a-foot ; and it isn’t at that he’d stop, if he had his own way, for it was all fun to him ;—*mortus est!*—he’s dead, too ! There was the great Cicero, a mighty fine pracher, like myself,—*mortus est*—he’s dead, too ! There was the wonderful Arkimedays, he was a great magician, an admiral, and a navigator ; he used to set ships o’ fire by just looking at them through a spy-glass ; he had an eye, boys, like a process. *Mortus est*—he’s dead too !—’ ”

“ Grace,” interrupted the old man, “ I believe, after all, you’re right. I wish I had the name of that paper. I don’t think it’s of the true sort, so I’ll *roul* it up, put it into my pocket, show it to his reverence at the ‘ station ’ on Friday, and ask him if the sarmon’s a right one . ”

“ Just let me go over it a bit first,” said Grace, intending doubtless to refer to the paragraphs on fashion, as all girls in Ireland and out of Ireland invariably do. “ Sure, I’m not so fond of spending my time at anything of the sort . ” She continued looking over column after

column, until at last she came to a name she thought she had heard her uncle speak of.

"Didn't you know one James Kenneth, uncle?"

"To be sure I did, Grace. What has honest Jemmy been after to be put on the paper?"

"He's dead, uncle."

"The Lord be good, to us!" ejaculated the old man; "James Kenneth was fifteen years to the good younger than me!—My poor Grace!"—

"Why, what had I to do with him?" inquired the girl, astonished at her uncle's earnestness.

"Not much to be sure,—and yet you had, Grace, as a body may say."—

"But what's very strange, uncle, is, that just under his death, is the death of his son Thomas,—a young man in his seventeenth year!"

Grace was so intent on the paragraph, for people are always touched by the deaths of those who are nearly their own age, that she kept her eyes fixed on the paper, and it was some minutes before she perceived that a deadly palor had overspread her uncle's countenance. She sprang from her seat, when she looked up, and flinging her arms round his neck, inquired if he was ill.

I have observed the manifestations of joy and grief in the inhabitants of many lands. The Scotch are wisely taught from infancy to subdue their feelings; they bring them at an early period of life under a quaker-like subjection, which, though decidedly advantageous to themselves, shadows a coldness upon the feelings of others. The expressions of English sympathy or anxiety, though the sincerest in the world, are blunt and ungraceful. You feel that those of French tenderness are tricked and garlanded with a view to effect; their tears are shed after a form—their sorrow is made picturesque. But the anxiety, the earnestness, the truthfulness of Irish sympathy—sorrow—tenderness—burst uncontrolled from the heart,—the *young* heart I should say, for *old* hearts learn how to regulate their feelings, and it is well they do, for otherwise they would go hackled and tortured to their graves. To one accustomed only to the well-bred griefs of modern society, the earnest and gushing sympathy with which an Irish girl enters into the joys, griefs, hopes and fears of those she loves, presents quite a new and delightful reading of human nature,—it is most beautiful and eloquent in its character! She loses all consideration of self—she weeps—she laughs—because those she loves weep or laugh. She forgets that she is a separate creation—and feels as if created for her friends—friends!—the word is all too cold to express her devotion, it must be seen to be understood—excited, or it can never be appreciated as it deserves. Grace Burnett was a creature of smiles and tears—a sunbeam or a shadow. She had never been seen to frown, though she was often sad, because her uncle was at times moody, even to ill-temper—the neighbours said they sometimes pitied her; had they understood the happiness she felt in soothing his irritations, they would have envied her her delight when saying—"No one can please my dear uncle half as well as I." Grace was proud of the influence her affectionate gentleness had gained over Black Burnett. And now, when she hung

round him and inquired so earnestly if he was ill, and what troubled him, she thought her heart would break at his continued silence: even her idiot brother seemed to sympathize with her—he fidgetted on his seat, looked at her, shuffled his fingers through his hair, and at last came and stood by her side.

“Something’s come entirely over him that I’ve no skill in,” she said at last, despairingly.—“Mick, speak to him, Mick—he’ll mind you, maybe?”

“What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself;” muttered the idiot.

“Ay, Grace—my poor Grace—and that’s it sure enough;” said her uncle, recovering from his stupor,—“that’s it!—the sermon that poor natural preaches was ever more in my ear, and maybe that was the reason it did not reach my heart—‘What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself.’—Wasn’t I constant at Mr. Hanway of Mount-Grove, to get a lease of years, instead of lives, for his farm?—didn’t I worry Mr. Maguire till he had his lease properly drawn;—and when forty acres of the best arable land in the county went clean out of the hands of Nicholas Cruise, who passed so many censures on his carelessness as Black Burnett?”

“What you see wrong in others, mend in yourself,” again said Michael.

“By the blessed saints!” exclaimed Burnett, his agitated feelings taking another turn, and glad of escape by words or violence, “if you repeat that to me again, you poor tantalizing ill-featured fool! I’ll find if there’s any brains in your skull!—It’s a purty thing for you to be reproaching me, that nursed you since you came out of your shell.” Michael and Snap paired off into the chimney-corner, and Grace burst into tears.

“Ay, cry;—you may well cry, Grace, but it’s no use. I’m ould, and almost helpless,—and God only knows”—continued the farmer, as he paced up and down the spacious kitchen, which his father and grandfather had trod before him—“God only knows how long I may be in the land of the living; and then, Grace, then what is to become of you?”

“Mc, uncle?”

“Ay, you, uncle!—why you’re growing as great an *omadawn* as your brother!”

Grace feared to ask a question, but still the tears rained down her cheeks.

“Haven’t you heard me say, that I had three lives in the new lease of this place,—James Kenneth, and his son Thomas,—Thomas, who was born the same year as you, my poor Grace,—and—but the Lord forgive me, what an ould sinner I am!—Tom Kenneth cut off, as a body may say, in the very bud of his youth—the same age as you, Gracy—within a week the same age,—yet he is taken,—a fine, strong, healthy boy—he is taken—and you, a delicate, weakly girl, but the delight and treasure of your uncle’s heart—you are left upon the earth, and in my own house, to bless it, as you have always done;—God forgive me my sins!—but I was always a passionate man—hot, and hasty,—you’ll forgive me, my child?”

The old man kissed the daughter of his heart and his adoption; and in the twinkling of an eye, the sorrow passed from her lovely face—quicker than she could wipe away the tears.

"Sure, thanks be to God, I've heard you say that your own life's in the lease, and sure that's to the good still, and will be, please the Almighty, for many a long day to come.—And, uncle dear, maybe the landlord would still renew it upon years;—and even if he didn't, don't fret on our account, for——"

Before she could finish her sentence there was a loud knock at the cottage door; Snap, in his eagerness to investigate the character and demands of the visiter, overturned the wheel, and without heeding the mischief he had done, poked his snub nose through an aperture in the post, and growled angrily. The doors of Irish cottages are seldom fastened; indeed, during the last month, notwithstanding what is called in England "the *disturbed* state of the country," I slept more than a week in the house of a Conservative gentleman, residing in the midst of a Catholic community, whose doors and windows were never disfigured by bolt, bar, or lock, though the house was known to contain much plate, and some fire-arms. I question if this could occur in any part of *undisturbed* England!

The visiter opened the door at which he had knocked, before Burnett had time to raise the latch,—but Grace, as her uncle turned to do so, made time enough to whisper Michael, "If you'll be a good boy, and not repeat what vexed uncle just now, for three days, I'll give you a rosy-checked apple, and butter to the potatoes for a week."—Mick laughed with delight, and Grace finished her speech just in time to say "Kindly welcome," illustrated by a pretty curtsey to the muffled-up stranger, who was now standing in the midst of the apartment. He was a stout thick-set man, whose blue great-coat, strong brogues, and well-fitting beaver, told of his belonging to the "warmer" portion of the commonalty;—his "shillelah" was more carved than as it is usually seen in a countryman's hand, and when he politely removed his hat, his brown clustering hair curled around a handsome, yet disagreeable countenance;—at least, so Grace considered it,—she thought of the simile in the mock sermon she had just read, of "a look being as bad as a process;" and after dusting a chair with her apron, and pushing it towards him, she waited, expecting that he would speak in reply to the friendly greetings he had already received. He stood, however, in his old position, looking alternately at Burnett, at Grace, at Michael, and then investigating, with curious eye, every article of furniture in the kitchen—the delf neatly arranged upon the dresser—the three deal chairs—the stools and "bosses"—the noggins—the settle—the wheel, that most unusual piece of furniture in an Irish cottage,—a small work-table, and a neat book-shelf "facing the dresser,"—all were carefully scrutinized—until at last Burnett became annoyed at his visiter's rudeness, and in a rough tone said, "he hoped he liked all he saw, for he would be sure to know them again."

"Ay," replied the man; "like, to be sure I do—everything here is to be liked—and——" his eye glanced familiarly at Grace, "loved, for the matter of that—but——" he paused, and looked round again—and again.

"It's a wild night, and I'm thinking you'd better take an air of the fire," said Burnett.

"Thank ye, so I will; it feels very comfortable," said the stranger, walking under the shadow of the wide chimney, and spreading out his hands to the heat, which Grace had increased by the addition of some

“ sods” of turf. “ The boy—a natural—the dog,” he continued, talking aloud, and yet as if to himself; “ the dog—the pretty girl—everything exactly as I saw it—it is very strange!”

“ May I make so bold as to ask what is so strange?” inquired Burnett.

“ Everything—everything here,” he replied, turning his back to the fire, and again surveying the apartment.

“ Nothing out of the common, Sir, barring Grace’s little work-table—a compliment from the carpenter,” observed the simple-minded man, while Grace blushed beautifully at the allusion to her—(truth will out)—her lover!

“ Stranger and stranger still,” resumed the traveller; “ and that *that* young lady’s name should be Grace!”

“ Young lady!” repeated Burnett; “ she’s an honest man’s daughter, and a good little girl, but no lady.”

“ She’s your niece, and that poor fellow’s your nephew, and that dog’s name is Snap, and your name is Corney Burnett, commonly called Black Corney, or Black Burnett.”

“ Holy Mary defend us!” ejaculated Grace, crossing herself; even Mick opened his large brown eyes; while their uncle said, “ Why then it’s known you must be among the neighbours, though you’re strange to me, and your tongue’s not of this country.”

“ I have walked seventeen miles since I entered a house—I was never in this part of the world before—and I was born in foreign parts; and yet I am as much at home here as if I had lived in the parish all my life! Every stick of your furniture I feel as used to as if it had been my own!”

Black Burnett crossed himself as he turned to look round his cottage, and Grace slid slyly out of the kitchen into her little chamber, and dipping her fingers in the vase of holy water that hung at the head of her humble bed, sprinkled herself with it; wetting her fingers again, so that on her return to the kitchen she might convey a few drops to her brother’s person: her uncle wore a scapular, so she considered *him* safe.

“ Why then, may I ask again how you gained your information?” questioned Burnett, as he seated himself opposite his mystifying guest, who on Grace’s return was seated also.

“ Indeed you may,” he replied; “ and what’s not always the case, I’ll answer you—I *dreamt it!*” Upon this there was a loud exclamation, and a general crossing succeeded. Their visiter looked round and smiled. “ Do not be ashamed of your religion, my good friends; I have been in many countries, and one religion’s as good as another if it’s acted up to; that’s my belief. Cross yourself again, my pretty maid, and you too, Master Burnett, and I will tell you how it was; but first let me ask, is there not a deep lye of sand-pits near this, a little way off the road leading to the left?”

“ There is!” replied the uncle and niece together.

“ And—now mark me! is there not a very large elm tree a few perches farther on?”

“ There is!” responded the same voices.

“ And when you pass that, you descend a steep green valley?”

“ You do!”

“ At the foot of the valley runs a bright clear stream, with a bridge over it ? ”

“ There *did* run a stream there,” said Burnett; “ but Peter Pike turned it into his milldam, as I told him, contrary to nature and Act of Parliament; so that now there’s a bridge without any water under it.”

The traveller’s countenance fell, but it brightened immediately, and he continued, “ And farther down that stream are the ruins of an old abbey; and under the south window of that abbey stands a broad, flat, marble stone ? ”

“ Ay, true enough,” said Burnett; “ I’ve pegged my top on it many a time when I was a boy.”

“ Peter Pike, then, has not turned that stone into his milldam,” persisted the stranger, smiling; “ and as it remains there—why, my friend, our fortune’s made—that’s all ! ”

“ I don’t see—I don’t understand—You’ve not insensed me into it yet,” said Burnett.

“ The time’s not come for telling all; I have said enough to prove to you, that without ever having been here before, I knew exactly what I have told, and more too, which, when I have had some refreshment, you shall know.”

What the Irish peasant has to give, he gives freely, be it much or little. Hospitality has been called the virtue of savage life; be it so; its exercise is delightful to the wayfarer. As the evening advanced, it was evident that notwithstanding Grace’s desire to hear all the stranger had to communicate, he was not disposed to gratify her curiosity, and she and her brother were soon dismissed to their beds. There was a half-finished closet inside Grace Burnett’s little room, which served (if truth must be told) as the nursing chamber of a pet calf, which she was rearing with more than ordinary care; for the creature was milk-white, devoid of spot or blemish, and consequently regarded with superstitious tenderness. As the stranger was to occupy Mick’s bed, the poor natural was content to share the calf’s straw; but when his sister went to cover him with a supernumerary blanket, she found him sitting, his arms unfolding the neck of his favourite dog, and his eyes staring with the expression of one who listens attentively.

“ Go to sleep, Michael.”

“ Whisht ! ” exclaimed the boy, holding up his finger.

“ What ails you, Astore ? ”

“ Whisht ! ” he again repeated.

“ Lie down, Michael.”

“ No, no; I saw—whisht !—I saw what Lanty Pike kills the birdcens with, peepin’, peepin’, peepin’ in the strange man’s breast—I saw the muzzle of it—he! he! Uncle’s the fool, if uncle trusts him—whisht ! ”

The astonishment occasioned by the stranger’s story at once faded from Grace’s mind; but if it did, her first impression revived with tenfold strength. How was her uncle to make his fortune? What connection could he have with the traveller’s dream, or the broad flat stone in the old grey abbey?—Her spirit sunk within her. A tythe-proctor had been murdered about two years before, and thrown into the gravel pit. Her heart beat feebly within her bosom, and half creeping, half staggering to the door of her chamber, she put her eye close to the latch-hole, and saw to her astonishment her uncle evidently preparing to accompany

the stranger out, though the night was dark and stormy; the traveller was already equipped, and Black Burnett was putting on his "big coat." Nor did it escape the girl's observation, that the whisky bottle was nearly empty, and that though the stranger was perfectly sober, her uncle's cheek was flushed and his step unsteady. She was about to let them see that she was not gone to bed, and to entreat her uncle not to go forth that night, when she remembered that their cottage was "a good step" from any other dwelling, and that if their mysterious guest intended violence, he could easily overpower a half-drunken man and a feeble girl; poor Michael was always counted as nothing. She saw her uncle take up his spade from out the corner, and notwithstanding the stranger's entreaties to be permitted to carry it, she was pleased to observe he persisted in his determination to bear it himself. A tremor she could not account for came over her, and as they closed the outer door, she nearly fainted.

Black Burnett and his visiter proceeded on their way in the direction of the gravel pits.

"You're sure of the road?" inquired the stranger.

"Am I sure that this is my own hand?" replied Burnett; "first the gravel pits—then the bridge—no, then the elm—then the bridge—then the ould abbey—then the flat stone! Ah! what will the neighbours say, when Grace flourishes off to mass on a side-saddle? and to think of your bringing me such news just as I'd got into the doldrums about the lease. Three days—three nights, I mean—since you dreamt of the goold?"

"Three, exactly."

"Under the flat stone?"

"Ay! do let me carry the spade; and see, as we seem to be on the edge of the gravel pit, had you not better walk next to it? you know it, and I don't."

"I thought you said you war up to every turn of the crag, through the drame?"

"Ay, to be sure; but give me the spade."

"I tell you I won't; hav'n't you the bag that's to carry home the red goold? Lord, how they will all stare! Grace sha'n't put off ould uncle then with a bottle of whisky; I'll have a whole cask! Whir, man alive! can't you walk straight, as I do? you almost had me over the edge of the pit, and there's good six feet wather in the bottom of it. There, just where the moon shines, is the elm-tree, and——"

In all human probability the word would have been his last, for the murderer's grasp was on the arm of his intended victim, but that Michael—the half-idiot Michael—with a whoop and a halloo, bearing a lighted stick in his hand, rushed so closely by them that the sparks of his wild brand starred the stranger's coat; while Snap, hearing his master's voice, barked either in glee or anger.

"Hurroo! hurroo! Uncle, uncle, here's the light for your's or the devil's pipe! Hurroo! night-rovers—ill-gatherers! hurroo! hurroo!" and shouting and jumping, Michael kept before his uncle, now tossing his torch into the air, and then whirling it round his head.

"Send the cub to his den," said the stranger, in so fierce a tone of voice, that the inebriated Burnett noted the change, and turned to look at his companion.

“Send the idiot home,” he continued, “or, by the Lord, I’ll send him somewhere else;” and, as he spoke, he drew a pistol from his vest.

The sight of the weapon sobered the old man in a moment: “Stop, stop!” he exclaimed, “if you hurt a hair of that boy’s head, you’ll pay for it—that’s all. You’re no true man to draw a pistol on such a natural as that;—besides, what use have you for the fire-arms?”

“Use,” repeated the traveller; “why, you know your country has not the reputation of being the quietest in the world. So, for my own personal safety”——

“Quietest!”—repeated Burnett,—“I’ll trouble you not to say anything against the country. I’m thinking you’re not the sort I took you for,—to offer to fire at a poor natural, whom every man in the parish would fight to purtect; and then to abuse Ould Ireland!”

“My good friend,” interrupted the stranger, “let me beg of you to send that boy home; to trust our secret with an idiot would be absurd in the extreme.”

“As to getting Michael in, when Michael would rather be out, I might as well tie a rat with a sagan. There’s no use in gainsaying the poor natural. So I’m thinking the night is so wild, and that craythur so bent upon watching what I’m after, that we’d better go back;—to-morrow night will do as well.”

“If you’d just let me frighten him with a flash in the pan, it would send him to bed as gentle as a fawn.”

“Flash in the pan! God help you, man alive!—the whisper of a pistol even would send Michael over the whole town land before you could say Bannacher; and he’d have a crowd round us that would beat a priest’s funeral to nothing. No, no; all we’ve for it to-night, is to go back and be asy.”

Burnett was determined, and his companion was compelled to submit, after trying in vain to impress upon the farmer’s mind, that as it was the third night after the dream it was particularly favourable for such an adventure.

“Sure, the gould is there, and if it has stayed there for maybe a hundred or two years, what’s to take it away now, or before to-morrow night?” argued Black Burnett; but I much doubt if the idea would have influenced him, had not the sight of the pistol awoke his suspicious, or as he said himself, if something had not “come over him” that turned him homeward.

The next morning the stranger lingered about the cottage, making himself familiar with every winding and path in the vicinity, and trying, as it is called, to “make friends” with Michael. Michael, however, was true to his first feelings, and eyed the visiter as a shy dog may often be observed to regard a person who has treated him secretly with harshness, and yet would wish to be on outward terms of civility. He offered him gingerbread—Michael threw it in the fire; nuts—he flung them back into his lap. In the favour of Grace he made no progress either. His compliments were unregarded; and to complete his mortification, the favoured carpenter came there for a day or two. He could not help thinking that the carpenter had been sent for, either by Grace or Michael, as a spy upon his actions. He saw that every movement he made, every word he spoke was watched, and whatever plan of action he had formed was evidently frustrated for the present. Black

Burnett talked to his guest eagerly of the anticipated treasure; whatever suspicions or fears had been awakened in his mind had passed away with the darkness of night, and his habitual incaution and natural obstinacy tended to make him as easy a prey as a murderer could desire. The next night it blew a perfect hurricane—the sort of storm which a strong man cannot stand in—and the thunder and lightning sported in their fierceness with the winds and rain. The door of the cottage was forced in more than once; and as the fire gleamed upon the stranger's face (for he had gathered himself up, silent, moody, and disappointed, in Burnett's chimney-corner), Grace could hardly forbear thinking him the incarnation of an evil spirit. If superstition detracts from our wisdom, it adds to our poetry; it is the high-priest of a poetic mind, and I much doubt if a vivid imagination could exist without it. There is often more genuine poetry in the mind of an Irish peasant than critics would deem possible. The weather was such that no one dared venture out; and the more terrific the storm, the more Michael rejoiced. He leaped—he clapped his hands; he seemed to his sister as if under the impression that his uncle owed his safety to the war of elements, which shook the foundation their humble dwelling. At intervals the visiter and his host would look out upon the night, but it was only to return with discomfited aspects to their seats.

"Uncle," said Grace, drawing him gently aside, "Uncle, darlint, I want to spake a word to ye; it's about the lease, uncle. Matthew (her lover) has tould me that the landlord himself will be passing through Ross to-morrow, and he doesn't want any of us to know it, because he's always bothered about leases and the like; and you are sensible no Irish gentleman in the world likes to be tormented about business of any kind—he'd rather let it take its own course without toil; but Matthew says, uncle, that maybe as my mother nursed him, and poor Mike—weak though he is—is his own foster-brother—if I watched and could get a glimpse of him, he'd spake to me anyhow."

"I wouldn't be under a compliment to him for the lase," replied Burnett proudly. "Maybe, Grace, it's more than himself I'll have one of these days."

"Sure it's no compliment, if we pay the same as another; and you were never a gale behindhand in your life. And, uncle, honey! if it's trusting to drames you are"——

"You're not going to prache to me, are you?" said the impatient man, interrupting her.

"No, not prache, only there's a look betwixt yon man's two eyes that has no marcy in it. Uncle, a-cushla—take care of him!"

"You're a little fool—a worse natural than Mike—that's what you are!"

"But you'll take care—and about the lase?"

"Let me alone, will you? Grace, you're a spiled girl—that's what you are—and it's myself spiled you," replied Burnett, turning again to look out on the night, which, fortunately for him, was worse than ever. It was long past two before the family retired to rest; but Grace's head was too full to sleep. She was up with the lark; a calm and beautiful morning had succeeded the storm. Matthew, her handsome lover, was soon roused from his light slumbers in the barn, and she counselled with him long and earnestly upon her plans.

"The terror of that strange man leaves my heart when the daylight comes," said the innocent girl, "and yet I don't like to quit him alone with Mike and uncle. Mike thinks he'd have pitched uncle into the gravel-pits, Thursday night, but for him;—to be sure, there's no minding what Mike says."

Matthew thought differently; he said he had observed that, at times, her brother evinced much intelligence.

"The landlord will be in Ross about eleven, you say; and it's a long walk from this. A weary on the drames! But for the dramer, uncle himself would go, I know;—and yet there's thruth in them at times—and it was wonderful how he knew us all."

Matthew smiled.

"Can't I go myself, and you stay here?" she continued.

No; Matthew would not do that. What, let her go *alone*, as if no one cared for her, to meet her young and handsome landlord!—He didn't care about the lease—not he—but, to suffer her to go alone! If she thought it would make her mind easy, his brother Brien, the stonemason, should go to work at the New Pier "forenent" the house, and he would be a safeguard.

That was a pleasant proposal; and in her eager desire to obtain a promise from the landlord that he would grant her uncle a lease of years, she more than half persuaded herself that her fears were imaginary. "At all events," she argued, "no harm can happen him in the bames of the blessed sun. I'll be back before night; and if I do but bring the promise—the written promise from the landlord—uncle will be in a good humour; and then, maybe—maybe—I'd coax him over to give up the drame, and take a fresh oath against the whisky!"

Poor, poor Grace!

She wakened Michael, and telling him to take care of his uncle, promised him some fresh gingerbread if he was a good boy, and kept his promise; and having first left the breakfast ready, set off on her adventure, escorted by as true a lover and as sensible a friend as ever fell to the lot of a country-girl.

Matthew is a perfect jewel in his way—sober, attentive, and industrious;—fond of his home—of his wife, and children;—worthy to be held up as a pattern to all the married men in his country, whether poor or rich. I honour Matthew, and think him—(and that is saying a great deal)—as good as any English husband of my acquaintance. When Black Burnett got up, he was not a little annoyed at finding that pretty Grace had disappeared contrary to his desire; and though he well knew the cause of her absence, for once he had the prudence to keep his own council, saying only to his guest that she had gone to Ross. During the early part of the day, the visiter walked about as he had done before; but at noon the mason saw a strange boy give him a piece of paper—a note or parcel—he could not tell which, it was so "*squeeged*" between their hands; but something of that sort it certainly was.

After dinner, the stranger proposed that he should accompany Black Burnett a little way on the Ross Road, to meet Grace on her return; nor did he object to poor Michael bearing them company. The stonemason (honest Brien) thought, after a little time, he would follow in the distance; though from the earliness of the hour, and the road being

much frequented, he had no apprehension of anything wrong; keeping however, his eye on the man he had been cautioned by his brother, and his intended sister, to watch till their return. The two went, to all appearance cheerfully, on their way; the stranger was one who had seen many countries; he could make himself very entertaining, and nobody loved a jest or a good story better than poor Burnett. Michael stopped occasionally to gather blackberries, to speak "to a neighbour's child," to "hurrish" the pigs, or to throw stones at the crows which congregated in the fresh-ploughed fields. The brilliant morning had sobered down into the fine, tranquil autumn day; the broad-leaved coltsfoot (almost as destructive to the cultivator of Irish ground as the superabundant "rag-weed") turned the silver lining of its light-green leaves to the declining sunbeams, and the hedges were gaily decked with rich clusters of the redripe hawthorn-berry.

"I cannot get on any farther without something to drink," said the stranger, stopping opposite a way-side public-house, which was adorned by the O'Connell arms, and a most unlike likeness of the "Agitator." "You have treated me; now I must treat you."

"I have no objection to a glass of 'rale Cork,'" replied Burnett; "but I must not taste more than one, or Grace, the slut, will haul me over the griddle for it."

"I tell you what; have some of Cherry's excellent ale, and if that doesn't warm you, you can have something *short* afterwards."

"Something what?" inquired his companion, unaccustomed to English slang.

"Strong, you know. Come, my pretty mistress, a quart of Cherry's best!"

The clear and beautiful ale sparkled, as, after he received it, he poured a portion into a measure, and turned towards the fire with the remainder, inquiring of his companion, "Shall I warm it for you? Would you like it warmed with some sugar and spice, as we do in Wales?"

"No, no, do not put it on the fire, I would rather have it as it is," replied Burnett; "Cherry's ale wants nothing but the drinking."

"You see," said the stranger, turning to the landlady, "*you see he would not let me put anything in it.*"

In an instant the draught was at Burnett's lips; he had walked far, and the heat and exercise had overpowered him. Another moment, and his destiny on this side the grave would have been decided; but his time was not yet come. Michael rushed into the room, and seizing the cup from his uncle's uplifted hand, drank it nearly to the dregs.

"Sorrow catch you for an ill——" but ere Burnett could finish the sentence, his eye rested upon the changed and changing countenance of the stranger. Disappointment, rage, anger, and hatred were painted upon his distorted features; painted so vividly, that both the landlady and the intended victim exclaimed at the same moment, "*It is poisoned!*"

What has taken some time to write, was the transaction of less than a minute; the villain seized the measure, and attempted to throw what remained of the contents into the fire, but the arm of a strong serving-maiden prevented his purpose. He then rushed to the door; but here, again, he was interrupted by the stonemason, who had quickly followed

their steps; and poor Mike, who, with the strong animal instinct of hatred, clung to his legs to impede his progress.

"Fool! idiot! cursed fool!" exclaimed the ruffian, endeavouring to draw the pistol from his vest.

This recalled Burnett to his senses. "My boy! my poor Michael!" he exclaimed; "lay not a finger near him; for if you do, this hour—this moment—shall be your last!"

"Why do you hold me—what have I done?" inquired the stranger, as his presence of mind returned. "Who talked of poison? If there was poison in the ale, the landlady saw that he would not let me put anything in it."

It happened to be fair-day in one of the neighbouring villages, and a crowd soon collected round and in the house. Amongst them—hurried forward by others, without knowing the cause of the excitement, but accompanied by her lover—came Grace Burnett; on seeing her uncle she could not resist throwing herself into his arms, and whispering, "I've seen his honour—I've got the promise, and his honour's own self's coming this way—run out an' make your *obedience* to him."

"He's a magistrate, thank God!" exclaimed Burnett, rushing to the door. "Grace, for the love o' God, look to Michael."

"Michael, what ails you, honey?" said the affectionate girl, turning to her brother.

"Nothing, nothing, nothing ails me—they're all foolish—nothing ails Mick—nothing ails Mick," he replied, jumping and tossing his arms.

"Keep asy—keep asy," said the landlord. "Sure the doctor's sent for, and will tell us what to do presently."

When Burnett's landlord left his carriage, and entered the public-house, the look of assurance which the stranger had assumed changed to one of fixed despair—he seemed like one for whom there is no redemption. "What you, Lawler—you accused of such a crime? Your brother told me you were in Dublin."

"My brother ought to have done his own business himself," growled the fellow; "but no one can say I meant to hurt the boy."

The rest is soon told. A favourite steward had induced Burnett's landlord to promise him, that when the *last life in the lease* dropped, he should have the farm upon which his heart was set. By bribes and entreaties he prevailed upon his brother—a man of wild and reckless habits—to undertake the getting Burnett out of the way. His first plan was to decoy him from home, and precipitate him into the gravel-pits: this failed, by the providential interposition of poor Michael, whose idiotcy was strongly mingled with shrewdness. The villain waited another opportunity, knowing he had a strong hold upon Burnett's superstition and his love of wealth; but that very morning he received intimation from his brother that it must be done quickly, as the landlord himself was talking of passing through and about his farms, and if once the Burnetts "got speech of him," it would be "all up." He at once decided on using poison, and we have seen how it was prevented from taking effect upon his intended victim; had any evidence been wanting, the remains of arsenic found in a paper on his person—his brother's letter, which the stonemason had seen him receive—the contents of the beer when analyzed by a neighbouring doctor,

who unhappily did not arrive until poor Michael had felt that something more than usual "afled" him,—were all proofs of his guilt; but it is impossible to imagine anything more vehement, more terrible, than the excitement which prevailed amongst the country-people, while the poor idiot was suffering the agonies of death. It was difficult to prevent their tearing the culprit to pieces. The fact of his wanting to take land over another man's head would have been enough to rouse their indignation; but when they saw the simple, inoffensive creature, whose gentle words, and good-natured though witless offices, had endeared him to every cottager, their wrath knew no bounds.

"It's a lesson to the landlord to see after his tenants himself that, I hope, he'll not forget," said one. "Sure the God of heaven, if he lifts the dews from the earth, sends it back again in rain; but everything is took from poor Paddy, and nothing returned!"

"Lift me to the air, Gracy," whispered the dying boy to his sister: "I know I'll be waked soon; but let poor Snap have the butter and gingerbread you promised me, for I never preached my sermon since, to vex you, Gracy." The hardest and the sternest wept when they saw the poor faithful dog lick his master's purple lips, and saw that master's dying efforts to push from him the thing he certainly loved best in the world, murmuring, "Maybe 'twould hurt him—maybe 'twould hurt him!"

Dread and fearful was the oath of exterminating vengeance which Black Burnett swore against the stranger Lawler and his brother, over the body of the dead idiot; but it was not needed—the one paid the forfeit of his crime, and was executed within a month after its committal—the other disappeared, and was never again seen or heard of in the country. Black Burnett abandoned whisky, and grew rich; but never could bear to hear of people finding money under flat stones.

Matthew and Grace inhabit the dwelling still, though it is far more comfortable than it was; and Snap's descendant cannot find a hole in the door-post to poke his nose through, though he is quite as cross and curious as his grandsire.

[There are persons now living who remember well the excitement produced in the county in which it occurred by the appalling event that has formed the ground-work of this story. It was related to me by a clergyman who, under the name of "Martin Doyle," has published a variety of little works upon rural and domestic economy, the value of which, to the Irish farmer and cottager, is greater than pure gold.

It is singular that while the tale was in the hands of the printer—but a few weeks ago—a murder was committed at Windgap, near Kilkenny, under circumstances very similar, and with the same object—a resolve to get rid of the last life in a lease. Unhappily, in this case, the attempt was successful.]

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## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

## LETTER VI.

As the great charm of Algiers to a stranger is the picturesque variety of its population, you must put up with my continuing to describe its diverse races. Of these, the Jews are a race that is surpassed by no other in usefulness and industry. Their appearance and dress are so familiar to us in Europe, that I need not portray them particularly. Most of the richer, and even some of the middling class dress like Europeans; the poorer men retain their scriptural beards, with a vest and small-clothes like that of the Moors, and a callot in place of a turban. The Rabbins and other persons in authority among them also retain the Israelitish costume. Their women are not veiled like the Mooresses, but surpass them in affectation of finery. "A gilt wire cap, slanting back from their heads to the length of at least a yard, gives them the appearance of dragon-flies. The Mooresses, I am told, spare the black beauty of their eye-brows; but the Jewesses stain theirs, like their hair, with henna, to the frightful resemblance of a red cow's tail. At the end of last week was concluded a great festival of the Jews, which is celebrated here with more joyousness than in Europe. It is a fête—so I was told by one of their Rabbins—in commemoration of the passage of their forefathers through the wilderness. On the flat roofs of their houses they construct temporary arbours with boughs of trees, and there, by candle-light, they sup for seven evenings consecutively, on the best fare they can afford, dressed out, men, women, and children, in all the silks, brocade, and finery that they can muster. From Mr. Descousse's terrace, which commands a glorious view of the country for fifty miles round, I have looked with pleasure for several evenings on the feasting of the children of Israel. The lights through the green boughs show every dish that is on their table, and even their dresses and countenances. Their gorgeous apparel often forms a ludicrous contrast with other symptoms of poverty in their circumstances. I observed the other night a youthful Hebrew with a pair of petticoat small-clothes that were remarkable for their "loop'd and window'd raggedness;" yet his jacket was of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold, and his sash of embroidered silk. A woman on the same house-top had not stockings on her feet, but a brocaded boddice, and a splendid piece of cloth of gold floating from her head.

The Jews form a considerable part of the population in this capital\*, as well as at Oran and Bona; but they are seldom found out of trading cities. In Algiers they inhabit the meanest houses, and live so closely packed, that when the plague or infectious fevers break out, they are always the greatest sufferers. I find the French authors who write about Algiers joining with all the world in abusing the Jews. The page of a talented author is now before me, in which he says, "*Nature has denied them even the courage to commit bad actions—La Nature leur a dénié jusqu'au courage des mauvaises actions.*" Now this puts up my blood. Are the Jews made by Nature differently from ourselves? It is blasphemy against Nature to say so. The same God has made us, and meant us to be brothers of a common family. Shall the oppressor blame the Jew for faults which oppression alone has produced? Let me not forget to tell you that the Jews are the best, because the cheap-

\* According to the census of 1833, their number, in the city of Algiers alone, was 5040.

est, shopkeepers in Algiers; you will get an article always lower at a Jew's shop than elsewhere, and often at half the price. This brings them quick returns, and they exemplify the truth that *honesty is the best policy*. How many Christians practise the converse doctrine—that *policy is the best honesty!*

There may have been Jews in this Regency from the remotest period after their dispersion; but the greater part of their present population are the descendants of those who fled thither after, though not immediately after, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. The Spaniards permitted the Hebrews to remain among them when the Mahometans had been exiled. But the Jews soon became obnoxious to Spanish rapacity and persecution: their wealth excited the one, and their religion was a pretext for the other. About the end of the fourteenth century Simon Ben Smia led a colony of the persecuted Hebrews out of Spain. The Spaniards had put him into prison; but he drew with piece of charcoal a ship upon the wall, and he sent word to all the Israelites in Spain to be ready to embark from a certain port on a certain day. When the morning of that day arrived, the wall of the prison-house on which the ship was delineated opened miraculously, and forth there came a real and enormous ship, fifty times the dimensions of the one he had drawn, and capable of containing several thousand passengers, which of its own accord glided down to the harbour. The holy Israelite, with crowds of his people, hastened aboard of her; the sails outspread at Ben Smia's bidding. All manner of accommodation was found in the sacred vessel; cabin-boys brought beef and biscuits to the hungry, and basins to the sea-sick. In a few days they reached Algiers, where they made terms with the Saracenic Government. They obtained a promise of permission to exercise unmolested their religion, their industry, and their commerce, at least under a stipulated taxation. They were allowed even to distil spirits and to brew wine; and spots of ground were allowed them for the erection of synagogues, and for the burial of their dead. This treaty was written on parchment, in the year 1390, and is still preserved in the Jewish archives of Algiers; but after the Turks took possession of the country it was little regarded.

Under the Turkish dominion, it is certain that the Jews were most oppressively treated. Their injuries were aggravated by insults. They durst not wear any habiliment but of a darkish colour. When the Dey issued an order that neither Mussulman nor Christian was to walk the streets at night without a lighted lanthorn, the light was enjoined on the Jews, but it was to be carried without a lanthorn; and if they could not keep it from being blown out by the shelter of their fingers, it was a nice joke for the police to bastinado or fine poor Moses for going about without a light. A Jew that was struck by a Moor or Turk durst not, but at the peril of his life, lift his hand to defend himself. A person still living in Algiers tells me that he has seen an aged Jew flying through the streets, pursued and pelted with stones by Mussulman boys. The usual capital punishment of the hapless race was, to be burnt alive. Mr. Schultz, the present Swedish Consul, has described to me a horrible case of this nature, which occurred in his own remembrance. It was the fate of a respectable Jewish merchant whom he knew. He was condemned to the flames for bankruptcy, and as the Dey could not com-

prehent the difference between a clerk and a partner, his unhappy clerk was sentenced to suffer beside him. The rope that bound the merchant to the stake was consumed by the fire before his torments were ended, and he rushed out among the spectators; but he was brought back and rebound.

If you ask me what is the use of conjuring up the remembrance of such horrors as these, that are almost enough to make us wish our species had never existed, I will answer you by a counter-question. Are the horrors I advert to fiction or truth? Alas! they are too true. They are passed, it is true; but what has happened before may happen again, unless we appeal to the human heart against such atrocities.

From the fact of the Jews having been so ill used in this country, I inferred that I should find them at Algiers embittered against the late Turkish government, and enthusiastically attached to the French. But the case is otherwise. The Jews of better condition, and it is only among these that I can find persons who can talk French, seem to wince at the mention of their bygone oppression, and to shun the subject as something that hurts their pride. Conversing with one of their richest and most respectable men, I taxed him with this foible, and he laughed, half confessing it. The burning and the pelting of his brethren he could not deny; "But," he said, "we were not so entirely wretched as you seem to imagine. We had an arbitrator, or king, as we still call him, of our own, who settled all differences amongst us. Commerce and the exchange of money were almost exclusively in our hands before the French came; though, alas, it is not so now. Every rich Jew had his Turkish patron for a reasonable sum, who protected not only *him*, but poorer Jews that were *his protégés*." I pushed him no further in the argument. What he said reminded me that, in the worst circumstances of man, custom and nature always seek and find out *some* means, more or less, to alleviate his misery.

#### LETTER VII.

It is a mistaken though a common notion that the country of Barbary received that appellation from its barbarism, whereas it was so called from the Berbers, *alias* the Kabyles, having been its oldest inhabitants. The dress of a common Kabyle has a resemblance to that of an Arab, that often puzzles me to distinguish them. I was told that the rope of camel's hair around his head is an infallible token of the latter; nevertheless, natives have been pointed out to me as assuredly Kabyles, who had the hoods of their mantles tied on their heads in the same manner. The Kabyle, however, more generally wears a woollen cap or callot, like a priest's cowl: his patched and ragged mantle is bound round his middle; and he has as rarely a shoe on his foot as the Arab, though numbers of them in war-time go booted and spurred into battle. A few of their tribes, as I have told you, are so fair-complexioned, as to leave a suspicion of their Vandal origin; and Leweson says that some of them still tattoo themselves with the figure of the cross; but I have never seen any of them with light eyes or hair. They are brown-complexioned and black-haired, middle-sized, lean, but sinewy and well-made. Their features are rounder than those of the Arabs, and their noses less aquiline. Their own proper language is different from the Arabic; and there are, inland, mountain tribes

where an Arab cannot make himself understood among these old Numidians. Still I suspect that the old Berberic and the Arabic are cognate tongues.

The Kabyle women dress much like the men. They tattoo their legs and arms, and stain their nails and hands like the Arab ladies with the juice of henna, but they never veil their faces. They confirm, however, the philosopher's definition of woman—namely, an animal that delights in finery. Earrings and bracelets of gold or silver they will get if they can; but if not, they will sport trinkets of baser metal; and savage as he is, the Kabyle penetrates into mines of iron, copper, and lead.

In their general mode of life they differ little from the Arabs. In every village they have at least one stone house for their chief, and often several for their elders, besides the Maraboot or chapel; but their common habitations are either huts interwoven with reeds and covered with straw, or tents of camel's hair. Their food is couscousou, or else grain prepared in another manner by being simply crushed, baked into a cake, and cooked under the ashes. This, with Barbary figs, tomatas, onions, long pepper, and rancid oil, together with now and then a little minced meat, constitutes their choicest diet.

The locality of the Kabyles is generally among the heights and fastnesses of the country, where those Numidian highlanders were never perfectly subdued, even by the Romans. The Arabs had never more than a fluctuating supremacy over them, and many of their tribes not only refused to be taxed by the Turks, but drubbed them soundly when they ventured to invade them. In Leweson's time, when a Turk was insolent, it was a proverb among the Algerines to say, "*Would to God the Kabyles had him, they would teach him to dance!*" Their mode of warfare, with the exception of fire-arms, is at this day what it was in the days of Sallust. To rout them is not to defeat them, and after the victor has pushed them from one pass, it is safer to let them alone than to pursue them into another. If they could keep together in large alliances, they might defy the world, but they are split into innumerable clans, that make war upon each other. Sometimes their mutual hostilities have a rational pretext. A horrid seducer steals into a camp, and entices a female to throw her blue and tattooed arms around his neck, and to clope with him. The war-cry gets up, and there is a decent degree of fighting. But when there is no such fair cause of quarrel, they will load their guns and spill blood about the abduction of a sheep, or the robbery of a few dozen of oranges. I believe they are more inhuman to their prisoners than even the Arabs.

A portion of the Kabyles nevertheless succumbed successively both to the Arabs and Turks, and they universally profess Mahometanism. The most influential persons among them, as among all the Mahometans of Barbary, are the Maraboots or holy men, whose name denotes that they are devoted to God. The Maraboot in some respects resembles the Catholic monk; but the title often descends from father to son. Abdel Kader for instance, the present Prince of Mascara, inherited his father's saintship. I find such contradictory accounts of these holy men, that I am inclined with Leweson to consider them as divisible into two classes of very different character. It is certain that some of them are fanatics, nay, absolute idiots; and these, of course, are great pets with the vulgar and with women, whilst the sensible Mussulman has a

contempt for those slaving saints, though he externally respects them. But there are Maraboos who maintain their influence by moral means, or who at least turn the reverence of the ignorant to a laudable end. They arbitrate between individuals—they act as ministers of peace between hostile tribes—they staunch blood, and they distribute charity. So at least says my Moorish informant, *Sidy Hamdan Ben-Othman Khoja*\*. The influence of the elders of a Kabyle tribe, he says, is nothing compared to that of the Maraboot. He is never addressed by his own name, but always by the title of "My Lord." The people load him with presents—the Kabyle worships him alive, and holds sacred the spot where he is buried. His tomb, and the chapel that covers it, are so venerated, that it shelters the direst criminal. A son durst not wrest from thence the assassin of his own father. The French have occupied many of these places, and fiddled and danced about them with impolitic levity.

One is confused here with the variety of names applied to the natives. The appellation of *Bedouin* I had always associated exclusively with the idea of an Arab; but mine author, *Hamdan*, says, that it is equally applied to the original Berebers, or Kabyles, and that it comes from the Arabic word *Bedewe*, which signifies a man of the country who shifts his quarters, in opposition to a settled citizen; or, as the Scotch and Dutch would say, *a land-louper*. I understand, however, that neither the Arab nor Kabyle delights in being denominated a Bedouin. In reality, neither of the races deserve universally this appellation, for many of them have villages which they inhabit permanently, except when obliged to flee before an enemy; and even the Kabyle tribes have a dexterity in the manual arts, which they never could have acquired in a purely Nomadic state of life. I have a servant, for instance, whom I have every reason to believe a Kabyle, and whose native village, he tells me, lies 15 days' journey from Algiers, which must mean at least 150 miles. This man repaired for me a pair of pistols as well as an ordinary gunsmith in England could have done. He tells me that he was bred a gunsmith in his native place, but left it for want of employment, because every other man had learnt to make fire-arms. If his account be true (and I see no motive that he can have to deceive me), what a singular circumstance, that the over-competition of artisans should extend to the wilds of Africa! Certain it is, that the Kabyles practise, though in a rude manner, the most of the handicrafts of Europe. They make gunpowder—they have mines, and understand so much of metallurgy as to fabricate bijouterie. The French have confessed their power of manufacturing one little missile-kind of trinket, vulgarly called a leaden bullet, with *heartfelt astonishment*. Nay, their Gallic invaders soon found that those ragged and wretched-looking devils could be artists as well as artisans. The French had scarcely been two months in Algiers when the scarcity of five-franc pieces was found to be unaccountably diminished by supplies of forged ones from the interior, so dexterously fabricated that a great many of them were current. When the forgery was discovered, it was at first very naturally ascribed to Europeans; but, on better investigation, it was traced up to the

\* In a work which has been translated from Arabic into French, and is entitled "Aperçu Historique et Statistique sur la Régence d'Alger, intitulé en Arabe Le Miroir."

descendants of Juba and Jugurtha. The missionaries of false coinage, who brought it wrapt up in their duds into town, appeared such simple creatures, that for a long time they disarmed suspicion—so true is the adage, that the perfection of art is to conceal art.

The Arabs descended from those who conquered Barbary at the close of the seventh century are distinguishable from the Kabyles rather by their physiognomy than by their dress. Their features are high and expressive, and you may now and then see among them heads and forms which a Raphael might transfer to the canvass. At the same time the great mass of them have nothing of the pleasing picturesque in their appearance, but are squalid, and either go barefooted, or at best are shod with bits of untanned hide about their feet. These children of a race who taught arithmetic and algebra to Europe are now so ignorant, that many of them cannot compute the years that pass over their heads, or tell the ages of their own children. I have hitherto seen no Arab wearing a turban, nor any one of them who gave you the idea of a wealthy man, excepting one who had a roll of muslin about his head, but whether he was a Sheik or a Marabout I had no means of ascertaining. The Arab, I believe, universally covers his head only with the top of his haik or the hood of his bernouse. The haik is the inner coat, the bernouse\* is an outer mantle—these constitute the whole raiment of the common Arab, though their sheiks, I am told, affect the embroidered vest of the Turks, and wear inner garments of cloth from the waist to the knees. The Arab women tattoo themselves like the Kabyles, and also stain their hands and nails with henna; but they never dye their black locks, which either flow about their shoulders, or are bound up with a cord or napkin. Their dress is a woollen gown; with short sleeves, bound about the middle; they wear no veils. A sober observer will have no great difficulty in distinguishing a male from a female Arab, if it were only by the beard of the former; but a French soldier informed me that, in storming their villages, he believed, from resemblance of dress, women had been sometimes murdered, because the intoxicated soldiers had not distinguished them from men. “I myself,” said the grenadier, “was at a scene of this kind; and *que roulez vous*,” he continued (shrugging his shoulders), “it was either kil or be killed; I sabred a *paurre diable* who, I am afraid, was a woman, as the figure let a child tumble down. But if so, God will *forgive me*, for I was *devilishly drunk*.”

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\* They are both made of white wool.

† The Arabs are distinguishable from the Moors by the harsh loudness of their voices. Accustomed in their thinly-inhabited country to hail each other at great distances, they acquire a habit of stentorian elocution, which they practise in the streets of Algiers, so that you might imagine the hearer was deaf. But no people in the world have a more acute sense of hearing than the Arabs. A person who has travelled among them says that he has seen individuals who could literally erect their ears at will, and move them like a quadruped. I leave you to laugh at this traveller's story, or believe it, just as you please. But the following instance of the excellence of their auditory faculty was given to me by my gallant and intelligent friend, Captain Lagondie:—During the hostilities not far from Algiers, a troop of French cavalry was missing, and fear was entertained that they had been killed or captured. Captain Lagondie was sent out with two troops of horse to search for them, having with him an Arab on whom he could depend. After sunset, when it was completely dark, they heard the trampling of horses' feet, and Captain Lagondie, joyfully concluding that his missing countrymen were

I hope to be able to tell you more of these simple people, as I project an expedition among them, in which I shall sleep under their tents. Hitherto my observations have been confined to a temporary encampment of them near Douera, sixteen miles from Algiers, and even in that visit my curiosity was balked. I took out with me an European, who speaks Arabic, and who promised to be my interpreter. There was no earthly danger, for there was a French camp 2000 strong in the neighbourhood. Nevertheless there were rumours of a murder lately committed not far from thence, and my kind interpreter, thinking that the better part of valour was desertion, when we approached the barking dogs of the Arabs, turned his horse's head and retreated. As there would have been no use in going among people with whom I could not exchange a word, I was obliged to follow his example, after riding up to the black tents, and seeing that men, women, children, and cattle apparently all housed under the same roofs.

Among the hundred or more Arab tribes in the Regency, it is but vaguely that the French themselves can compute the number of those who are friendly to them, or the reverse. But of those inhabiting about the city of Algiers at distances varying from five to twenty-four hours' march, (I doubt if you can estimate an hour's march at so much as a league,) the four nearest tribes at present are reckoned decidedly friendly. And it is a remarkable fact, which bears rather against the scepticism I have expressed as to the success of colonial production, that the tribe of Beni-Mouca, within five short leagues to the east of Algiers, cultivate cotton and opium, as well as that the tribe of Beni-Khalil, only three leagues farther off, rear cotton, rice, and tobacco. The armed men of those friendly tribes are reckoned at 1330. Ten other tribes, within the distance from the capital which I have mentioned, are found to be at least peaceable, and are not in the custom of committing hostilities, but bring abundance of fruits, among others, delicious oranges and citrons, as well as wood, charcoal, grain, and cattle, to the market of Algiers.

Five tribes, four of them lying to the west, among whom the Hadjouds are the most considerable, are set down by the French as directly hostile. The Hadjouds can bring 400 men into the field. Their territory comprehends the little city of Koleah. Those tribes, even under the Dey, were but half subdued. Of the Arabs in the territories of Bona, Bougia, and Oran, I shall speak to you when I visit those places, as I hope shortly to do.

The negroes of Algiers constitute a not uninteresting class of their population. From time immemorial the Moors and Arabs of northern Africa have imported from the interior black slaves of both sexes. The number of negroes, in the city of Algiers, is about 1800. Some of them are free; but as the law stands at present, negro slavery is not abolished here, nor to my knowledge has any law been passed by the French against the African slave-trade by land; but I believe

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coming up, ordered a trumpet to be blown to welcome them. "Stop, stop," said the Arab guide; "hush! no shouting, no trumpeting. These riders may be Arabs for aught that we know. Let us listen till we hear them speak." Lagondie and his men listened and listened, but could hear not one word. But the Arab's ear was not so obtuse. In a few minutes he said "Yes—they are French—at least they are not speaking Arabic." He could hear articulate words where an European ear could not discern a syllable.

that they intend soon to promulgate an edict to that effect, and in the mean time any master who should murder or even much maltreat a slave is amenable to certain punishment. At the same time, unless I am misled by my willingness to believe a general and agreeable assertion, black slavery here wears no very frightful aspect. The contempt for a sable skin is certainly nothing so strong as it is in the West Indies and North America, for there are many instances of Moors marrying negresses; and though it is admitted that a black fellow will now and then get a smack with a stick from his master, he is in general attached to him, and the Algerines boast that during the late invasion not a single negro deserted to the French camp. I had a conversation yesterday with a wealthy Moor who has twenty-two blacks in his establishment. He said, "As to my black servants conspiring against me, I have no more apprehension of it than of my own children attempting my life." The heart yearns to believe such information.

I have just returned this morning from witnessing a superstitious ceremony, which, though unwarranted by the koran, is practised by all the Mahometans here, black, brown, and white, nay, by Jews also. It consists in sacrificing the life of some eatable animal to one of the devils who inhabit certain fountains near Algiers. The number of bedeviled fountains in the Regency is a point in Algerine demonology which I cannot ascertain. Some say there are seven, and others seventy. Be that as it may, the devil is coaxed out of his well by the slaughter of some warm-blooded animal fit for human food, the meat of which is afterwards cooked and administered to the sick, who recover by tasting it. The ceremony which I saw took place on the sea-shore. All that were present were negroes, except myself and a Marseillaise merchant who understands Arabic, and who had the goodness to explain to me the language and nature of the sacrifice. A black high-priest, a sub-deacon, and two negress priestesses presided at the ceremony; though, excepting their functions, and taking money, they bore no indications of priesthood. The offering consisted of fowls. The priest and people joined in a loud song quite worthy of the devil, turning all the while their faces to the east. The victims were dipped in the *sacred sea*, as Homer calls it, after which the high-priest took them to a neighbouring fountain, and having waved his knife thrice around the head of an old woman who sat squatting beside it, cut their throats, and the devotees concluded their solemnity by a general giggle at the cries of the pullets, who seemed the only personages in the scene that disliked it.

Among the population of Algiers I ought to have mentioned the Mozabites, who come from the Desert, and who, though evidently not negroes, are so dark in complexion, that I know not under what race to rank them. Those far-off visitants have the monopoly of several trades here. They superintend the mills, the butcheries, and the baths. This useful corporation makes frequent journeys to the Desert, from whence they import ostrich-feathers, and have retained under the French the monopoly which they enjoyed under the Dey. From the same country of those Beni-Mozab, or Mozabites, come the Piscaris, who are the night-watchmen of Algiers. After a certain hour you see them sleeping in their ragged bernouses, on benches before the shops. They form a corporation, whose deacon makes a convention with the shopkeepers to insure them against robbery at a certain price, and they are so vigilant,

that shop-lifting scarcely ever occurs. What amusingly various aspects human nature assumes in this country, and how many resources would they not afford to an ingenious novelist!

#### LETTER VIII.

Whenever the steam-packet comes in, I speed to the post-office, where, thanks to my stars and my friends, I never fail to find kind letters from England, and then the "*Cherub Content*" flutters his wings over my heart. How do I continue to like this place? is your first question. Why, wonderfully well, considering all its discomforts. The worst thing is, that the restaurants have got a bad reputation. Do they deserve it? No; on my honour and conscience, I do not believe one word of the calumny; but Algiers is an ill-speaking place, and they say that when you are devouring what is called lamb or mutton, you may be unconsciously eating of a gigot of jackal or haunch of hyæna. I repeat to you my sincere faith that this is all falsehood and scandal; but still, though Othello was not a jealous man, he was made miserable by insinuations; and in like manner, when I sit down sharp-set to my plate of mutton, I am haunted with chimerical fears that I may be faring on the lion's provider. God pity the man who has one misgiving thought about either his mutton or his marriage-bed!

"Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves."

Again, you say, what is the climate of Algiers? From all that I can observe and learn, if we except some spots on the Matidjah and about Bona, it is a healthy climate. The heat was great when I arrived, but I never felt it quite intolerable except on one occasion, and then only for a very short time. In the middle of one night of September I awoke from sleep, in a breathless and burning heat, though I was conscious that I had neither ate nor drank anything that ought to have fevered me. I got up and opened the window, that I might respire more freely, but the air that rushed in was like the heat from a baker's oven, and made me fall half insensible on the floor for several minutes. I recovered, however, and was well enough next day to tell the accident to my friends. "Poh," they said, "that was nothing but a visit of the simoom, or wind of the Desert, who had heard of your arrival at Algiers, and thought it his duty to pay his respects to you." "Thank God," I replied, "that he was not a long-winded visiter!"

Well, but with all its faults, I like Algiers. I can easily get out of the dismal city, and outside of the walls everything is beautiful. When I sally forth from the gate of Bab-el-Oned, the bold sea-beach smells so freshly, and sounds so musically, that I little wonder at Homer calling the sea "*Divine*." The air of autumn nerves my limbs, and the atmosphere is so clear, that I feel as if a veil of gauze had been removed from my eyes since I looked on the scenery of Europe. Every object—every turf and tree is so distinct a mile off, that it seems to me as if I could touch them. They look like a picture held up to the eyes by the close light of a candle. I can fancy the Father of Nature himself enjoying the beauties of his own creation, and admiring, by the light of the blessed sun,

"His children's looks that brighten at the blaze."

But your letter challenges me to subjects of more matter-of-fact con-

sideration. Before I can attempt to answer what you ask me about Algiers, I must reduce your desultory questions into distinct heads. Query 1st. Will the French retain this colony? Query 2nd. If they do retain it, will they profit by it? Query 3rd. How do the natives like the French? Query 4th. Will the advantages likely to be derivable by France from Algiers be pernicious to Great Britain? And query 5th. Will the French possession of this part of Africa be a benefit to the general cause of civilization?

I venture on these questions rather as a diffident speculator than as one hoping to solve them. After all, can you expect me to predict infallibly what the French may do with Algiers, when, at this moment, the French nation itself scarcely knows its own mind upon the subject. But offering my opinion at the lowest rate at which you may value it, I do think that the French will keep Algiers, being pledged thereunto by their national pride. I am led to this opinion by the conversations I have had with their officers, civil and military; and I am certain that I have had more frank (observe, I do not say confidential) intercourse with them than any Englishman who has been here since the conquest. The French mind seems to me to wince at the idea of abandoning the colony, and above all at the slightest hint of England interfering against their possession of it. If you wish them to retain Algiers, your surest way is to begin to squabble about it. A whimsical circumstance has by chance broken that reserve between the French and myself which our nationality might have otherwise created. They found by chance in Algiers a volume of "Blackwood's Magazine\*," in which I am described as a man eaten up with Gallicism, one who, if a French and English regiment were about all at the slightest hint, would wager in favour of the French. Now this calumny nettled me; and I wished Blackwood at the black devil. I protested indignantly to the first French party I went into—it was when dining at General Voirol's—that I was no Gallican—no renegade. My regard for France, I said, impairs not one iota of my native patriotism. Because I love my mother, is it necessary that I should spit in the face of every other decent old woman that I may meet with? Well, the French took my word for this; but they insisted that I had no Anti Gallican prejudices—no, none whatsoever. And one good effect has resulted to me from this character—namely, that they have put up with my speaking more plain truths to them than they would have otherwise borne, and that seeing me an undisguised man they are outspoken with me. I am much mistaken if their national pride will speedily desist from retaining Algiers, although it costs them at this moment about a million and a half sterling a-year for the support of somewhat less than 30,000 soldiers, the expense of the civil government included. The chance of the natives turning them out of the country I reckon at nothing, and even their power of opposing their further invasion I should calculate not to be great, if the French were to employ more cavalry and light artillery instead of mainly depending on their infantry. The infantry man, loaded with arms and equipage under a climate that alternates deluges of rain with burning heat, and

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\* "Blackwood's Magazine" treats me as if it were a playful cat. Upon the whole, exceedingly kind, it often purrs applause beyond my deserts; but, anon, it puts the claws out of the velvet sheath, and gives me a scratch that makes me suck my bleeding finger.

frequently in a hilly country, is very unfairly tried against Arabian cavalry, who are the best in the world at desultory warfare. To see the mounted Arab sweeping down declivities on which no jockey of England would venture would make your head spin round, and when he fires and manœuvres you would imagine him a piece of his own horse. My astonishment is that the little Frenchman, at one time drenched to the marrow with rain and at other times dissolved in heat like a boiled onion, has been able to cope so well as he has done with this enemy. But the French will improve in their warfare by experience. At present they have somewhat under 500 Arab cavalry in their pay, but they will increase their number, and in this manner they will have it in their power, if they choose, to conquer the country. Whether they will choose to do so or not is a different question. Buonaparte would have settled the matter sooner. Instead of groping and pawing about for the partial conquest of a coast 500 miles in extent, he would have struck up at once to Constantina, into the heart of the regency. My opinion, then, is that if the French be true to their feeling of national glory, they are able to retain, and to extend, their dominion over Algiers.

Query 2nd. Will her occupation of the colony repay France for her expenses, present and to come? Why, not for a long time; but, I should venture to think, ultimately. The golden prospects from indigo, cotton, sugar, and cochineal may have been exaggerated; and as to corn, I cannot understand how a country so little irrigated could ever have been a granary to the Romans. That fact is no doubt asserted about ancient Numidia, and you will observe that the said tradition would fall in pat with my purpose, if I were engaged as a special pleader to argue what is, nevertheless, my general opinion, that this colony might be made in the end a most productive colony to France. But the Cereal renown of old Numidia is, I confess, to me a stumbling-block. As it is written in Greek and Latin, I am bound to believe it; but as a matter of comprehension, I give up the problem. North America, I suspect, will, for an indefinite number of years, rear Indian corn and all manner of grain cheaper than it can be cultivated here. But, on this account, I am far from surrendering my main position, that Algiers might be made a richly available colony to France. It is a conquerable country. Its mountains are rich in metals and timber. In its eastern parts, towards Oran and Mostaganem, there is fossil or spontaneous salt enough to supply the whole world with that article; and if the vine, the tobacco plant, the olive, and the silk-worm were cherished, the whole universe might sit down with oil to their salads, with silken velvet on their backs, and with cigars and wine at the cost of half nothing.

Query 3rd. How do the natives like the French? To be plain, I don't think they have yet acquired a taste for them. The Jews complain that, since the arrival of the French, there has been "*Point de commershe*;" and the only Turk whose acquaintance I have made cuts me short from all conversation about them by exclaiming *Bestia!* To be sure, poor fellow, he owes them no love, for they thumped and misused him shamefully. The Moors are reserved in their conversation. Only on one occasion have I met with a rich, influential individual among them from whom I could elicit a sincere opinion; but as I got it

under his own roof, and with no warrant to publish it, I omit his name. I said to him, that I would give much to know his sentiments respecting the French. He eyed me significantly, and replied through the interpreter, "I will answer you with another question. How would you like the French if they had come into England, dug up the bones of your parents and countrymen, and sent off a ship-load of them to be used by the sugar-bakers of France?" Here he alluded to the French having made a highway through the Moorish cemetery at the Bab-el-Oued gate at Algiers; and though for this operation they had the tyrant plea of necessity, I believe they conducted it unfeelingly, and allowed their soldiers to pilfer the marble turbans that adorned the most respected tombs. As to the ship-full of bones and the sugar-bakers, I cannot so well vouch for that story.

Before we parted, my entertainer expressed himself very freely about the Jews. He told me, with fierce delight in his countenance, that one satisfaction which the Mussulmans would enjoy in case of a change would be the punishment of those Hebrew dogs. "They insulted us," he said, "the day after the entry of the French, and the day after their departure we should have our revenge." From all that he told me, I believe that barbarous civil wars would be the result of France suddenly abandoning this conquest, and that the miserable Jews would stand a chance of being generally massacred.

I come to the next question,—Whether Old England will suffer damage by the French possession of Algiers? You ask me how I can tolerate the idea of France continuing in possession of so large a portion of Northern Africa, and of thus beginning to realise Buonaparte's idea of converting the Mediterranean into a great French lake? Let the French, you say, once settle themselves at Algiers, and they will by and by extend themselves right and left to Tunis and Morocco; Gibraltar and Malta will then cease to be ours. But this is all a vision. It requires France, at the present moment, to support 30,000 men, each man on an average costing 40*l.* a-year, in order to keep hold of a few stations on the African coast. Let her conquests extend to Morocco and Tunis, and with 90,000 men for her African army she would have a yearly expense of between four and five millions.

Further, you ask my opinion whether it would not be worth our while to put in a word against the said possession, as well to claim for ourselves some portion of the Algerine coast—say Oran? I have given you my opinion that, in the long run, much wealth might accrue from the colony to France; but I am not ashamed to say that it is only a conjectural opinion. However, supposing the country to be *ultimately* productive to France, (its speedy productiveness is palpably out of the question,) is it certain and necessary that the wealth of our neighbours would be ruinous to us? I think not. I suspect that the issue might be quite the contrary, and that the African wealth of France might make her a better customer to our manufacturers. As to our claiming a part of the coast, if we had it, it would only involve us in garrison expenses, and be *it* source of quarrels with France, like those which arose out of the juxtaposition of our colonies and theirs in North America: nay more, the French would not concede an inch of the coast unless England were to negotiate with her hand on the hilt of her sword; and what Englishman, at this time of day, would suffer his beer to be

taxed ~~one~~ farthing in the hogshead for the sake of a war about Algiers? The idea is preposterous.

Next comes the more extensive question,—How far the general cause of human happiness and civilization is likely to be affected by the French occupation of Algiers? I address you as one who believes that, if civilization and happiness be not synonymous terms, civilization, at least, diminishes the horrors of human misery. If I thought otherwise, I should not discuss the subject with you.

The moment an Englishman can divest himself of apprehensions, as I think he safely may, that the French can do any harm to England by retaining Algiers, it will be natural, at the first view of the subject, for the liberality of his heart to argue thus:—France is by much the more civilized nation, and her dominion ought to insure some chance of civilization, as she has already brought into Algiers the abolition of hideous punishments, and the knowledge of arts and sciences that diminish bigotry and barbarism. Yes, my friend, this position is true; and its truth is some consolation to me. When I go out to the gate of Babazon, and am shown the spot where the Jews used to be burnt alive, and where criminals were precipitated from a high wall, to be caught by hooks half-way down, and detained in tortures for perhaps a week, I bless the event that has put Algiers under any dominion that will exclude such horrors. At the outside of that dreadful gate, as late as 1813, a friend of mine, too authentic an informant, saw a state criminal chained to a post to be starved alive. The sufferer was a florid, stout man on the first day of his punishment, and he bore the pangs of famine for several days with heroic fortitude; but on the ninth day he was heard screaming for water to quench his thirst, and died with his bones coming through his skin.

Further, in spite of all that I hear and see as to the difficulty of getting the natives to coalesce with their conquerors, I cannot divest my mind of the idea that the French will ultimately plant here the most important arts and sciences that tend to abate human misery. The Mussulman's bigotry must ultimately retreat before civilization; and God knows there is room enough for improvement in this barbarous land. The native population, though it will sometimes show you heads and forms worthy of a scriptural picture, exhibits incomparably more numerous objects of such wretchedness as you would not meet with in an European city: elephantiasis and blindness are excessively common; and disease and poverty may be said to walk the streets. Until the French arrived there was scarcely an European surgeon or physician in the regency, except some runaway druggists' apprentices from Christendom; now there is an established school both of surgery and medicine, under the inspection of talented men. The doctrine of fatalism opposes itself *in limine* to the very profession of medicine and surgery. A French officer, who has written an account of the conquest, describes an interesting scene which he witnessed between a young Arab, who was brought in wounded to the French camp, and his aged father, who came to visit him. The leg-bone of the youth had been shattered, but his life might have been saved by amputation of the limb. The old man hung over him in agony, beseeching him not to offend God and Mahomet by submitting to the operation. His son followed the advice, and Mahomet took him to himself in reward of his piety. There are,

nevertheless, Moors and Jews who pretend to make both clinical and surgical cures, and women who are called in as *sages femmes*; but the native doctors know not a tittle of anatomy, and scarcely the names of their own medicines, many of which are noxious in the cases in which they are prescribed. In surgery they understand not even the use of a lancet. They console the cholick, the stone, and pleurisy with the application of red-hot iron to the suffering parts. This treatment often elicits shrieks of assurance from the patients that they are perfectly cured, and intreaties that the application may be removed. They bleed and amputate with a razor, and stop hæmorrhage with boiling pitch. Dr. Abernethy, in lecturing on the disease of wens, said that he knew not how to cure them, and that perhaps whistling to them was not the worst prescription. In like manner, it is possible that the amulets bestowed on the Algerines by their holy marabouts are amongst the most innocent of their cures.

Enormous mortality and suffering necessarily result from this ignorance of the healing art. For *one* hideous malady they know no sort of remedy. The blood of the sufferer runs infected in his veins all his life, and makes his children also its victims. When the plague used to come here, its ravages exceeded all conception: whole villages and cities have been known to be unpeopled by it; harvests rotted on the ground for want of reapers; and flocks and herds wandered wide without a master. Large encampments of the Arabs might be met with, where the dead lay unburied under their tents. Leweson, who witnessed the plague of Algiers in 1787, says that, of an evening, the only sounds to be heard were the lamentations at funerals and the howlings of the jackals.

I am restrained only by the disagreeableness of the subject from mentioning other instances of the human misery resulting from ignorance and barbarism in this country; but I assure you that I have seen enough to convince me that the retention of the country by France as a *point d'appui* for the entrance of European civilization into Africa is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

I have already alluded more than once to the faults which the French have committed since their occupation of the colony, including, under the gentle denomination of faults, a few useless murders committed on the natives. With regard to this subject, however, I am deterred from bestowing my prolixity upon you by two considerations. In the first place, the French themselves speak with regret of those occurrences which have sullied their character for humanity: their press has indignantly exposed them; and it is my firm opinion, if France perseveres in retaining Algiers, that she will learn, as we ourselves have certainly learnt in India, to a certain degree, the policy of being just and humane. In the next place, I should feel it my duty, as an Englishman criminating the cruelties of the French in northern Africa, to cast a glance at the question whether our own conduct in Caffraria has been perfectly immaculate? In my opinion, the latter country could make out a stronger case against us than Algiers could against the French: so on this topic I shall abstain from drawing up any special indictment against the French, though I leave you to understand in general that their conduct would admit of amelioration.

### THE CHEROKEE'S THREAT.

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“ Notre bonheur, mon cher, se tiendra toujours entre la plante de nos pieds et notre occiput ; et qu'il coûte un million par an ou cent louis, la perception intrinsèque est la même au-dedans de nous.”—*Le Père Goriot*.

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THERE were a hundred students in the new class matriculated at Yale College, in Connecticut, in the year 18—. They were young men of different ages and of all conditions in life, but less various in their mien and breeding than in the characteristics of the widely-separated states from which they came. It is not thought extraordinary in Europe that the French and English, the German and the Italian, should possess distinct national traits : yet one American is supposed to be like every other, though the two between whom the comparison is drawn were born and bred as far apart, and in as different latitudes as the Highland cateran and the brigand of Calabria.

I looked around me with some interest, when, on the first morning of the term, the president, professors, and students of the university assembled in the college chapel at the sound of the prayer-bell, and, with my brother Freshmen, I stood in the side aisle, closing up with our motley aud, as yet, unclassical heads and habiliments, the long files of the more initiated classes. The berry-brown tan of the sun of Georgia, unblanched by study, was still dark and deep on the cheek of one ; the look of command breathing through the indolent attitude betrayed in another, the young Carolinian and slave-master ; a coat of green, garnished with fur and bright buttons, and shaped less by the tailor than by the Herculean and expansive frame over which it was strained, had a taste of Kentucky in its complexion ; the white skin and red or sandy hair, cold expression, stiff black coat, and serious attention to the service, told of the Puritan son of New Hampshire or Vermont ; and, perked up in his well-fitted coat, the exquisite of the class, stood the slight and metropolitan New Yorker, with a firm belief in his tailor and himself written on his effeminate lip, and an occasional look at his neighbour's coats and shoulders, that might have been construed into wonder upon what western river or mountain dwelt the builders of such coats and men !

Rather annoyed at last by the glances of one or two seniors, who were amusing themselves with my simple gaze of curiosity, I turned my attention to my more immediate neighbourhood. A youth with close, curling, brown hair, rather under-sized, but with a certain decision and nerve in his lip which struck me immediately, and which seemed to express somehow a confidence in himself which his limbs scarce bore out, stood with his back to the pulpit, and with his foot on the seat, and his elbow on his knee, seemed to have fallen at once into the habit of the place, and to be beyond surprise or interest. As it was the custom of the college to take places at prayers and recitation alphabetically, and he was likely to be my neighbour in chapel and hall for the next four years, I speculated rather more than I should else have done on his face and manner ; and as the president came to his Amen, I came to the

conclusion, that whatever might be Mr. "S.'s" capacity for friendship, his ill-will would be very demonstrative and uncomfortable.

The term went on, the politics of the little republic fermented, and as first appearances wore away, or peculiarities wore off by collision or developed by intimacy, the different members of the class rose or fell in the general estimation, and the graduation of talent and spirit became more just and definite. The "Southerners and Northerners," as they are called, soon discovered, like the classes that had gone before them, that they had no qualities in common, and of the secret societies which exist among the students in that university, joined each that of their own compatriots. The Carolinian or Georgian, who had passed his life on a plantation secluded from the society of his equals, soon found out the value of his chivalrous deportment and graceful indolence in the gay society for which the town is remarkable; while the Vermontese, or White-Mountainer, "made unfashionably," and ill at ease on a carpet, took another line of ambition, and sat down with the advantage of constitutional patience and perseverance to the study which he would find in the end a "better continuer," even in the race for a lady's favour.

It was the only republic I have ever known—that class of Freshmen. It was a fair arena; and neither in politics, nor society, nor literature, nor love, nor religion, have I, in much searching through the world, found the same fair play or good feeling. Talk of our own republic!—its society is the very core and gall of the worst growth of aristocracy. Talk of the republic of letters!—the two groves by the pyramid of Caius Cestius laugh it to scorn. Of love!—of religion! What is bought and sold like that which has the name of the first? What is made a snare and a tool by the designing like the last? But here— with a government over us ever kindly and paternal, no favour shown, and no privilege denied,—every equality in the competitors at all possible—age, previous education, and, above all, worldly position,—it was an arena in which a generous spirit would wrestle with an *abandon* of heart and limb he might never know in the world again. Every individual rising or falling by the estimation he exacts of his fellows, there is no such school of honour. Each, of the many palms of scholarship, from the severest to the lightest, aiming at that which best suits his genius, and as welcome as another to the goal, there is no apology for the laggard. Of the feelings that stir the heart in our youth—of the few, the *very* few, which have no recoil, and leave no repentance—this leaping from the starting-post of mind—this first spread of the encouraged wing in the free heaven of thought and knowledge—is recorded in my own slender experience as the most joyous and the most unmingled. He who has soiled his bright honour with the tools of political ambition,—he who has leant his soul upon the charity of a sect in religion,—he who has loved, hoped, and trusted in the greater arena of life and manhood,—must look back on days like these as the broken-winged eagle to the sky—as the Indian's subdued horse to the prairie.

## II.

New Haven is not alone the seat of a university. It is a kind of metropolis of education. The excessive beauty of the town, with its embowered streets and sunny gardens, the refinement of its society, its central position and accessibility, and the facilities for attending the

lectures of the College Professors, render it a most desirable place of instruction in every department. Among others, the female schools of the place have a great reputation, and this, which in Europe, or with a European state of society, would probably be an evil, is, from the simple and frank character of manners in America, a mutual and decided advantage. The daughters of the first families of the country are sent here, committed for two, three, or four years, to the exclusive care of the head of the establishment, and (as one of the privileges and advantages of the school) associating freely with the general society of the town, the male part, of course, composed principally of students. A more easy and liberal intercourse exists in no society in the world, and in no society that I have ever seen is the tone of morals and manners so high and unexceptionable. Attachments are often formed, and little harm is thought of it; and unless it is a very strong case of disparity or objection, no obstacle is thrown in the way of the common intercourse between lovers; and the lady returns to her family, and the gentleman senior disappears with his degree, and they meet and marry—if they like. If they do not, the lady stands as well in the matrimonial market as ever, and the gentleman (unlike his horse) is not damaged by having been on his knees.

Like "*Le Noir Fainéant*," at the tournament, my friend St. John seemed more a looker-on than an actor in the various pursuits of the university. A sudden interference in a quarrel in which a brother freshman was contending against odds enlightened the class as to his spirit and personal strength; he acquitted himself at recitations with the air of self-contempt for such easy excellence; he dressed plainly, but with instinctive taste; and at the end of the first term, having shrunk from all intimacy, and lived alone with his books and a kind of trapper's dog he had brought with him from the west, he had acquired an ascendancy in the opinion of the class for which no one could well account, but to which every one unhesitatingly assented.

We returned after our first short vacation, and of my hundred classmates there was but one whom I much cared to meet again. St. John had passed the vacation in his rooms, and my evident pleasure at meeting him, for the first time, seemed to open his heart to me. He invited me to breakfast with him. By favour seldom granted to a freshman, he had a lodging in the town—the rest of the class being compelled to live with a chum in the college buildings. I found his rooms—(I was the first of the class who had entered them)—more luxuriously furnished than I had expected from the simplicity of his appearance, but his books, not many, but select, and (what is in America an expensive luxury) in the best English editions and superbly bound, excited most my envy and surprise. How he should have acquired tastes of such ultra-civilization in the forests of the west was a mystery that remained to be solved.

### III.

At the extremity of a green lane in the outer skirt of the fashionable suburb of New Haven stood a rambling old Dutch house, built probably when the cattle of Myuheer grazed over the present site of the town. It was a wilderness of irregular rooms, of no describable shape in its exterior, and from its southern balcony, to use an expressive Gal-

licism, "gave upon the bay." Long Island Sound, the great highway from the Northern Atlantic to New York, weltered in alternate lead and silver (oftener like the brighter metal, for the climate is divine), between the curving lip of the bay and the interminable and sandy shore of the island, some six leagues distant, the procession of ships and steamers stole past with an imperceptible progress, the ceaseless bells of the college chapel came deadened through the trees from behind, and (the day being one of golden autumn, and myself and St. John waiting while black Agatha answered the door-bell) the sun-steeped precipice of East Rock, with its tiara of blood-red maples flushing like a Turk's banner in the light, drew from us both a truant wish for a ramble and a holiday. I shall have more to say anon of the foliage of an American October, but just now, while I remember it, I wish to record a belief of my own, that if, as philosophy supposes, we have lived other lives—if

—————"our star  
Hath had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar,"

it is surely in the days tempered like the one I am remembering and describing—profoundly serene, sunny as the top of Olympus, heavenly pure, holy, and more invigorating and intoxicating than luxurious or balmy;—the sort of air that the visiting angels might have brought with them to the tent of Abraham—it is on such days, I would record, that my own memory steps back over the dim threshold of life—(so it seems to me)—and on such days only. It is worth the translation of our youth and our household gods to a sunnier land, if it were alone for these immortal revelations.

In a few minutes from this time were assembled in Mrs. Ilfrington's drawing-room the six or seven young ladies of my more particular acquaintance among her pupils, of whom one was a new comer, and the object of my mingled curiosity and admiration. It was the one day of the week when morning visitors were admitted, and I was there, in compliance with an unexpected request from my friend, to present him to the agreeable circle of Mrs. Ilfrington. As an *habitué* in her family, this excellent lady had taken occasion to introduce to me, a week or two before, the new comer of whom I have spoken above, a departure from the ordinary rule of the establishment, which I felt to be a compliment, and which gave me, I presumed, a tacit claim to mix myself up in that young lady's destiny as deeply as I should find agreeable. The new comer was the daughter of an Indian chief, and her name was Nunu.

The wrongs of civilization to the noble aborigines of America are a subject of much poetical feeling\* in the United States, and will ultimately become the poetry of the nation. At present the sentiment takes occasionally a tangible shape, and the transmission of the daughter of a Cherokee chief to New Haven, to be educated at the expense of the government, and of several young men of the same high birth to different colleges, will be recorded among the evidences in history that we did not plough the bones of their fathers into our fields without some feelings of compunction. Nunu had come to the sea-board under the charge of a female missionary, whose pupil she had been in one of the native schools of the West, and was destined, though a chief's daughter, to return as a teacher to her home when she should have mas-

tered some of the higher accomplishments of her sex. She was an apt scholar, but her settled melancholy when away from her books had determined Mrs. Ilfrington to try the effect of a little society upon her, and hence my privilege to ask for her appearance in the drawing-room.

As we strolled down in the alternate shade and sunshine of the road, I had been a little piqued at the want of interest, and the manner of course, with which St. John had received my animated descriptions of the personal beauty of the Cherokee.

"I have hunted with the tribe," was his only answer, "and know their features."

"But she is not like them," I replied, with a tone of some impatience; "she is the beau ideal of a red-skin, but it is with the softened features of an Arab or an Egyptian. She is more willowy than erect, and has no higher cheek-bones than the plaster Venus in your chambers. If it were not for the lambent fire in her eye, you might take her, in the sculptured pose of her attitudes, for an immortal bronze of Cleopatra. I tell you she is divine."

St. John called to his dog, and we turned along the green bank above the beach, with Mrs. Ilfrington's house in view, and so opens a new chapter of my story.

#### IV.

In the united pictures of Paul Veronese and Raphael, steeped as their colours seem to have been in the divinest age of Venetian and Roman female beauty, I have scarce found so many lovely women, of so different models and so perfect, as were assembled during my Sophomore year under the roof of Mrs. Ilfrington. They went about in their evening walks, graceful and angelic, but, like the virgin pearls of the sea, they poured the light of their loveliness on the vegetating oysters about them, and no diver of fashion had yet taught them their value. Ignorant myself in those days of the scale of beauty, their features are enamelled in my memory, and I have tried insensibly by that standard (and found wanting) of every court in Europe the dames most worshipped and highest born. Queen of the Sicilies, loveliest in your own realm of sunshine and passion! Pale and transparent princess—pearl of the court of Florence—than whom the creations on the immortal walls of the Pitti less discipline our eye for the shapes of heaven! Gipsy of the Pactolus! Jewess of the Thracian Gallipolis! Bright and gifted cynosure of the aristocracy of England!—ye are five women I have seen in as many years' wandering over the world, lived to gaze upon, and live to remember and adore—a constellation, I almost believe, that has absorbed all the intensest light of the beauty of a hemisphere—yet, with your pictures coloured to life in my memory, and the pride of rank and state thrown over most of you like an elevating charm, I go back to the school of Mrs. Ilfrington, and (smile if you will!) they were as lovely, and stately, and as worthy of the worship of the world.

I introduced St. John to the young ladies as they came in. Having never seen him except in the presence of men, I was a little curious to know whether his singular *aplomb* would serve him as well with the other sex, of which I was aware he had had a very slender experience. My attention was distracted at the moment of mentioning his name to

a lovely little Georgian (with eyes full of the liquid sunshine of the south), by a sudden bark of joy from the dog, who had been left in the hall; and as the door opened, and the slight and graceful Indian girl entered the room, the usually unsocial animal sprang bounding in, lavishing caresses on her, and seemingly wild with the delight of a recognition.

In the confusion of taking the dog from the room, I had again lost the moment of remarking St. John's manner, and on the entrance of Mrs. Ilfrington, Nunu was sitting calmly by the piano, and my friend was talking in a quiet undertone with the passionate Georgian.

"I must apologise for my dog," said St. John, bowing gracefully to the mistress of the house; "he was bred by Indians, and the sight of a Cherokee reminded him of happier days—as it did his master."

Nunu turned her eyes quickly upon him, but immediately resumed her apparently deep study of the abstruse figures in the Kidderminster carpet.

"You are well arrived, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Ilfrington, "we press you into our service for a botanical ramble. Mr. Slingsby is at leisure, and will be delighted, I am sure. Shall I say as much for you, Mr. St. John?"

St. John bowed, and the ladies left the room for their bonnets, Mrs. Ilfrington last. The door was scarcely closed when Nunu re-appeared, and checking herself with a sudden feeling at the first step over the threshold, stood gazing at St. John, evidently under very powerful emotion.

"Nunu!" he said, smiling slowly and unwillingly, and holding out his hand with the air of one who forgives an offence.

She sprang upon his bosom with the bound of a leveret, and between her fast kisses broke the endearing epithets of her native tongue, in words that I only understood by their passionate and thrilling accent. The language of the heart is universal.

The fair scholars came in one after another, and we were soon on our way through the green fields to the flowery mountain-side of East Rock; Mrs. Ilfrington's arm and conversation having fallen to my share, and St. John rambling at large with the rest of the party, but more particularly beset by Miss Temple, whose Christian name was Isabella, and whose Christian charity had no bowels for broken hearts.

The most sociable individuals of the party for a while were Nunu and Lash; the dog's recollections of the past seeming, like those of wiser animals, more agreeable than the present. The Cherokee astonished Mrs. Ilfrington by an abandonment to joy and frolic which she had never displayed before, sometimes fairly outrunning the dog at full speed, and sometimes sitting down breathless upon a green bank, while the rude creature overpowered her with his caresses. The scene gave origin to a grave discussion between that well-instructed lady and myself, upon the singular force of childish association—the extraordinary intimacy between the Indian and the trapper's dog being explained satisfactorily (to her, at least) on that attractive principle. Had she but seen Nunu spring into the bosom of my friend half an hour before, she might have added a material corollary to her proposition. If the dog and the chief's daughter were not old friends, the chief's daughter and St. John certainly were.

As well as I could judge by the motions of two people walking before me, St. John was advancing fast in the favour and acquaintance of the graceful Georgian. Her southern indolence was probably an apology in Mrs. Ilfrington's eyes for leaning heavily on her companion's arm; but, in a momentary halt, the capricious beauty disembarrassed herself of the bright scarf that had floated over her shoulders, and bound it playfully around his waist. This was rather strong on a first acquaintance, and Mrs. Ilfrington was of that opinion.

"Miss Temple!" said she, advancing to whisper a reproof in the beauty's ear.

Before she had taken a second step, Nunu bounded over the low hedge, followed by the dog with whom she had been chasing a butterfly, and springing upon St. John with eyes that flashed fire, she tore the scarf into shreds, and stood trembling and pale, with her feet on the silken fragments.

"Madam!" said St. John, advancing to Mrs. Ilfrington, after casting on the Cherokee a look of surprise and displeasure, "I should have told you before that your pupil and myself are not new acquaintances. Her father is my friend. I have hunted with the tribe, and have hitherto looked upon Nunu as a child. You will believe me, I trust, when I say her conduct surprises me, and I beg to assure you that any influence I may have over her will be in accordance with your own wishes exclusively."

His tone was cold, and Nunu listened with fixed lips and frowning eyes.

"Have you seen her before since her arrival?" asked Mrs. Ilfrington.

"My dog brought me yesterday the first intelligence that she was here. He returned from his morning ramble with a string of wampum about his neck, which had the mark of the tribe. He was her gift," he added, patting the head of the dog, and looking with a softened expression at Nunu, who drooped her head upon her bosom, and walked on in tears.

## V.

The chain of the Green Mountains, after a gallop of some five hundred miles, from Canada to Connecticut, suddenly pulls up on the shore of Long Island Sound, and stands rearing with a bristling mane of pine-trees, three hundred feet in air, as if checked in mid-career by the sea. Standing on the brink of this bold precipice, you have the bald face of the rock in a sheer perpendicular below you; and, spreading away from the broken masses at its foot, lies an emerald meadow inlaid with a crystal and rambling river, across which, at a distance of a mile or two, rise the spires of the University, from what else were a thick-serried wilderness of elms. Back from the edge of the precipice extends a wild forest of hemlock and fir, ploughed on its northern side by a mountain-torrent, whose bed of marl, dry and overhung with trees in the summer, serves as a path and a guide to the plain to the summit. It were a toilsome ascent but for that smooth and hard pavement, and the impervious and green thatch of pine-tassels overhung.

Antiquity in America extends no farther back than the days of Cromwell, and East Rock is traditional ground with us—for there harboured the regicides Whalley and Goffe, and many a breath-hushing tale is

told of them over the smouldering log-fires of Connecticut. Not to rob the historian, I pass on to say that this cavernous path to the mountain top was the resort in the holiday summer afternoons of most of the poetical and otherwise well-disposed gentlemen Sophomores, and, on the day of which I speak, of Mrs. Ilfrington and her seven-and-twenty lovely scholars. The kind mistress ascended with the assistance of my arm, and St. John drew stoutly between Miss Temple and a fat young lady with an incipient asthma. Nunu had not been seen since the first cluster of hanging flowers had hidden her from our sight, as she bounded upward.

The hour or two of slanting sunshine, poured in upon the summit of the precipice from the west, had been sufficient to induce a fine and silken moss to show its fibres and small blossoms above the carpet of pine-tassels; and emerging from the brown shadow of the wood, you stood on a verdant platform, the foliage of sighing trees overhead, a fairies' velvet beneath you, and a view below that you may as well (if you would not die in your ignorance) make a voyage over the water to see.

We found Nunu lying thoughtfully near the brink of the precipice, and gazing off over the waters of the Sound, as if she watched the coming or going of a friend under the white sails that spotted its bosom. We recovered our breath in silence, I alone, perhaps, of that considerable company gazing with admiration at the lithic and unconscious figure of grace lying in the attitude of the Grecian Hermaphrodite on the brow of the rock before us. Her eyes were moist and motionless with abstraction, her lips just perceptibly curved in an expression of mingled pride and sorrow, her small hand buried and clenched in the moss, and her left foot and ankle, models of spirited symmetry, escaped carelessly from her dress, the high instep strained back as if recovering from a leap, with the tense control of emotion.

The game of the coquettish Georgian was well played. With a true woman's pique, she had redoubled her attentions to my friend from the moment that she found it gave pain to another of her sex; and St. John, like most men, seemed not unwilling to see a new altar kindled to his vanity, though a heart he had already won was stifling with the incense. Miss Temple was very lovely. Her skin, of that tint of opaque and patrician white which is found oftenest in Asian latitudes, was just perceptibly warmed towards the centre of the cheek with a glow like sunshine through the thick white petal of a magnolia; her eyes were hazel, with those inky lashes which enhance the expression a thousand-fold, either of passion or melancholy; her teeth were like strips from the lily's heart; and she was clever, captivating, graceful, and a thorough coquette. St. John was mysterious, romantic-looking, superior, and, just now, the only victim in the way. He admired, as all men do, those qualities which, to her own sex, rendered the fair Isabella unamiable; and yielded himself, as all men will, a satisfied prey to enchantments of which he knew the springs were the pique and vanity of the enchantress. How singular it is that the highest and best qualities of the female heart are those with which men are the least captivated!

A rib of the mountain formed a natural seat a little back from the pitch of the precipice, and here sat Miss Temple, triumphant in drawing all eyes upon herself and her tamed lion; her lap full of flowers,

which he had found time to gather on the way, and her white hands employed in arranging a bouquet, of which the destiny was yet a secret. Next to their own loves, ladies like nothing on earth like mending or marring the loves of others; and while the violets and already-drooping wild flowers were coquettishly chosen or rejected by those slender fingers, the sun might have swung back to the east like a pendulum, and those seven-and-twenty Misses would have watched their lovely schoolfellow the same. Nunu turned her head slowly around at last, and silently looked on. St. John lay at the feet of the Georgian, glancing from the flowers to her face, and from her face to the flowers, with an admiration not at all equivocal. Mrs. Ilfrington sat apart, absorbed in finishing a sketch of New Haven; and I, interested painfully in watching the emotions of the Cherokee, sat with my back to the trunk of a hemlock,—the only spectator who comprehended the whole extent of the drama.

A wild rose was set in the heart of the bouquet at last, a spear of ribbon-grass added to give it grace and point, and nothing was wanting but a string. Reticules were searched, pockets turned inside out, and never a bit of ribbon to be found. The beauty was in despair.

"Stay," said St. John, springing to his feet. "Lash! Lash!"

The dog came coursing in from the wood, and crouched to his master's hand.

"Will a string of wampum do?" he asked, feeling under the long hair on the dog's neck, and untying a fine and variegated thread of many-coloured beads, worked exquisitely.

The dog growled, and Nunu sprang into the middle of the circle with the fling of an adder, and seizing the wampum as he handed it to her rival, called the dog, and fastened it once more around his neck.

The ladies rose in alarm; the belle turned pale, and clung to St. John's arm; the dog, with his hair bristling upon his back, stood close to her feet, in an attitude of defiance; and the superb Indian, the peculiar genius of her beauty developed by her indignation, her nostrils expanded, and her eyes almost showering fire in their flashes, stood before them like a young Pythoness, ready to strike them dead with a regard.

St. John recovered from his astonishment after a moment, and leaving the arm of Miss Temple, advanced a step, and called to his dog.

The Cherokee patted the animal on the back, and spoke to him in her own language; and, as St. John still advanced, Nunu drew herself to her fullest height, placed herself before the dog, who slunk growling from his master, and said to him, as she folded her arms. "The wampum is mine."

St. John coloured to the temples with shame.

"Lash!" he cried, stamping with his feet, and endeavouring to fright him from his protectress.

The dog howled and crept away, half crouching with fear, toward the precipice; and St. John, shooting suddenly past Nunu, seized him on the brink, and held him down by the throat.

The next instant, a scream of horror from Mrs. Ilfrington, followed by a terrific echo from every female present, started the rude Kentuckian to his feet.

Clear over the abyss, hanging with one hand by an ashen sapling,

the point of her tiny foot just poising on a projecting ledge of rock, swung the desperate Cherokee, sustaining herself with perfect ease, but with all the determination of her iron race collected in calm concentration on her lips.

"Restore the wampum to his neck," she cried, with a voice that thrilled the very marrow with its subdued fierceness, "or my blood rest on your soul!"

St. John flung it toward the dog, and clasped his hands in silent horror.

The Cherokee bore down the sapling till its slender stem cracked with the tension, and rising lightly with the rebound, alit like a feather upon the rock. The subdued student sprang to her side; but with scorn on her lip, and the flush of exertion already vanished from her cheek, she called to the dog, and with rapid strides took her way alone down the mountain.

## VI.

Five years had elapsed. I had put to sea from the sheltered river of boyhood,—had encountered the storms of a first entrance into life,—had trimmed my boat, shortened sail, and, with a sharp eye to windward, was lying fairly on my course. Among others from whom I had parted company was Paul St. John, who had shaken hands with me at the University gate, leaving me, after four years' intimacy, as much in doubt as to his real character and history as the first day we met. I had never heard him speak of either father or mother, nor had he, to my knowledge, received a letter from the day of his matriculation. He passed his vacations at the University;—he had studied well, yet refused one of the highest college honours offered him with his degree;—he had shown many good qualities, yet some unaccountable faults;—and, all in all, was an enigma to myself and the class. I knew him clever, accomplished, and conscious of superiority; and my knowledge went no farther. The coach was at the gate, and I was there to see him off; and, after four years' constant association, I had not an idea where he was going, or to what he was destined.—The driver blew his horn.

"God bless you, Slingsby!"

"God bless you, St. John!"

And so we parted.

It was five years from this time, I say, and, in the bitter struggles of first manhood, I had almost forgotten there was such a being in the world. Late in the month of October, in 1829, I was on my way westward, giving myself a vacation from the law. I embarked, on a clear and delicious day, in the small steamer which plies up and down the Cayuga Lake, looking forward to a calm feast of scenery, and caring little who were to be my fellow-passengers. As we got out of the little harbour of Cayuga, I walked astern for the first time, and saw the not very unusual sight of a group of Indians standing motionless by the wheel. They were chiefs, returning from a diplomatic visit to Washington.

I sat down by the companion-ladder, and opened soul and eye to the glorious scenery we were gliding through. The first severe frost had come, and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is

known only in America. The blood-red sugar maple, with a leaf brighter and more delicate than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest like the Sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness; the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of the departed summer, turned out along the edges of the woods like a lining of the palest gold; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun, spotted with gold like the wings of a lady-bird; the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drapery of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched like a coward in the dying forest, burthening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, the Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper-dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman in her death is heavenlier than the being on whom in life she leaned; and alone and unsympathising in this universal decay, outlaws from Nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovelly than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colours of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change here is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost!

Oh, to have seen the sun set on hills bright in the still green and lingering summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple, and crimson—had been fused in the alembic of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and colour over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been pledged to outflush the tulip—as if; by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upward, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies had let forth their imprisoned colours to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves and revel an hour in their bravery.

I was sitting by the companion-ladder, thinking to what on earth these masses of foliage could be resembled, when a dog sprang upon my knees, and, the moment after, a hand was laid on my shoulder.

“St. John? Impossible!”

“Bodily!” answered my quondam classmate.

I looked at him with astonishment. The *soigné* man of fashion I had once known was enveloped in a kind of hunter's frock, loose and large, and girded to his waist by a belt; his hat was exchanged for a cap of rich otter-skin; his pantaloons spread with a slovenly carelessness over his feet; and, altogether, there was that in his air which told me at a glance that he had renounced the world. Lash had recovered his leanness, and, after wagging out his joy, he crouched between my

feet, and lay looking into my face as if he was brooding over the more idle days in which we had been acquainted.

"And where are you bound?" I asked, having answered the same question for myself.

"Westward with the chiefs!"

"For how long?"

"The remainder of my life."

I could not forbear an exclamation of surprise.

"You would wonder less," said he, with an impatient gesture, "if you knew more of me. And by the way," he added with a smile, "I think I never told you the first half of the story—my life up to the time I met you."

"It was not for want of a catechist," I answered, settling myself in an attitude of attention.

"No; and I was often tempted to gratify your curiosity; but from the little intercourse I had had with the world, I had adopted some precocious principles;—and one was, that a man's influence over others was vulgarized and diminished by a knowledge of his history."

I smiled; and as the boat sped on her way over the calm waters of the Cayuga, St. John went on leisurely with a story which is scarce remarkable enough to merit a repetition. He believed himself the natural son of a Western hunter, but only knew that he had passed his early youth on the borders of civilization, between whites and Indians, and that he had been more particularly indebted for protection to the father of Nunu. Mingled ambition and curiosity had led him eastward while still a lad, and a year or two of a most vagabond life in the different cities had taught him the caution and bitterness for which he was so remarkable. A fortunate experiment in lotteries supplied him with the means of education, and, with singular application in a youth of such wandering habits, he had applied himself to study under a private master, fitted himself for the University in half the usual time, and cultivated, in addition, the literary taste which I have remarked upon.

"This," he said, smiling at my look of astonishment, "brings me up to the time when we met. I came to college at the age of eighteen, with a few hundred dollars in my pocket, some pregnant experience of the rough side of the world, great confidence in myself and distrust of others, and, I believe, a kind of instinct of good manners which made me ambitious of shining in society. You were a witness to my *débüt*. Miss Temple was the first highly-educated woman I had ever known, and you saw her effect on me."

"And since we parted?"

"Oh, since we parted my life has been vulgar enough. I have ransacked civilized life to the bottom, and found it a heap of unredeemed falsehoods. I do not say it from common disappointment, for I may say I succeeded in everything I undertook——"

"Except Miss Temple," I said, interrupting, at the hazard of wounding him.

"No; she was a coquette, and I pursued her till I had my turn. You see me in my new character now. But a month ago I was the Apollo of Saratoga, playing my own game with Miss Temple. I left her for a woman worth ten thousand of her—and here she is."

As Nunu came up the companion-way from the cabin, I thought I

had never seen breathing creature so exquisitely lovely. With the exception of a pair of brilliant moccasins on her feet, she was dressed in the usual manner, but with the most absolute simplicity. She had changed in those five years from the child to the woman, and, with a round and well-developed figure, additional height, and manners at once gracious and dignified, she walked and looked the chieftain's daughter. St. John took her hand, and gazed on her with moisture in his eyes.

"That I could ever have put a creature like this," he said, "into comparison with the dolls of civilization!"

We parted at Buffalo; St. John with his wife and the chiefs, to pursue their way westward by Lake Erie, and I to go moralising on my way to Niagara.

SLINGSBY.

### A NEW CHURCHYARD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

O'ER breezy oaks—whose sires were giants then  
 When Charles in battle met "the man of men"—  
 From Shirecliffs' crest I gaze on earth and sky,—  
 And things whose beauty doth not wane and die,—  
 Rivers, that tread their everlasting way,  
 Chaunting the wintry hymn, or summer lay,  
 That brings the tempest's accents from afar,  
 Or breathes of woodbines, where no woodbines are.  
 What earth-born meteor, in the freshening breeze  
 Burns, while day fades o'er Wadsley's cottages?  
 Upon the hill beneath me I behold  
 A golden steeple amid fields of gold,  
 That starts out of the earth with sudden power,  
 A bright flame, glowing heavenward, like a flower,  
 Where erst nor temple stood, nor holy psalm  
 Rose by the mountains in the day of calm.  
 Thither, perchance, will plighted lovers hie;  
 Soon on their side how soon their dust may lie!  
 There, when her loud grief hath sobb'd her long farewell,  
 Laid o'er that dust, perchance, a stone will tell  
 The old, old tale, that breaks the reader's heart  
 With its unutter'd words, which cry "Depart!"  
 And Time, with pinions stolen from the dove,  
 Will sweep away the epitaph of love.  
 Yet deem not that affection can expire,  
 Though earth itself shall melt in seas of fire;  
 For truth hath written on the stars above,  
 "Affection cannot die, if God is love."  
 Whene'er I pass a grave, with moss o'ergrown,  
 Love seems to rest upon the silent stone,  
 Above the wreck of sublunary things,  
 Like a tired angel, sleeping on his wings.

## SOME FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE BARBARIANS OF THE NORTH.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

AMONG my fellow-lodgers in the Maison du Tatare Ismailof—(Ismailof, by the way, is a Russian, not a Tatar name)—there was a dandy of the first water, whose name was Duckett, and whose red and white complexion, and black hair, put me in mind of Miss Landon's description of the Narcissus of a Rathbone-place counter. I believe, in fact, that Duckett's employment at one period of his life really was the admeasurement of tape; but that is of no consequence. He was a youth far "above buttons;" and, when the question came to be of a pleasure tour, he smiled scornfully at Paris, turned his shoulder upon Italy, and laughed outright at the vulgarity of the Alps. He would travel among the Barbarians.

Duckett was not quite a Narcissus; for, although he admired himself above all created beings, instead of running away from the nymphs like the spooney son of Cephisus and Liriope, he passed one-half of his time in running after them. His existence was made up of adventures, or rather of the pursuit of them; and to go home to London, and tell how he had been in the good graces of a real Russian, a genuine female barbarian, was the very summit of his worldly ambition. Besides, he was a person, if I do not wrong him much, of very slender income; his hat was decidedly in the decline of life, and I once arrived at ocular demonstration of his having had a slit in the upper part of his boot fine-drawn by the cobbler. Duckett believed that he was destined to mend his fortune by making love; and, of all the romantic stories he had read, and they were not a few, those only appeared to stick in his memory which described the hero as being overwhelmed with presents by the lady, or ladies, of his disinterested affections.

One day Duckett was walking along a street called the Petrovka, and, chancing to turn his eyes upon a jeweller's window, saw, as through a glass darkly, the jeweller's wife. And the jeweller's wife saw him. She was a Russian beauty. In other words, her face could not boast a single regular feature, and yet was on the whole pretty and loveable. Her complexion was an inimitable mixture of roses and lilies, which her own sweet and cunning hand had laid on. Her hair was of the colour which God pleased; but being entirely concealed by a little sad-coloured silk handkerchief, the beholder was left to imagine it to be what it in all probability really was—a pale gold. Her eyes, blue, lustrous, and insidious, spoke a language which was English to the happy Duckett.

He passed the shop again—again—again; and still he saw, and still he was seen. The lady looked longer and longer; they grew intimate in glances: the affair was progressing. At length Duckett went in. He pulled off his hat, and held it in his hand the whole time, according to the Russian fashion; he bowed, simpered, and sighed, and examined a gold locket—but did not buy. He thought the lady looked still more anxious than is usual in such cases, that he should take it; but,

not understanding a word of her language, he could only guess. Duckett, in fact, was delicate, perhaps fastidiously so. At last, in the midst of his hesitation, she thrust the trinket hastily across the counter, with a glance which spoke to his soul, "Take it: it is a gift:" when the accursed jeweller came in suddenly from the back shop. Duckett leaped backwards, till he was brought to by the other counter; and the jeweller's wife, startled and disconcerted, gathered the locket hastily up, and put it away.

The adventurer knew very well that barbarians are always jealous, and that their wrath is fierce, and their anger cruel. He kept away from the Petrovka for several days: but love at length overcame prudence, and once more he found himself standing by the fatal window. No smile, however, sunned him where he stood; no furtive glance, flitting among the gold and gems which surrounded her, smote him as if by chance, and galvanised him to the backbone. The lady was angry, or, if not angry, reserved, or, if not reserved, indifferent. Duckett was petrified. No ingenuity could account for this turn of fortune, till one day the explanation came upon him like a thunderbolt. Another young man passed the window—another ditto, as he said, of himself: the same carnation cheeks—the same black hair—the same tall and elegant person;—all save the bad hat and the mended boot; for the stranger's beaver was new and his calf-skins whole. The lady smiled as he passed, and looked at him from under her eye-lashes; and the rival, drawing up his collar, raised himself on his toes till he appeared a giant to poor Duckett, and strode past the shop like a church steeple.

That day Duckett looked like a ghost. In vain I bored him for some of his amatory adventures; in vain Madame Vazmer, our charming hostess, asked him, with her rosiest smile, to be helped to gudgeon: silent, sullen, sad, he sat at the table, as green and yellow, and stiff and sour, as a pickled cucumber. Twenty-four hours passed away in this mood; when, unable to bear his fate any longer, he went once more to the Petrovka. The lady looked at him. A momentary expression of joy, fierce, bright, and beautiful, seemed to illumine her face; but the next moment, casting down her eyes suddenly, she appeared to look at something in a drawer beside her. The glance was enough for Duckett. He read in it the explanation of all his torment, and the termination of all his fears. It was the lady who had been jealous—jealous of his remissness; the young man with the new hat was a blind; and her indifference a hypocrisy. Duckett, in a flutter of delight, determined to go in, and, if need were, even to buy the locket; but, as the latter idea occurred to him, he thrust his hand into his small-clothes pocket; a tiny chink met his ear; and, turning away, he walked irresolutely past the shop. The next moment he felt some one touch him behind. It was an urchin who had darted out of the door, and who, with a few words of some unintelligible gibberish, and a smile of sly meaning, slipped a purse into his hand, containing a pearl ring, and a round score of ducats!

To describe the exultation of Duckett under this shower of barbaric pearl and gold is impossible; for this, as he confessed to me, was the only *real* adventure he had ever enjoyed. He immediately bought a new hat, was measured for a new pair of boots, and treated himself to a bottle of generous Madeira, instead of the thin cheap Medoc he had

hitherto drunk at dinner. The next day he sallied forth to the Petrovka, with a beating heart, determined to bring the intrigue to a crisis.

But Duckett was not brave in the vulgar sense of the word. The very magnitude of the lady's gift alarmed him, and, as a thousand stories of barbaric jealousy and revenge crowded upon his mind, he hoped, and trusted, that the husband was still ignorant of his wife's generosity. He crossed first on the other side; but seeing, to his great surprise, his rival go in, indignation and curiosity lent him courage, and, making a very short circuit, he reached the window. His rival was indeed there; but no longer happy and triumphant. His voice was loud in complaint and invective! Duckett chuckled at the sound; he wished the conceited fellow would turn towards the window that he might see his new hat. But, alas! the husband as well as the wife was there! and this could be no lover's Jeremiad. Tall, grim, and massive, the jeweller stood eyeing his customer, his eyes flashing fire, and his beard appearing to curl with barbarian rage. Duckett could not for his life refrain from putting his head in at the door to see what was going on.

At that fatal moment, the wife caught a glimpse of his figure, and the sensitive woman gave a loud scream; when her husband, bounding instantaneously across the counter, rushed, with the roar of a tiger, to the door. Duckett for one instant stood paralysed with terror; the next, he wheeled about instinctively, and fled like the wind down the street. To turn the corner of the Petrovka, and dash into the Pont-des-Mareschaux, were but the occupation of some seconds. Onward pressed the adventurer, gasping up the steep hill formed by the street, and followed by the jeweller, the stranger, and the wife, gathering at their heels, as they flew, a miscellaneous crowd of mujeks, shopmen, isvorchiks, merchants, monks, and nobles. At the corner of the Loubenska the unfortunate Duckett was knocked down by a street-keeper.

"What account do you give of this?" cried the stranger, in French, snatching the purse out of his pocket; while the husband stood over the victim like a goul.

"As God is my judge," gasped Duckett, "I never saw the woman but with the counter between us!"

"What has that to do with the question? It is my purse, which I left by mistake upon the counter, and which these decent people intended to return, when their boy put it into your hands instead of mine!"

At this juncture I happened to pass by, and well for Duckett it was that I did so! I explained the mistake to the stranger, and, slipping a ten rouble note into the street-keeper's hand, in all probability saved my countryman from the necessity of extending his travels to Siberia.

The species of honesty practised by the jeweller and his wife may seem out of keeping with the character I have already given of the Russian shopkeepers; and yet instances of a similar kind occur every day. They will perjure themselves fifty times in a breath for the sake of cheating you out of a kopeck; but if you leave the coin (about the value of a centime) upon the counter by mistake, they will run half a mile after you to return it. It is odd how the extremes of barbarism and civilization sometimes meet at a common point! In the Palais Royal at Paris, the very same kind of honesty, and the very same kind of dishonesty, are things of constant recurrence. Poor Mr. Duckett

need not have gone so far as Moscow, either for the insidious smiles, or the golden generosity, of a shopkeeper's wife.

But, talking of shopkeepers, let us inquire what it is the barbarians have got to sell? For my part, I felt no small degree of curiosity on the subject, having been assured at Memel—the last frontier town of the civilized world which I had passed through—that if I did not mean to conform to the customs of the savage country I was about to explore, in letting my beard grow, wearing a shirt for a quarter of a year, encouraging the production of tartar on my teeth, tying rags round my legs instead of stockings, dressing my hair with my fingers, and clothing my feet in the bark of trees, it would be absolutely necessary to lay in a complete outfit of scissors, shirts, combs, boots, razors, tooth-brushes, and stockings.

It so happened that I was not long at Moscow when an opportunity occurred of fully gratifying my curiosity; for an exposition took place of the Products of National Industry, to which Prince S. Gagarin had the politeness to send me a ticket, with an admonition that I should not fail to go. Products of national industry! Bark shoes—wampum belts—glass beads—sea-weed chemises—hides—tallow—hemp! The thing was almost too ridiculous—enough so, in fact, to make an Englishman afraid of his dignity; and I consulted on the subject—but with perfect gravity, so as to avoid wounding his feelings—Colonel Paul Monchaffoff, a gentleman who had contrived to pick up, God knows how, as much scientific knowledge as would set up a London professor.

“Russia,” said the Colonel, as seriously as if he intended no humbug in the world, “may be considered a new country, so far as the arts of civilization are concerned. They are not indigenous among us; they have not grown gradually up from a rude and formless germ, receiving successive improvements from cultivation and experiment;—they have, on the contrary, been imported, as they now exist, from the more favoured climates of Europe; and thus, generally speaking, our master-manufacturers are foreigners. This must necessarily be the case to a certain extent; but in Russia, it will, in all probability, be so a shorter time than in any other country in the world under similar circumstances. The reason is, that we possess the faculty of imitation more strongly than any other people mentioned in history. For instance, you no doubt admired a bust of Catherine in the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg; it was the production of a poor ignorant mujek, who amused himself, almost unconsciously, with chopping a block of marble in that manner upon the quay.

“But when I say that our manufacturers are almost all foreigners, I mean those belonging to such great establishments as could not have been formed without a considerable capital. The country is swarming with native manufacturers. Ride out a few versts in the neighbourhood of Moscow, and you will hear the sounds of manufacturing industry from every cottage window. Look into these windows, and you will see the mujeks engaged in working figures upon silk or velvet of the most elegant and *recherché* patterns. Nothing comes out of the foreign looms that is not immediately laid hold of and imitated by the natives, whose extreme simplicity of life enables them to compete, even in prices, with their comparatively luxurious rivals. Go, in fine, to the exposition,

where you will see at the counters, mingling with Germans, French, and English, our bearded merchants and mechanics; and then come home and dine with me, and indulge yourself, by way of compensation, in talking of Leeds, Manchester, and Birmingham."

I made the Colonel a bow, with wonderful decorum of face; and, hooking my arm into that of M. Khamekoff, (the elegant poet and dramatist,) went away to see the *exposé* of the Barbarians of the North.

The assembly-room of the nobility was the scene of action—a vast hall, divided into three, like a Catholic church, by a colonnade of imitative marble. The middle space, or nave, as it would be called in ecclesiastical architecture, is the arena for dancing, and it is capable of containing three thousand persons. Round the sides, however, between the walls and the colonnade, there runs a gallery, large enough to accommodate perhaps from a thousand to fifteen hundred in addition; while, in six or seven lateral apartments, originally destined for gaming or refreshments, you might stow possibly two thousand more.

All these places were full—it was, in fact, a regular cram; and as it was the first day of the exhibition, I had an opportunity of seeing the whole population of the city in epitome. My ticket was for the private days—the days of the nobility; but my business in Russia was to see the *people*, and I did not commit the mistake of confining my observation to a very small, and, morally speaking, not a very important class. On the present occasion, all ranks were displayed before me; for curiosity, and the *prestige* attending a "first day," had induced the nobles to lay ceremony aside, and mingle with their peasants and slaves in one common mass of humanity.

The men and women of the nobility, or upper classes, were exactly like those of a similar rank whom we see promenading in Rêgent-street, or on the Boulevards of Paris. Colonel Monchanoff was indeed right in his estimate of the imitative genius of his country; for these barbarians have the knack of copying so closely their civilized brethren of France or England, that it is utterly impossible to distinguish one from the other. Nay, so elaborate are they in this species of manufacturing industry, that they begin even in the cradle. Their nursery governesses are very frequently Englishwomen; they learn French for their everyday language, German for its general utility, and English as an accomplishment. They go through the same routine of education as at London or Paris; and, in short, they at length pass themselves off for ladies and gentlemen of Europe!

An English traveller, indeed, asserts that the ladies are in the habit of picking off pieces of the candles as they pass by—to eat, I suppose; but as I never happened to witness anything of the kind myself, all I can state upon the subject is, that one evening, at the house of the Princess Mescherski, (the Russian translator and munificent distributor of religious tracts,) on the fact being mentioned, it sent such a polite cachinnation from one end of the room to the other, as must have made the author alluded to, had he been present, wish himself in the mines of Siberia. The writer of a late French *brochure* brings forward a still graver accusation: he asserts that they are all *thieves*. This, I am sorry to say, my evidence will go rather to establish than otherwise: for, on leaving the country, I missed several large pieces of my heart, or at least of that portion of it which I did not leave at home.

The class next to the nobility consisted of the Russian merchants of the highest guild, some of them magnificently arrayed in robes adorned with gold embroidery. Then there were the other guilds, generally dressed in the national kaftan, with or without the sash, and almost all provided with a luxuriant beard. Then came the tradesmen, artisans, and labourers of every description, each in his best attire, and all examining the riches displayed before them with immovable gravity. The gravity of the lower order of Russians, be it observed, is *sui generis*; for instead of the apathy which forms the greater portion of that of the Turks, and red men of America, its chief characteristic is attentive observation. No exclamations of any frivolous kind were heard here, even among the exclamatory sex; no "O la-s!" "Dear me-s!" or "Good gracious-s!" The mercantile dame, clad in silk that might have stood on end, turned round her beautifully painted face to her daughter, and made some quiet remark; and Mademoiselle, piloting herself between the gigots situated at each shoulder like Scylla and Charybdis, peered her little French bonnet over the article, and replied mildly—(I hope the reader understands Russian)—"Ugh, agh, ogh! bow, wôw, wow!"

One of the first objects which struck me in a particular manner was a full-length portrait of Catherine II., which I had the imprudence to pronounce to be a very superior painting. M. Khamekoff admonished me that it was only a piece of Russian needle-work; and I determined to be more circumspect for the future.

We then arrived at some superb Cashmere shawls, which looked, at a little distance, like paintings on a rich velvet ground. The price of one was three thousand roubles, and of another twelve hundred, which I thought cheap for the article, till I discovered that they were only imitations of Cashmere. They are manufactured from a material obtained, not from the goat, but from the Kirgis sheep in winter—a sort of down which grows beneath the coarse long hair of the animal. Last year the Emperor bought one of these shawls for four thousand five hundred roubles\*.

There were also some Leghorn bonnets—imitation, as usual. One of a black colour was marked at nine hundred roubles, and a white one at seven hundred. Such things, I know, are sometimes sold in Italy for three thousand francs, but I cannot judge of the relative fineness of the manufacture.

A beautiful stuff next attracted our attention, which looked like figured cotton velvet, and was marked at only two roubles the archine (two feet four inches). A short time ago this was manufactured entirely by the Tatars; but the Russians, as usual, set themselves to copy, and soon drove the inventors out of the market. The Tatars, however, although obliged to buy from their rivals, since they can buy more cheaply than they can make, still retain a portion of the retail trade; and they frequent the inns of Moscow and St. Petersburg, offering to the traveller cloaks and dressing-gowns, which the unsuspecting innocent purchases as Tatar commodities.

The silk velvet was enormously dear. Unwrought silk, brought from

\* A rouble, at the rate of exchange when the author was in Russia (a few months ago), was worth 10½*d.*

near the mineral waters of the Caucasus—and among the most beautiful I ever saw—sold for twenty-seven roubles and a half, the Russian pound, forty of which (or a pood) are equal to thirty-six English.

Printed cottons were good and cheap. M. Khamekoff told me that three thousand roubles worth of this manufacture was sold at the last fair of Leipsic, formerly supplied exclusively by England! I do not pledge myself for the accuracy of this statement; but, in the specimens I saw, I certainly detected no inferiority to the Manchester productions. I observed, however, the same thing here which struck me in France, namely, that they either do not possess or do not exhibit the very inferior qualities. In Paris *all* the printed cottons are better and more beautiful (and dearer, of course) than those we see in London, except in the first-rate warehouses. It is the same case with silks. A French woman of the lower classes, even if she could obtain it, which she cannot, would not deign to wear the miserable stuff with which an English lady adorns herself for the sake of saving a shilling a yard.

The highest price of woollen cloth which I observed, was thirty-two roubles the archine. Formerly the Poles were the masters of the market, but the Russians have learned to surpass them. Some of the cloths were extremely fine, but the black colours dingy instead of black. The growth of wool is a subject of extraordinary importance to Russia, and is watched with intense interest by the more intelligent of the people. Merino sheep are breeding in various parts of the country, from the shores of the Baltic to the frontiers of China; and the extensive cloth-trade carried on with the celestial empire, is now fixed on such a basis as cannot be shaken by the intervention of other nations. Formerly the Russians brought the goods destined for this traffic, from a distance of several thousand miles to the frontiers. Now, the goods—the manufactory—the wool—the sheep on which the wool grows—all are close to the market!

The Russians owe this, in the first instance, to an Englishman, the late Mr. Kempton Harvey, brother of Mr. Harvey, lecturer on English literature at the University of Moscow. This gentleman, in the autumn of 1829, brought from the heart of Saxony, to the neighbourhood of Moscow, a flock of six hundred Merino sheep, with the intention of sending a portion of them to Irkutsk. A joint-stock company, however, was afterwards formed, chiefly by the exertions of M. Zeidler, the Governor of Siberia, and four hundred of these valuable animals were marched into Asiatic Russia. The whole distance from Saxony was between five and six thousand miles, and the travellers took four years to their journey. This wool does not deteriorate, even among the snows of Siberia; and they suffer less by drought and epidemic diseases in summer than the native sheep. The emperor is a partner in this company, holding forty shares, at two hundred and twenty-five roubles each\*.

Another article of vast importance is beet-root sugar. The leaves were among the whitest and most beautiful I had ever seen; and it is said that in Russia the root gives ten per cent. more syrup than in France. As yet, bankruptcy has been the lot of speculators in this

\* The stock of the company, on the 1st of August, 1834, consisted of 634 pure Merinos, and 2204 of the first and second crosses and native sheep. The stations are Irkutsk, Minusinsk, and Verkeyndinsk. The long wool of the first generation is said to be adapted for combing, and perfectly well suited to the English market.

manufacture—a fate which frequently attends the forlorn hope in such great enterprises. Correcting the errors, however, and benefiting by the experience of their predecessors, it is to be confidently expected that a different destiny will attend those who now follow, and that beet-root sugar will very soon enrich both the grower and the country. Even now it is sold at three roubles in the pood (thirty-six English pounds) cheaper than West Indian sugar.

The plated goods were formerly all French—they are now all Russian, and quite as good, and singularly cheap.

The cutlery is rudely fashioned, and the steel badly tempered. You may buy a thousand pen-knives for twenty roubles; and supposing you retail them at half a rouble each, you will thus realize a profit of twenty-four hundred per cent. ! Cast-iron is imported from England.

The common earthenware was worse than that of England, but the porcelain nearly equal to the manufacture of Sevres.

Plain bookbinding was excellent, and cost only about a shilling for a large octavo volume. The finer kind dear, but very beautiful.

Silk hats were far lighter, much more beautiful, and upwards of fifty per cent. cheaper than those of London. The “beaver” hats, made like the English, not of beaver but of hare, were quite as good, and about the same price.

Such was the Exposition of the Products of National Industry—or rather, that small portion of it which attracted my attention—of the Barbarians of the North.

I had an opportunity of seeing the native manufacturers at work, described by Colonel Moncharoff, in various rides, and more especially in various walks, in the country surrounding Moscow. But, for the present, let me forget that I am one of the “nation of shopkeepers,” and only think that I am a denizen of the world at large. On leaving Moscow, the same difference in manners is observable between town and country as in other parts of Europe. The dress of the peasant is the same, but he is franker and more familiar, and as hospitable as his means admit. A luncheon of black bread, and a jug of cream-like milk, or a platter of *prost-quashya*, are always at the disposal of the stranger; but as for a draught of quass, it is thought a compliment to be asked for it. This is a small sour beverage, which answers the purpose of table-beer to all classes, rich and poor. The *prost-quashya* is simply milk turned thick and sour by the sun in summer, or the fire in winter. Even in canny Scotland this is called “spoiled milk,” although, in reality, it is among the most wholesome kinds of food that can be eaten; and, when enriched with a little cream and sugar, it forms a “dainty dish” that might be “set before a king.” The peasant does not demand, or expect, payment for such hospitality; but when offered any, his habitual humility prevents him from refusing it.

The villages are often as snug and comfortable as the English; but, in general, they may be said to be upon a par with those of Scotland, except in the article of dirt; a commodity which is either much scarcer, or much less ostentatiously displayed, in Muscovy than in the Land of Cakes. As for the great mass of the Irish hovels, I question whether they would be considered good enough for a Russian pig. Even their external appearance, however, (when they are not Crown villages,) depends upon the character of the lord of the land. ‘But it is satisfactory to think that the number of ignorant brutes still remaining among the

nobility is diminishing every day, either by the progress of civilization, or occasionally, by the knives and hatchets of the dependent. May I be permitted to suggest, that a gentle application of the knot by the government, "*supra dorsum nudum, pulsante campanâ,*" might be advantageously substituted for the latter mode of teaching a "great moral lesson?" not that I am particularly squemish on the point, or that I think a bit the worse of John Russian for assuming, in the almost total absence of *practical* law (for there is plenty of theoretical) the management of the affair himself; but the task, to say the best of it, is an invidious one, and must have the effect of continuing the absurd and pitiful distinctions which subsist between the two classes of the country—the mighty mass of this colossal nation, and the little handful of land-owners, who speak French, and wear pig-tailed coats.

At the village of Yassenova, I was particularly struck with the neat and even genteel appearance of one of the houses; and, with the assistance of Mr. Harvey, as an interpreter (brother of the introducer of Merinos), I made some inquiries which threw a good deal of light upon the manners of the peasantry. To build the house, we were told, cost a thousand roubles; which was, in all probability, not half the real sum. Even the lady mujek who did the honours, smiled significantly as she gave us this piece of information; half in doubt, as it seemed, whether it would be more unpleasant to let us undervalue her acquisition, or to run the risk of the story of her wealth getting to the landlord's ears. Yet her landlord was Prince S. Gagarin, one of the most humane and intelligent members of the Russian aristocracy. The explanation is, that the obrok, or capitation-tax, is fixed by the master, and may consequently be supposed to correspond with the means of the serf.

The building occupied a large space of ground, but the greater part consisted of what in an English farm would be outhouses. In a climate like this, everything must be under one roof. The dwelling-house was composed of three small apartments, instead of merely the usual "butt and ben;" and here resided three respectable and well-doing families, that of the father and those of his two sons. In Russia, when a peasant marries, he brings his wife *home*; and although the common nest does not become larger, the old birds make a little room for the stranger, while the grand-children, being born on the spot, make room for themselves. The atmosphere of the house was incomparably hotter than that of the street, which was *baking* in the sun; and every door, window, or chink was kept carefully shut. It is to this artificial atmosphere, and to this alone, that the premature decay of beauty is owing. The vapour-bath, I feel convinced, is rather favourable to it than otherwise.

The garden, or rather orchard, was large, and well stocked with the usual kinds of fruit-trees. Almost all these, however, were planted from the seeds; and I observed some apple-trees, which, although five years old, were not more than six feet high. Our conductress pointed out a few slips which had been lately set in the ground, but she appeared to be in some doubt as to their thriving, saying that they did not understand that mode of planting. This woman had the most beautiful teeth I ever saw; and, having hitherto been accustomed only to the beauties of the city and of the great roads, I asked her, in surprise, to what this was owing? She replied, that she *never painted her face*; and that, after being in Moscow for two years as a nurse, finding the *use of tea* discolour her teeth, she had returned instantly to her village, in

order to preserve those ornaments which had been envied by women of the highest distinction. The manners of this peasant were easy and graceful—I was going to say lady-like ; and when bidding us adieu, she observed, with an inclination which would have done honour to a duchess, “ that if we would repeat our visit in a week or two, when the fruit was ripe, it would give her still more pleasure.” This was very well for a female barbarian.

A short ride from the village are the gardens of Tsaritzena, the palace presented by Prince Potemkin to his mistress Catherine II., and run away from by that princess because it looked like a coffin. The principal building, although regular in itself, seems to have been constructed without reference to any particular order of architecture, while the smaller ones are scattered about as if by chance. The whole edifice (which was never finished) is now in a state of decay ; and the roof having been in some places torn up by the wind, in a few years it will, in all probability, be a heap of ruins. The garden, however, or rather the vast grove, interrupted by walks, and hills, and dells, and a quiet lake, possesses even more than its original loveliness ; and, more especially at this season, the Russian midsummer—

“ Oh, if there is an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this !”

This is the favourite promenade of the citizens of Moscow, and of the gentry residing near the place ; but one peculiarity attends it which is strangely characteristic of a state of barbarism. Throughout the gardens there are little pavilions for the use of the visiters, containing each a table and a few chairs ; and all these are open to the first comers. A party of friends, on arrival, make choice of the one which suits them, and, depositing therein their baskets of provisions and bright brass teapots, it becomes theirs as long as it is their pleasure to remain. Sometimes they take possession on Saturday evening, and remain till Monday morning, the gardens, during that space, being filled, night and day, with music and the sounds of harmless and temperate merriment. Imagine a place of this kind, dear reader, near London or Paris, and thank heaven that you are not a barbarian of the north !

I have a love anecdote connected with these gardens at the tip of my pen, but I dread the censorship of some cross old dowager : will the young ladies stand by me ?—yes, they will ; so here goes.

The hero was an Englishman, but a very different sort of person from poor Mr. Duckett. He was a gentlemanlike man, well on to fifty years of age, and grave enough to be guessed at several years more. He had travelled a good deal in the civilized parts of Europe, and was last from Vienna, arriving in Moscow about ten days before me. He brought letters of introduction which opened at once the doors of the best society in the city ; although, from the difficulty with which he spoke French, he did not enjoy the hospitality pressed upon him on all sides so much as might have been expected from a traveller. Mr. Willmer, however—for this is something near enough the gentleman’s name to answer our purpose—although a traveller, was not exactly a man of the world. He had lived a good deal in retirement on an easy fortune ; and only two or three years ago had been induced, by the changes which time and casualty had brought about in the society around him, to seek amusement in foreign travel. If not a man of the world, however, or, in other words, a man fitted for general society, he was agreeable and

intelligent, and very soon formed for himself a little circle of family acquaintances, among whom his time passed pleasantly enough.

In this circle moved Madame Br—ff, a very amiable young lady, and the possessor of considerable personal attractions. She spoke a little English, and, with true Russian industry and perseverance, availed herself of the intimacy of Mr. Willmer with her husband to endeavour to acquire a complete knowledge of the language. As for the husband, he was very glad that so fair an opportunity offered for improving his wife in an accomplishment of which he was proud; but having no design to study himself, it is not wonderful that he felt it irksome to listen long to a conversation of which he understood not one word. When Mr. Willmer, therefore, happened to be the only visitor, he usually made no scruple of getting up, and leaving him and his wife to their broken English and broken French.

Madame Br—ff, when he called casually in the evening, the fashionable time of visiting, was in general occupied with needle-work, a custom sufficiently common in England in the two extremes of visitable society, high and low, but little known among the upper middle ranks, or *pretenders*. When he went in, she invariably laid down her work, and not only laid it down, but sent it away. This simple circumstance, which never occurred in any other house, was probably the first thing which set the imagination of Mr. Willmer at work. It never occurred to him that she wanted to improve in English, by familiarizing herself with the language;—all he knew was, that he wanted to learn French; and the marked attention of Madame Br—ff surprised—interested—at length excited him in no ordinary degree.

Madame Br—ff, I have said, was pretty; but besides this, she had an eye, which many quiet, well-disposed women have;—an eye which *seems* to say a great deal more than the possessor dreams of. Mr. Willmer began to dread this eye, and then, losing his dread, he began to admire it. He called more frequently. Whenever he met the husband elsewhere without his wife, he ran straight to the house. As his attentions increased, Madam Br—ff became more frank and confiding; and as neither understood very well what the other was saying, it is no wonder—especially since a young and pretty woman was in the case, open, lively, and well inured to badinage—that a good deal of equivoque took place on both sides. As for Mr. Willmer, he was a grave, discreet, middle-aged man, to say the best of him; and, even if the lady was conscious that he admired her a little too warmly, she might have been flattered, but certainly could feel no alarm at the idea.

It is said in most books on the subject of Russia, that a great deal of libertinism prevails in the manners of the upper ranks. This, I have no doubt *was* the case, but is so no longer. The Russian nobility are more immediately and necessarily acted upon by the example of the reigning family than any other nobility in Europe; and, under the rule of the beastly Elizabeth, or the voluptuous but gifted Catherine, there could hardly have existed, in this class of the nation, such a thing as female purity. Now, however, they live under an entirely new dispensation. The present Emperor, like his predecessor Alexander, is, in his private character, an exceedingly moral and domestic man; and although he, no doubt, has sense enough, and knowledge enough of the human heart to pity and pardon the occasional extravagancies of passion; he never would lend himself to foster the cold-hearted gallantry which is the usual vice of courts.

Mr. Willmer, however, knew the country only in books; he was there not to observe, and correct, if necessary, the opinions of others, but to amuse himself as well as he could; and, in short, in the beautiful eyes of Madame Br——ff he read an invitation which his heart of fifty years was not old enough to resist. His great difficulty was want of language wherewith to express his gratitude for the passion he flattered himself he had inspired. Every day, however, he spoke more broadly, and looked more eloquently; and at every meeting he squeezed the hand of his enamourata more warmly, till at last even Mad. Br——ff began to fancy that something serious was the matter with the man.

This was more particularly the case when they were talking one day of the Tsaritzena Gardens, which they had both visited, and of a little pavilion which afforded a still finer glimpse than the rest, of woodland scenery. I do not know exactly what were the expressions made use of by Mr. Willmer, but the lady paused, coloured, and looked perplexed. Yet, in a few moments her indecision was over; a radiant smile broke over her face, and her terrible eyes spoke a meaning to the imagination of her admirer (who had sat in silent dismay at his own temerity) which made him gasp. At that critical moment a party of visitors entered the room.

The same evening, Mr. Willmer received the following *billet-doux*, in the lady's own hand-writing, and any lurking doubt which may have remained upon his mind was given to the winds:—

“I now understand you, my amiable Sir, which I did not altogether the evening past; but you have such a way of teaching me things, that I do not know nothing about it. I you assure, that my pleasure in your society is as much as the latter you take in mine. You have begged to go to the Wood of Tsaritzena, and I there consent. I engage you to come to the pavilion, you know, to-morrow night, and you must arrive rigorously at seven hours. We will be *alone*, and I hope you shall not find no fault with that. How it will be agreeable to read some poems in the clear of the moon, and to sleep all night folded under the trees! During these transactions, I rest all yours, “R. B.

“P.S. My husband tries to read this rendezvous over my neck, and I laugh, and tell him to try all he is willing. Poor person! he cannot comprehend nothing.”

It may be supposed that Mr. Willmer perused this note with a beating heart; but, being a man of tolerable delicacy, as the world goes, there was something so daringly profligate in the postscript as to startle and almost shock him. What! not satisfied with making an appointment with her lover, she must show the letter to her husband, and laugh in his face at his ignorance of the language in which it was written! But, in addition to the abominable coarseness of mind which this evinced, and which stripped the “*affair*” of all the colouring it had received in his imagination, was it wise to ally himself in crime with a woman so regardless of prudence and decency? M. Br——ff could hardly be ignorant of every word of a language spoken so frequently by his wife; and might not a *single* word which he knew—even the name of the gardens—have caught his eye and awakened his suspicions? In this case, the consequences of a duel did not present themselves simply in the form of wounds and death, but also of the ridicule of the bad, the indignation of the good or hypocritical, and loss of character everywhere. If Mr. Willmer had had his passport in his pocket, he would that night have set out for England.

After a restless night, he arose to encounter a restless day. As soon as the office of the Governor-General was open, he went there to take the preliminary steps for obtaining his passport, which he was assured he might receive in two days. This was something; but still he did not like the aspect of affairs. What devil had put it into his heart to make love to Madame Br——ff? If he must needs play the fool, or the something worse, was it necessary to come all the way to Moscow and address himself to the wife of a Russian noble? He avoided the eyes of his acquaintance—he could eat no dinner—he grew more and more virtuous as the day advanced; but still he knew that it was impossible to retract—that the proposition had been his own—that he was the tempter, and not the tempted.

At the proper hour, he found himself in the gardens of Tsaritzena; and, winding round the palace, he took the way, with unsteady steps and a sinking heart, to the rendezvous of unlawful love. It was one of those enchanting evenings of summer, twenty or thirty of which, vouchsafed to the governments of St. Petersburg and Moscow, make up for the extreme rigour of the climate the rest of the year. I hardly think, in fact, that any one can imagine fairy-land, who has not sailed by the islands of the Neva, or wandered in the woods of Moscow. Mr. Willmer's guilty terrors subsided gradually under the influence of the hour, and that heart which, we are told, is "above all things deceitful and desperately wicked," even began to exult with the joy of the Fallen One when he invaded the Paradise of Eve. At this moment, however, on turning a clump of trees, he saw at a short distance a party of ladies and gentlemen, several of whom he knew. At the sight, he shrank, with the instinct of evil things, into the midst of the shade; and having done so, he began to perspire with the idea of his having been seen. He could hear the voices of the party as they passed by, and also a burst of laughter, the fire of which seemed accurately directed towards his retreat.

He could now catch the voices of other groups, and even see the ladies flitting and disappearing, like Dryads, among the trees in the distance. Wondering what could have put it into the heads of all the world (for he was unacquainted with the extreme popularity of the gardens at this brief and beautiful season) to come here on the present evening, of all the evenings of the year, he made a still wider circuit; and at length, after losing himself more than once, and playing at bo-peep with at least a dozen different parties, he found himself near the pavilion indicated by Madame Br——ff.

The gardens were now quiet; the sounds of mirth and music had died away; the flitting shapes had disappeared; and the scene appeared to be left to solitude and to him. He stole up to the door of the pavilion; it was empty. He was long behind his time. Had his mistress, indignant or despairing, fled from the spot which was the witness of her disgrace and disappointment? He went in, vexed and agitated. Suddenly a voice broke upon his ear from without. It was the voice of the too frail, too enamoured woman; and as a thousand feelings of love, shame, terror, and remorse swept across the heart of the seducer, he could hardly sustain himself upon his trembling limbs. But in another instant he heard also the voice of her husband, loud, rough, furious! and, almost stunned by the shock, in the surprise and dismay of the moment, Mr. Willmer crept under the table.

The husband, wife, two friends (with one of whom the reader is ac-

quainted), a servant, and a dog, then entered the small pavilion, and began to prepare the inevitable repast of a Russian—tea. Mr. Willmer's intellects were too confused to enable him to discover at first on what terms M. Br—ff was with his faithless spouse; but when his ears began at length to become familiar with the sounds of a foreign tongue, he persuaded himself that their secret was as yet safe. He was almost sorry that he had not stood his ground, and taken his chance of what might befall; but the thing was done; and, at any rate, the very fact of the husband being present seemed to prove that a suspicion of some kind had been excited.

The great terror of the concealed lover was now the dog. This animal, who had apparently been the cause of M. Br—ff's anger out of doors, was at present on his good behaviour; but still, as he squatted upon the floor, with his nose pointed towards the ambush, he could not refrain from evincing now and then, by a low growl, the curiosity and suspicion with which he viewed a long black shadow under the leaf of the table. Mr. Willmer would rather have been in the wilderness, closeted with a panther. A sound of talking and laughing was now heard without; and a considerable party of ladies and gentlemen put their heads in at the door, for there would have been hardly room for their bodies in the interior.

"You are here, Madame Br—ff," cried one of the ladies; "I thought you had reckoned it vulgar to pass the night in Tsaritzena."

"It was the whim of our English friend, Mr. Willmer," she replied; "and after all, he has not kept the rendezvous!"

"Perhaps he was afraid of the company he might meet at this season—the monster is so stiff!"

"No; I told him we are to be quite alone. But he is a strange creature—so shy, so reserved, so silent; and then he has such a frightened look when one says the most harmless thing in the world to him!"

"Poor old soul!" cried a young lady; "what fun we should have, if we only caught him among the woods of Tsaritzena! I dare say the odious wretch wears a wig, and one might contrive to tie it to a branch, as he was standing under a tree!"

Mr. Willmer, in the meantime, whose love-dream was thus roughly dissipated, lay under the table perspiring with shame and rage; while the dog, perceiving that his master's attention was otherwise occupied, took the opportunity of creeping close to the ambush. When the animal at last actually caught two eyes glaring at his in the midst of the darkness, he emitted such a yell as made the ladies scream, and darted under the table. A fierce and furious struggle then took place between the man and beast; in the midst whereof the table was overturned, and "our English friend Mr. Willmer" appeared at full length.

The amazement of the company may be better conceived than expressed, and the ladies' screams of laughter would no doubt be more pleasant to imagine than to hear. Mr. Willmer, however, derived much benefit from his very slowness of speech and habitual reserve; for before he had time to bungle the affair by any attempt at explanation, it was concluded that his appearance in so novel a character was merely an expedient he had hit upon to convince the female barbarians that an Englishman is not by half such a stiff, grave, awkward, formal, shy, dull, drowsy, dreaming, bilious, heavy, dismal, stupid dolt as is generally imagined.

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL KEPT DURING A RESIDENCE IN LITTLE-PEDDLINGTON\*.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes."—Burns.

*Wednesday, June 17th.*—On entering Yawkins's skittle-ground, where Mr. Felix Hoppy gave his seventh public breakfast, a printed programme of the morning's entertainments was presented to me. The principal object of attraction appeared to be that "extraordinary creature who" (according to Hobbleday's description of him) "actually played upon the Pandean pipes and beat a drum at the same time!" And, judging by the London estimate of a performer's talents, which are justly considered to be in exact proportion to the size of the letters in which his name is announced, this Pandean-piper must be one of unparalleled ability; for each letter of his was a foot long. Though a determined admirer of both the instruments performed upon, I do not pretend to a practical knowledge of either, nor indeed to a very nice judgment of the superiority of one performer upon them over another: therefore, as in all similar cases, I bow to the large letters, make an unconditional surrender to them of my own opinion, and applaud vehemently. Besides, were I either sceptical or ignorant enough to doubt, or sufficiently learned to decide, I should be a bold man indeed to do so, when these are the very terms in which the Master of the Ceremonies himself speaks of the *artiste* † he has engaged for the delight of Little Pedlington:—

"Re-engagement, for this morning only, and positively the *last last* appearance of the unrivalled and never-equalled

SIGNOR RUMBELLO DEL SQUEAKI,

*Principal Pandea-tympanist to his Majesty the King of Naples.*

"The Master of the Ceremonies has the pleasing gratification of announcing to his numerous most honoured Friends and Patrons, that (in consequence of the unexampled crowd of visitors at the *first* last appearance, and in compliance with the most earnest request and entreaty of numerous families of distinction who were unable to obtain admission, in consequence of the unprecedentedly immense overflow, at the *second* last appearance, of this most unrivalled foreign *Artiste*, whose astonishing performance on the Drum and the Pandean Pipes at the *same time* has set all competition at defiance, and is, unquestionably, in the opinion of all competent judges, the most perfect *morceau* of musi-

\* Continued from page 333.

† *Artiste*: an admirable word (albeit somewhat Frenchified) of late applied, with nice discrimination, to every species of exhibitor, from a rope-dancer down to a mere painter or sculptor. On looking into little Entick (my great authority in these matters), I find we have already the word *artist*; but, with stupid English perversity, we have hitherto used that in a much more restricted sense than its newly-imported rival, which it is becoming the excellent fashion to adopt. It is questionable, however, whether tumblers, buffoons, the clowns in Ducrow's circle, &c., will feel themselves much gratified at being comprehended under the same general term with such folks as Baily, Chantrey, Turner, Shee, Wilkie, and the like.

cal skill that has ever electrified a British audience) he has fortunately succeeded, regardless of expense, in prevailing upon the SIGNOR to condescend to accept an engagement for *this morning only*, being *positively* his *very* last appearance here, as he is compelled to leave Little-Pedlington this evening, having received orders from his Excellency the Neapolitan Ambassador to return immediately to his post in

*Le Capello de la Roi du Naples.*

“ Upon this occasion SIGNOR RUMBELLO DEL SQUEAKI will perform several of the most admired fashionable airs, and will also *condescend* to accompany the dancing from two o'clock till four, the commencement and conclusion of which will be notified by the

*Firing of a real Cannon!*

\*\* “ On Wednesday next will be given the Eighth Public Breakfast of the Season, being for the BENEFIT OF SIGNOR RUMBELLO DEL SQUEAKI, and most positively his last appearance.”

What! more last words! a *third* last appearance this morning, off for Naples to-night, and another last appearance on Wednesday next! How are these seeming contradictions to be reconciled? or how is the intended journey to be performed? However, as I never interfere with what does not immediately concern me, I shall ask for no explanation of the difficulty; but merely note it down that the thing seems *odd*, and that they have a method peculiar to themselves of arranging these matters in Little-Pedlington.

No sooner had I entered the ground than Mr. Felix Hoppy, tripping on tip-toe, came to welcome me to what he called “ the Property.” He was dressed precisely as I had seen him this morning, at seven o'clock, in the market-place. The loss of two front teeth gave an interesting lisp to his utterance, which (together with what, for want at the moment of any more expressive term, I shall call a mincing manner) was in the highest degree becoming a dancing-master and Master of the Ceremonies. Each word or two was accompanied with a bow. He completely fulfilled the idea conveyed by Hobbleday's brief but forcible description of him—“ an elegant creature.”

“ Highly honoured—paramountly flattered—most welcome to the Property—most exceedingly flattered by your honourable patronage, eminent Sir.”

Having thanked him for his polite reception of me, I expressed my regret at witnessing so thin an attendance—at the apparent backwardness of the public to reward his exertions for their amusement: there being, as I guessed, hardly fifty persons present.

“ Pray condescend to pardon me, obliging Sir; but this is the fullest attendance of the season—forty-three paying visitors—upwards of four pounds already taken at the door! With such honourable patronage the Property *must* succeed. At the same time I can *credibly* assure you, kind Sir, that our expenses are enormous. In the first place there's our great gun——”

“ As to that, Mr. Hoppy,” said I (with an obtuseness to the figurative at which, on consideration, I blushed), “ as to that, as your great gun is fired only twice, I don't perceive how——”

“ Pray condescend once more to pardon me, honourable Sir; by our great gun I mean the Del Squeaki. On his first engagement, we

paid him five shillings a day, double the sum we had ever paid to any musician before; at his second, he insisted upon having his dinner into the bargain; and now, finding he is of some use to us"—(this he added with a sigh)—"now he has advanced upon us to three half-crowns!"

"To the honour of our country," exclaimed I, "native talent, in that department, is less rapacious."

To this remark the Master of the Ceremonies made no reply; and I continued,—

"But, doubtless, in proportion to your outlay for the amusement of the Pedlingtonians, you are rewarded by their patronage?"

"Sorry I must once more entreat your pardon, considerate Sir; but the fact is, we depend for support entirely upon noble and illustrious visitors from London. The tradespeople and shopkeepers of the place are, of course, excluded from an elegant assemblage like this; and for the gentry, as most of them live in the Crescent, it would be preposterous"—(here again he heaved a sigh, which seemed to proceed from the very bottom of his dancing-pumps)—"it would be out of human nature to expect *they* should come."

Unable to perceive the slightest connexion between the consequence and the imputed cause—to understand why it should be "out of human nature" to expect a person's attendance at a public entertainment simply because he happened to reside in a Crescent—I ventured to the M.C. a hint of my difficulty.

"See there, good Sir," said he (at the same time pointing to the back of a row of houses, the windows of which, occupied by men, women, and children, commanded a view of the skittle-ground); "see there! a heart-breaking sight it is; and yet one can hardly expect that people should pay to see my dancing and my fireworks, and hear my music, when they can enjoy it all from all their windows, free—gratis—for nothing\*."

"But yonder I see Mr. Hobbleday," said I; "with whom, by-the-by, I must presently have a few words of explanation:—he, at least, is, as he tells me, one of your constant patrons."

"*Hobbleday?—Cobbleday!*" exclaimed Mr. Hoppy, with a fierceness of manner strikingly inconsistent with the previous blandness of the Master of the Ceremonies. "Patron, indeed! He comes in upon a free admission; devours eggs and ham in the most unfeeling manner; finds more fault with the entertainments than our newspaper-critic him-

\* By an association of ideas less remote than that which I have just noted, be thought me of an anecdote related by the grandfather of the present young Earl of D. His Lordship had had some dispute (respecting the right of shooting over certain grounds) with one of his tenants, the back of whose house happened to be close upon his Lordship's preserves. Some time afterwards the good-natured Earl met the man, who was about to pass him with a sulky bow, and thus accosted him: "What! not stop and talk to me, B——! Although I wouldn't allow you to shoot, I told you that you might at any time have game for your family by sending to my keeper for it. Why haven't you done so? Never bear malice, man."—"Not I, thank you, my Lord," replied the independent farmer; "I'll accept none of your game. Your Lordship's pheasant come and roost o' nights in the trees under my windows; when I want a bird I put my hand out o' window and quietly pull one in by the tail: so you see I'm not the man to be under an obligation to the best Lord in the land. Good day, my Lord."

self; and is laid up with a fit of the gout once a year—which invariably happens to be on the night of my annual benefit-ball.”

I had the authority of the Master of the Ceremonies himself for the fact, or I could not have believed that such instances of illiberality and unmitigated meanness were to be found in Little-Pedlington.

Here our conversation was interrupted by cries from various of the company of “Shame! shame!” “Begin! begin!” “Mr. Hoppy!” “Master of the Ceremonies!” Mr. Hoppy, looking at his watch, explained to me that it was ten minutes past the time when the *Signor* ought to have commenced his performance, and that the company were impatient of the delay. Mr. Hoppy left me; and, hat in hand, tripped towards the discontents. He bowed and simpered with overpowering elegance: what he said I know not; but almost on the instant of his interference order was restored. From them he went, bowing all the way, to a bench at a short distance, on which was seated Signor Rumbello del Squeaki himself. The “Principal Pandea-tympanist to His Majesty the King of Naples” was appropriately habited in the costume of an Italian brigand; though, to my unpractised eye, his dress appeared to be a cast-off from the wardrobe of one of the London theatres. Some minutes elapsed, during which they were in conversation; and, as I guessed from their gestures, and the sulky air of the Signor, in no friendly mood. On approaching, I heard the M. C. in an imploring tone say to the *Artiste*—

“But, my kind Signor, allow me to entreat you—consider—it is twenty minutes past time—the disappointment—the——You may rely on having it *after* the performance, *upon my honour*.” These latter words he accompanied with a profound bow, and by placing his hand upon that part of his white waistcoat beneath which, he would have the Signor to understand, was to be found a heart incapable of deception.

To this the “unrivalled FOREIGN *Artiste*” replied—

“Come, come, Muster 'Oppy, it's o' no use your trying to gammon me. I'm agreed to 'ave three ha'-crowns for playing 'ere, and not a thump o' my drum or a blow o' my pipes do you get till I've got my money safe in 'and.”

Astonished at the language of this address, I could not help exclaiming, in the words of Shakspeare—“Extant, and written in *choice Italian*.”

“But, my good Signor,” resumed the M. C., “if you will but have the condescension to recollect our agreement——”

“Aye, aye; our agreement *ware* as I *ware* to 'ave 'alf my money down, and the rest arterwards; but on second thoughts I'll 'ave it all. I arn't the chap to run no risk, not I. Suppose ven all vos over you vos to pocket the cash and run away, as Joe Strutty did at Branford Fair? then I mought vistle, you know. So 'and over the stuff, or you gets no play out o' me.”

The visitors again becoming clamorous, and the “unrivalled foreign *Artiste*” continuing obdurate, Mr. Hoppy was reluctantly compelled to comply with the demand.

The Del Squeaki now adjusted his pipes to his chin, and slung his big drum across his shoulders. Already had he set one foot upon the small platform on which he was to exhibit—there was a profound quiet,

disturbed only by loud cries of "Silence! silence!"—when he turned to the Master of the Ceremonies, and abruptly declared that he would not begin unless he gave him a pot of ale!

"This is perfectly preposterous!" lisped the M. C.; "that is *not* in our agreement."

"No matter for that, Muster 'Oppy; I've just taken it into my 'ed and I'll 'ave it." He withdrew his foot from the platform, and continued: "Give me vot I ax, or, as sure as my name's Rob Squeaks, I'm off to join my master vot I'm engaged to.—that's to say the famous Muster Richar'son, at Vinklemouth Fair—and then there'll be a row in your garden. You can't do without me; so, you see, give me a pot of ale vot *an't* in my agreement, or I von't play: and then the company vill break your benches and tables—and sarve you right."

Mr. Hoppy now threw himself upon the opinion of his generous patrons, and, in terms pathetic and with imploring looks, entreated them to support him in resisting such impudent extortion—so gross an attempt to take an unfair advantage of his helpless condition. To this his generous patrons unanimously replied, that that was no affair of theirs: that, indeed, they conceived it to be quite in order that an "unrivalled foreign *Artiste*" should be humoured in everything he might desire: that as the Neapolitan Ambassador [*id est*, according to the Signor's own account, Mr. Richardson] had commanded his immediate return to his post in *Le Capello de la Roi du Naples* [*id est*, according to the same authority, Winklemouth Fair], they would not relinquish the present opportunity of hearing him; and that, in short, having paid their money for that purpose, they would insist upon it that Mr. Hoppy should, by all means and at whatever sacrifice, fulfil *his* contract with *them*—Mr. Hobbleday (who had come in with an order) being one of the most strenuous in maintaining the justice of these positions. The Master of the Ceremonies consented to the new demand of the Del Squeaki. As he was proceeding to issue his mandate to one of the waiters to convey a pot of ale to the *Artiste*, the latter, perceiving that the advantage was on his side, naturally, and as is usual in such cases, made the most of it: accordingly—"And summut to eat *also*," vociferated the Signor.

This supplementary *request* being also complied with, the Del Squeaki went through his astonishing performance; and the auditors were delighted, enraptured, ecstacized, &c. &c. &c., as never before had auditors been delighted, enraptured, ecstacized, &c. &c. &c., in this sublunary world!

Found, upon subsequent inquiry, that the liberal *entrepreneur*, after paying expenses, (including the three half-crowns, &c. to the Del Squeaki,) was a loser of no more than four-and-sixpence by the morning's entertainment. Told also that Mr. Hoppy complained of even this moderate loss. Plague on the man! how much less did he wish to lose? But it is a trite observation that some people are never satisfied. Told, moreover, that the M. C. complains of what he calls the "tyranny and oppression" to which he has been obliged to submit! Now, with submission, this is somewhat unreasonable. Be-praised and be-puffed, even to his own amazement, the "unrivalled *Artiste*" very wisely doubles his terms: these complied with, he very considerably trebles them: compliance with this begets a natural demand for a pot of ale, although

it be not "so nominated i' the bond;" and thence, as was decent and proper, the Principal Pandea-tympanist to His Majesty the King of Naples (or, as it might more truly have been set forth, His itinerant Majesty Richardson, King of *Boothia*) insists upon being supplied with an unstipulated "summut to eat *also*." Ah, Mr. Hoppy! if I might venture to perpetrate a profane parody on a line in the immortal "Tom Thumb," I should whisper in your ear—

"You make the giants first, and then *can't* kill them."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast;" and well was it for Hobbleday that there is much truth in this. I had not been unperceived by him, but he was too busily engaged to come to me: being laudably employed in diminishing the labour of the waiters—that is to say, by packing inside himself a quantity of eggs, ham, hot-rolls, and coffee, which, but for such considerate assistance, they must have undergone the trouble of removing. At length, the breakfast-tables being cleared preparatory to the commencement of the dancing, he approached me. His mouth was full; in one hand he bore a huge ham-sandwich which he had constructed for himself, and in the other a cup of coffee.

"Ah! my dear fellow," said he (talking and eating at the same time), "you're here, eh? But not eat anything! How odd! Must pay just the same whether you do or not, you know. I say—little Jack Hobbleday was right, eh? Extraordinary creature that Signor del——"

"That *extraordinary* creature, Mr. Hobbleday," replied I—(emphasizing every other word or two, as is the practice when one is savagely bent upon cutting a person to the very soul)—"that *extraordinary* creature, Sir, by his 'concord of sweet sounds,' has so *calmed* my *irritated feelings*—so completely *subdued* the *rage* and *indignation* that were rising in my breast—that I shall take no further notice of your *very—extraordinary—behaviour* than just to *return* you your *very flattering* letters of introduction to your *friends* Rummins and Jubb." And with these words I presented to him both his letters, open.

Conscience-stricken, with some difficulty he bolted the morsel which he had in his mouth—the effort producing a violent fit of coughing, which greatly alarmed me for his safety; and that, in its turn, by the convulsive movement which it communicated to his arms, causing him to jerk the lumps of ham from out their envelope of bread-and-butter, and to spill the entire contents of his cup over his nankeen trowsers. When he was sufficiently recovered to articulate a few words, abashed and confused he thus attempted to excuse himself—crossing his address to me with a disjointed apostrophe to his damaged nankeens:—

"My dear fellow—really, my dear Sir—did you ever see such a mess?—Indeed, Sir, if you'll believe me—Wet through and through, as I hope to be saved!—Most improper conduct of theirs to show my confidential letters—It will give me my death of cold.—As for Rummins, his age protects him, else may I perish if—Cost sixteen-and-sixpence, and new on only yesterday.—Can take no notice of Jubb; his cloth protects *him*.—They'll wash, to be sure! but their beauty's gone for ever!—But don't set me down for a humbug, don't; if there's one character I despise more than another it's a——Awful accident, indeed! Can't conceive how uncomfortable one feels with one's—No fault of mine, 'pon my life; and rest assured that next time you

visit our place—All eyes are upon me; must go—Between ourselves, his museum not worth seeing, and *that's* the reason why I,—Can't stay to dance in such a mess, though I know my dear friend Hoppy has set his heart upon little Jack Hobbleday's dancing—No, no, I'm any thing but a humbug; and if there's any thing else whatever I can do for you *except* Rummings and Jubbs—Good by, my dear fellow—Awful accident! a thousand pities! the best fit I ever had in all my life!”

Symptoms of dissatisfaction again. Two o'clock has struck, and the signal for the commencement of dancing (“the firing of a real cannon”) not yet made. Calls for the Master of the Ceremonies, and a repetition of the customary cries of “*Shausé! Shausé!*” For the honour of the M. C., I am bound to declare my opinion that the blame for the delay ought not to have been attributed to him. For the last four or five minutes he had been sedulously poking at the touch-hole of the piece, with a lighted candle fastened to the end of a very long pole—a precaution which, as he made no pretensions to considerable skill in the science of gunnery, he had prudently adopted in order to keep himself, as far as possible, out of the dangers necessarily attending such an undertaking. But the gun would not go off: it was evident (to use a theatrical phrase) there was a hitch in the scenery. “Had he put any gunpowder into the cannon?” inquired one. “Plenty,” was his reply. “Which had he put in first—the powder or the wadding?” asked another. After a moment's reflection Mr. Hoppy declared that “he was pretty clear, nay, he was positively certain, he had put the powder in first.” Perhaps he might have omitted the trifling ceremony of priming? “No: he always made it a rule to prime the gun before he fired it.” Then, in that case, the company could come to but one conclusion: the devil was in the gun. But the unlucky gentleman who is generally held answerable for the ill consequences of our own blunders, or negligences, or offences, could establish his innocence, in the present instance, by proving an *alibi*. Upon a careful inspection, the true cause of the disobedient conduct of the obstinate six-pounder appeared to be, that some dull perpetrator of practical jokes had abstracted the priming, and, in place of it, filled the touch-hole with wet tea-leaves! Hereupon hisses, groans, and, from four or five persons (sounds most fearful to the ears of an M. C.!) calls of “Return the money!” These latter declared that, never having witnessed the ceremony of letting off a gun, they had come upon that inducement only—reminding me of a certain intelligent person who made Paris his residence during an entire summer, for no other purpose than to eat melons and see balloons let off. Mr. Hoppy mounted a bench, and entreated the indulgence of his “honourable, noble and illustrious patrons.” He assured them that in the whole course of the many years he had “belonged to the Property,” such an accident had never before occurred, and that he would raise heaven and earth to prevent a similar accident occurring again: that there was nothing he would not willingly do or suffer—no sacrifice he would, for a moment, hesitate to make—to satisfy the wishes of such an assembly as the one he had the honourable gratification of addressing. But (he continued,) as to returning the money, he most humbly requested permission to take the liberty of assuring them, in the most respectful manner, that that was a moral impossibility, and altogether inconsistent with the long-established usages of “the Property.” Besides, he hoped he might be allowed to

remind his munificent patrons that they had already enjoyed the breakfast which he had had the satisfaction of providing for them; as also to hint to two or three of those kind friends who had condescended to honour "the Property" with their presence, and who were the most clamorous in demanding the return of their money—that *they* had come in with orders!—The reasonableness of this address, seconded by its master-of-the-ceremony-like politeness and elegance, lulled the rising storm; and the preparations for dancing proceeded.

In a place like Little-Pedlington, and at such an entertainment as a public breakfast given by the Master of the Ceremonies in Yawkins's skittle-ground, it may not unreasonably be supposed that "noble and illustrious visitors from London" who attend it, are tenacious concerning the etiquette of precedence. And although in the confusion of a rush of upwards of forty persons, each struggling to secure the most advantageous place for listening to the ravishing performance of the Del Squeaki; or even in the scarcely more regular arrangement of the breakfast-table, at which each naturally takes possession of any seat nearest to the cold ham or the hot rolls, which may chance to be vacant, the observance of such ceremony is not insisted upon: it is, nevertheless, important, if not absolutely indispensable, to the existence of polite society that, when persons are brought together for the *dance*, the laws of precedence should be rigidly adhered to.

It appears that hitherto the place of honour had been unhesitatingly conceded to Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs Hobbs (Scorewell's "family with the fly," it may be remembered), except, indeed, when Sir Swaggerton Shuffle condescended to honour the garden with his presence. Upon such occasions Sir Swaggerton, although he did not dance, would just occupy the enviable place for a minute or so—"Just to prove his right to it," as he said—and then retire. A knight; wealthy; lately returned from the government of Fort Popan'gobang (somewhere in the East Indies); and a descendant, withal, of the great Drawcansir, as may be inferred from the motto he had adopted as an appendage to his arms—"And all this I can do because I dare:" before his pretensions even those of the Hobbs Hobbsses quailed.

[*Mem.* At Mr. Hoppy's recommendation will dine to-morrow at Mrs. Stintum's boarding-house, where Sir S. S. is living, and (in Hoppy's own words) "is to be seen in all his glory."]

Upon the present occasion the Master of the Ceremonies was sorely perplexed by the several, and contending, claims of distinguished persons who had this day honoured him with their company for the first time; these being people of no less importance than Mr. St. Knitall and his lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Fitzbobbin. The knight not making his appearance, Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs Hobbs were proceeding to their usual station, when Mr. and Mrs. Fitzbobbin rushed past them and took possession of it.

"Come out o' that," said Mr. Hobbs Hobbs: "them 'ere is our places."

"We shan't," fiercely replied Mr. Fitzbobbin; at the same time pulling on a white kid glove in a way that clearly showed he was not the man to be put down: "we shan't: we paid our money as well as you, so the places is as much our'n as your'n."

"If some folks don't know how to behave themselves when they get

into genteel company, perhaps there's other folks as 'll teach 'em," said Mr. H. H.

"Wish you may get it," coolly observed the other, who did not appear to be in the least intimidated by the implied threat.

"My dear Mr. Hobbs Hobbs," said Mrs. H. H., "don't bemean yourself by getting into a contortion with such folks. Leave the Master of the Ceremonies to settle the *pint*. You may see as how they have never been at Little-Pedlington afore. Margate—by the steamer. Ha! ha! ha!"

The altercation had proceeded thus far when, fortunately, the Master of the Ceremonies arrived to interpose his authority. This he exercised with so much judgment, and with decision so tempered by suavity, that though he could not exactly please both parties, even the dissatisfied acquiesced in his decree. He awarded the contested place to the Hobbs Hobbses upon two grounds: first, by right of long-maintained possession; and next, and chiefly, for that they travelled in their own one-horse fly, which the other party did not. As Mrs. Fitzbobbin receded, she said with a sneer, "Of course, my dear Fitz, we must give up to *carriage* company! But *sitch* carriage company! One-horse fly! Ha! ha! ha! Carriage company! All round my hat."

"Ha! ha! ha! That's a teaser, I think," said Mr. F. with an approving chuckle at his lady's wit: "and what 'll you bet we can't buy 'em out and out—fly and all? Ha! ha! ha!"

"I shouldn't wonder," quietly observed Mr. Hobbs Hobbs, and scarcely deigning a look at his adversary. Then turning to his lady he said in an affected whisper, yet so loud as that every one should hear him: "When we relate this 'ere scene to our *friend* Lord Squandermere, I think he won't laugh a bit." (!!)

During these disputes, Mr. Twistwireville and Mr. De Stewpan (the latter being the gentleman mentioned by mine host of the Green Dragon as "remarkably particular about his wine") were standing arm in arm, picking their teeth, and looking on with a sort of *negligé* air. Occasionally they indulged in a titter, smiled, turned up their noses, and whispered each other: by all which it was clear they would impress you with a notion how exceedingly amusing were the disputes of *such* people to men of *their* quality.

But here a new difficulty arose, and one, apparently, less easy of settlement than the former. Mrs. St. Knitall, though she willingly conceded the right of the first place to the party with the imposing duplication of name, and the friends of a Lord, moreover; yet thought she had quite as good a right to the second as Mrs. Fitzbobbin: for who *was* Mrs. Fitzbobbin she should like to know?

The point for the M. C. now to decide was, whether or not a *Fitz* had a right to take precedence of a *St.* A question turning upon so nice a point might have puzzled a wiser head than even Mr. Hoppy's; so Mr. Hoppy did not hesitate to confess himself puzzled exceedingly. He suggested that, setting aside that distinction, the party whose name appeared first in his subscription-book should have precedence. To this Mr. St. Knitall objected; knowing, probably, that his did not. Hereupon high words occurred between Mr. St. K. and Mr. Fitz B. This altercation was not carried on in the playful and neatly-sarcastic style which had distinguished the previous one: here was no small-sword

fence, but the bludgeon: in this case the gentlemen had recourse to language which—in short, they regularly O'Connellized each other.

Cards were hastily (and as the event proved) exchanged; and a fatal might have been the consequences, had not the M.C. adroitly seized them both in their transit. He suggested that the gentlemen should permit him to throw both cards up into the air; and that whichever first fell to the ground should determine the disputed point in favour of its owner. This was agreed to; when, lo! it appeared that "Thomas Knitall, Hosier, Leadenhall-street," was the victor in the contest for precedence with "Samuel Bobbin, Haberdasher, Tottenham-Court-Road."

Upon this discovery the Hobbs Hobbsses withdrew; declining to dance "in *sitch* company," as Mr. H. H. expressed it.

"I say, De Stewpan," said Twistwireville, with a titter, "here's a precious exposee! *Positively ridiculus!*"

"*Emezingly ridiculus,*" replied his companion—he the "remarkably particular about his wine."

"Well," exclaimed the late Mr. *Fitz* Bobbin, who had prudently concealed his knowledge of the parties for so long as he had his own trifling disguise to maintain, but who now was resolved not to fall alone: "Well, at any rate we are as good as Mr. Twistwire, the bird-cage-maker of Holborn, or Dick Stewpan, a cook at the Lunnun Tavern, let out on an 'oliday for a week in the dull season."

At this moment a groom in livery rushed in, crying to the door-keeper, "I am not going to stay: I only want to speak a word to Mr. Hobbs."

"Mr. Hobbs," said he, addressing the family-with-the-fly gentleman, "your holiday's cut short: my Lord has sent me to order you up to town immediately. *Mounseer* is taken suddenly ill, and my Lord has nobody that he can fancy to tie a shoe-string for him." And away went the groom whistling Handel's "Every *Valet* shall be exalted."

"Oh!" thought I.

The sky had been lowering for some time, and presently a heavy shower came down which abruptly terminated the morning's amusements—an interruption not disagreeable, perhaps, to certain of the company.

Being engaged for this evening at Mr. Rummins's, returned home to an early dinner:—wondering by the way whether pretensions upon a similar scale, or a smaller, or a greater, though upon no better a foundation, are ever asserted in other places besides Little-Pedlington.

P\*.

(To be continued.)

## IMPOSSIBILITIES.

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"The thing that is impossible can't be,  
And never—never comes to pass."

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THIS passage is often quoted, like many others, more for its point than for its truth. I think it is going too far, and taking too much for granted to say, that the thing that is impossible can't be. Indeed I know but of one impossibility in the whole compass of nature, and that is, that it is impossible to say what is impossible. Let any one who is thirty, or forty, or fifty years old, or thereabouts, look back upon by-gone days, and he will soon find his notion of impossibilities mightily rectified. He will presently abate the confidence with which he pronounces things to be impossible. When the country-boy said, that if he were a king he would eat fat bacon and swing upon a gate all day long, he thought that it was impossible to find any greater enjoyment in life : experience and time would convince him of the inaccuracy of his notions, and the shallow foundation of his theory of human blessedness. In few matters is the doctrine of impossibilities set in a more interesting light than in matters of love. No set of people have surmounted so many impossibilities as lovers have. They have shown, over and over again, that the thing that is impossible can be, and very, very often comes to pass. "Oh, mother, dear mother," says Julie Maria Fitzhigginbotham, bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing herself into her mother's arms, "It is impossible, it is impossible, I can never cease to love my ever-adorable Reginald Clutterbuck !" After the same manner, the said Reginald Clutterbuck clenches his fist and bruises his forehead, lamenting the hard lot which separates him from the object of his idolatry, and he tells his inexorable papa, with quite as much dignity and pathos as the other tells her equally inexorable mamma, that it is absolutely impossible for him to live without his love. For three weeks he never walks over Westminster Bridge without looking through the balustrades and envying the fishes, notwithstanding the gas and the common sewers ; and there is constantly running in his head that beautiful song, the burden of which is—

"No, no, never !"

I forget the rest of the words, if there be any more, but the above are the most important and comprehensive ; for in process of time it is found out that the thing that is impossible can be, and Julie Maria Fitzhigginbotham finds that Mr. Smith is a most excellent husband, and Reginald Clutterbuck begins to think that Miss Thompson will make a most admirable wife. There, gentle reader, there is, in the above few lines, a novel for you, or a romance, it only wants filling up with silver forks, bad French, and a few extracts from a cookery-book : the only fault of the story is, that it wants novelty, and is not sufficiently romantic ; though I must say that an author must be a very poor hand at his business who cannot write a novel without novelty, or compose a romance from incidents not romantic.

I like impossibilities, they are excessively amusing, for they generally

comprehend the most likely and probable things in the world; so that when any one says "Impossible," I immediately infer that the thing is as good as done. "Now, my good friend, I hope you will not betray the confidence that I have placed in you, but that you will preserve the secret inviolably." "Sir," says he, "it is absolutely impossible that I should betray you!" Oh, is it? Then the matter is as good as advertised: all the world will know it to-morrow.

Impossible is a very pretty word to poke into the first sentence of an essay, or of a school-boy's theme. *Exempli gratia*: "It is impossible to conceive of anything more absurd than——" Than what? Ay, there's the rub. I will defy any one to guess; for the commencement of the sentence will equally well fit five hundred terminations. *Œdipus* himself would be puzzled to guess what that thing is, than which it is impossible to conceive anything more absurd. There are more absurdities 'twixt heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy. In these march-of-intellect days, it might be a good speculation for any one to set himself up as a professor of impossibilities. By the way, now we are talking of impossibilities, I remember reading, not more than ten years ago, if so much, a very profound and philosophical paper in some political or literary journal, demonstrating—ay, demonstrating, and that by the help of sundry knowing-looking diagrams—that it was absolutely impossible to apply the power of steam to the purpose of propelling wheeled carriages. My memory fails me as to the name of the paper and the number of years, but I am sure of the fact. I read the paper with great attention, and I was convinced that the writer was right, and that nobody could be righter. You see, gentle reader, he demonstrated his position; he put it beyond all doubt. Now you know that when a thing is once demonstrated, it is settled and established. *Euclid* demonstrated that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; and also, that in any right-angled triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. In like manner did this ingenious gentleman demonstrate, that it was absolutely impossible that there ever could be such things in nature as steam-coaches. He proved it—he convinced me beyond all gainsaying. I hope he does not retract his proofs; in fact, I don't see how he can. You may retract an assertion that belongs to yourself, and it depends on yourself; but a demonstration is quite another thing—it is as firm as a rock, and immovable as the hills. I am sure that if *Euclid* himself were to rise from the dead and go to Cambridge, and tell any undergraduate that he had changed his mind about the three angles of a triangle being equal to two right angles, the undergraduate would tell him that he was a goose, and that he did not know what he was talking about. In fact, it is settled beyond all doubt that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. In like manner it is settled, beyond all doubt, that the power of steam cannot possibly be applied to the impelling of wheel carriages. The fact that steam-carriages are made and do move, may seem to militate against the impossibility of the fact in some slight degree; but in truth, all that the fact proves is, not that it is not impossible, but that I am correct in saying that the thing that is impossible can be, and very often comes to pass. If reasonings were to be set aside by facts, philosophy would not be worth a straw, and nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine wisacres out of a

thousand might pass for greenhorns and spoonies. Thus, in the matter of impossibilities, it may be stated that certain steam-engines may be constructed on such principles that it is utterly impossible that they should explode; yet sometimes these engines take the liberty of being unruly, and, in spite of the impossibility of the thing, will blow up; but then those who suffer from the explosion have the satisfaction of knowing, if they are capable of knowing anything at all, that they ought not to have been blown up, by rights.

In the vast compass of morals and physics we are perpetually encountering impossibilities which can be, and often come to pass. "It is impossible," says one, "to forget the kindness that you have shown me." "It is impossible," says another, "that I should ever change my opinion on this topic." "It is impossible," says a third, "that I should ever be guilty of such an enormity." "It is impossible," says a fourth, "that there should be effects without causes, or causes without effects." And yet we are continually finding that all these impossibilities are coming to pass. In the matter of the system of the universe there have been at divers times three different demonstrations: it has been demonstrated that the motion of the planets and the balance of forces are so perfect as to promise the perpetuity of the system. Again, it has been demonstrated that the planets of our system are all rapidly and gradually approaching the centre, and that some of these fine days all the whole set will be congregated together in one knot like a dab of frogs' spawn in a ditch. And, again, it has been demonstrated that the planets are gradually receding farther and farther from the sun, and that, in the course of a few years, we shall all fly off from the centre—whizz,—like the drops of water from a crumpled mop. It is a difficult question to answer, "Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?" It is still more difficult to answer, "Who shall decide, when demonstrations disagree?" Any one tolerably well skilled in the history of the human race might write a pretty book, having for its title "The history of impossibilities." Suddenly some one stops us short, and asks if we are going to prove that nothing is impossible. Certainly not; quite the reverse: we are proving, or rather have proved, that everything is impossible; only we wish it to be understood, that people labour under a slight misapprehension when they say, "That the thing which is impossible can't be." The long and short of the matter is, that *impossible* is a metaphysical word,—and metaphysics are totally out of fashion,—and that physics are all the rage: so that when persons affirm that the thing which is impossible can't be, they make up a kind of mingled proposition compounded of physics and metaphysics, and so they are quite out at sea, or rather they walk with one foot on land and one on sea. The best way to settle the matter is to allow that everything is impossible, only not to be too confident that we know the meaning of the word impossible. In this little paper we have shown that impossibility is no obstacle to anything being done,—that what one person proves and demonstrates to be impossible, another does. Steam-carriages move on land, though it has been demonstrated that they cannot; and Julie Maria Fitzhigginbotham has ceased to love her ever-adorable Reginald Clut-terbuck, notwithstanding its utter impossibility. Surely, we may safely, then conclude that nothing is—which is impossible, and everything which is impossible—is not.

## ENGLISH COMPOSERS—ENGLISH OPERA.

“ Music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother.”—*Shakspeare.*

“ Comme partie essentielle de la Scène Lyrique, dont l'objet principal est l'imitation, la Musique devient un des beaux arts, capable de peindre tous les tableaux, d'exciter tous les sentimens, de lutter avec la Poësie, de lui donner une force nouvelle, de l'embellir de nouveaux charmes et d'en triompher en la couronnant.”

*Rousseau.*

GENTLE, generous, omni-sensient Shakspeare felt, as did the “ self-torturing sophist,” all that, in his time, could be felt of the loveliness of music, and he paid it the tribute of many a melodious verse. Poetry, to surpass his own, it has not, since he sung, been given us to hear, but in his day, “ music, heavenly maid! was young;” and even he could not have anticipated the glories of her maturity. Had he known the eloquence of passion with which Italy has since taught her to discourse, or the majestic and mighty harmonies to which Germany has tuned her many tongues, he would have known her as more than sweet—he would have praised her with a grander line. He would have done amplest homage to her potent sceptre. How different with his successors of the present day! How poorly do they appear, in comparison with him, to appreciate the sister of their muse! All literature in England owes a heavy debt to music. All literature in England has incurred a deep and damning responsibility for indifference towards its merits and its interests. In proportion as, under happier auspices, it seemed to develop its vast and various power, has it, to all appearance, been neglected by those who should have been the first to cherish its progressive efforts and exult in its success. We have a republic of letters, and heaven knows it is the most ungenerous of republics. By no other in Europe have the fine arts been so coldly repulsed. It seems to partake largely of that vice, so plausibly imputed to our Saxon natures, of aristocratizing, and stands jealously and proudly apart from the kindred classes of the intellectual. Thus, in our social system, while feudal marshalling falls into disuse, we create, with a perverse ingenuity, new forms of social graduation, and each and all wrap ourselves up in distinctive arrogances. Rome was scarcely more insolent than this same republic of letters of ours. Every region of thought beyond its boundaries is little better than barbarian. It will patronize, peradventure, or it will oppress; but fraternization, the extension of its citizenship, it holds superlatively dear. Yes, to this, which is rarely or never alluded to, amongst other causes commonly harped upon, must we trace our almost uniform inferiority to foreigners in all the fine arts, but especially in music. Our masters of these divine mysteries, if they have been occasionally praised or petted, have had such amenities condescended to them, rather as amusing minions, with whom it was the mode to trifle away an idle hour, than as men partaking in the same attributes of soul which make the poet and the philosopher. Neither musical composer, nor painter, nor sculptor, have, we do avouch, been duly or to the full, justly or generously, recognized amongst us, in the intrinsic honour of their vocations; and from

king to clown all have been more inclined to do them right than our self-sufficient clerk. Had the latter been intrusted with arranging the classic coterie of Parnassus, no nine would court Apollo in sisterly equality; one-third of the number would surely be degraded into maids of all work to the rest. Contrast the view which the Greeks took of this matter, with that of our illuminati. The greatest philosophers amongst them, their Aristotles, their Platos, deemed music worthy of their gravest attention, of their warmest eulogium; while amongst the numberless tomes of our authors of mark how rarely do we encounter either an intelligent or a zealous passage on the subject. Even Edmund Burke could scarcely find a brief and unmeaning chapter for music in his "Sublime and Beautiful." A few illustrious exceptions there have been to this bad rule; but they, who, in other courses, were leaders, in this were deserted by the stubborn herd. Shakspeare has wreathed music with the sweetest flowers of his fancy. Nor has Marlowe forgotten it in his mighty line when he makes even the reminiscence of music beguile his Faustus from the despair of deep damnation:—

" Have I not made blind Homer sing to me  
Of Alexander's love and Cænon's death?  
And hath not he, who built the walls of Thebes  
With ravishing sounds of his melodious harp,  
Made music with my Mephistophiles?  
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?  
I am resolved, Faustus shall not repent!

Spenser wrote not his exquisite "Eftsoons, they heard a most delicious sound," without a deep sense of the nature and beauty of vocal harmony. Milton was himself a musician; his works alone would prove his zeal for the art, even though we did not know how he loved to refresh his mind and win new dreams of immortal poetry from the organ. How appropriate to him the epic instrument! "The poet blind, yet bold," waking and ruling all its wondrous harmonies, from its gentlest breathings, as of recorders, to the might of its diapason, was a picture worthy the antique. In conception, however, of the powers of music, and in its enthusiastic praise, Glorious John surpassed all others. He made himself its laureate, and gave to the English language the immortal ode on St. Cecilia's Day. Why had he not a British Beethoven to echo them back with an equally fine phrenzy? The Timothean German could well have exemplified the "harmony," the "heavenly harmony," and with his fitful, potent hand, have proved

"What passion cannot music raise and quell."

When we come to our own times, we find coldness on the part of our poets, almost in the ratio of the improvement which music has undergone in the last century. It passes away without comment. Moore and Leigh Hunt are both honourable exceptions to the wretched rule. The latter has proved himself to have all the requisites—the knowledge, the gusto, of a fine critic on the art, and that is the most substantial compliment he could pay it. Moore is himself a musician, and, as we have heard, avows that his ruling passion was rather for the lyre than the song. Indeed he candidly says or sings as much, in language too fervid not to be sincere:—

"Music, oh how faint, how weak;  
Language fades before thy spell," &c.—*Irish Melody.*

He has, no doubt, found both most amicable rivals, and can address them in his own Anacreontic lines :—

“ And thou the flame shalt feel, as well  
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell.”—*First Ode.*

But even in the best tributes which have been paid by these illustrious minds to music, it is to be remarked with deep regret, that the eulogium never goes beyond the thing itself—never is it conducted up to the individual from whom the exquisite or sublime emanation has proceeded. The composer is never once alluded to—he is not considered identified with his music as the poet with his verse; nor is more merit seemingly attributed to the hapless wight than might be to the girl in the fairy tale, who, as she spoke, uttered unwittingly priceless pearls and precious stones. Herein it is that a most ungenerous and unnatural absence of spontaneous sympathy between intellect and intellect is betrayed,—the result being, that the poor composer neither finds himself elevated in society by his efforts, nor encouraged by any ennobling emulation to strain forward in his career.

If these remarks are at all less applicable now a-days than they have been, it must be admitted that they still hold good to unfortunately too great an extent, where our native musicians are concerned. We should be blind indeed to all that is going on around, if we did not observe that a change greatly for the better has, for some time, been taking place in the public mind on the subject of our complaint. We do not wish to underrate the number of those who, in our city populations, are able and willing to appreciate the music composer's merits. It is considerable—it has increased, and is increasing; but we do assert that our literary men are far from contributing proportionably to that number, while the great mass of even the well-educated portion of the community, unenlightened and unstimulated by these *guides, philosophers, and friends*, look upon the whole body of composers as shallow amusement-mongers, who have a happy knack, and but little more, of making music to them after a very pleasant sort of fashion. Neither one nor the other dream, or would readily admit, we ween, that if John Milton have had a rival intellect, that rival belongs to the realms of music, and is no other than George Frederick Handel;—that the ideas in each mind were equally various in sublimity and beauty, and expressed by each with equal force, grandeur, and felicitous elegance; that their language alone was different, while there was as much, not only of inventive genius, but of cultivated and refined thought in the musician as in the poet. Nay, we should be justified in going farther, and maintaining that, as regarded sublimity, the choruses of Handel surpass the greatest conception of the *Paradise Lost*. They have assuredly never been rivalled in their own art. Their mighty volume of harmony, “ vast heaving,” is not like the result of human ingenuity; in its simplicity, majesty, and mighty movement, it rises immeasurably above the happiest results of the elaborate composition of others. It is superhuman—an element swaying through infinite space; or, as the music of the new-born planets rolling forth on their first journey in creation.

We say, then, that such works proceeded from similar and equivalent mental attributes in the musician as in the poet—from an educated and reflective a mind. And so it is in every style of successful musical

composition, in the tragic, the comic, the grave, the graceful, the chaste, or the voluptuously melodious—the musician must be essentially as well-read in the heart, and as familiar with the subtleties of human conduct as the poet who has attained a like success in his mystery. The material of each is idea; their language alone, as we have remarked, is different. It has been said, and well said, that a person cannot be a good singer without having good sense. It is so, inasmuch as good taste is but good sense operating with the rapidity of instinct. How much more is the same quality required in the inventor of the singer's melodies—of many singers' harmonies.

If in society the literary man can successfully arrogate a precedence to the musician, it is merely because he constantly thinks in the common language of society; while the musician with as fine a fancy, as refined a taste, as copious a flow of feeling, thinks in a language in which he may not express himself familiarly. The latter is like a foreigner who understands, but cannot converse in our language. Petrarch making love in broken English—Coleridge essaying "the old man eloquent" in *Lingua Franca*. To speak any language well, you must think in it. In their own living language, what glorious things have not musicians discoursed; Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini—have they not soared in as lofty flights as Wordsworth, Byron, Scott, or Moore? Have they not been the poets of their native countries—of all the world?

One great cause, then, we repeat, of the low state of music in this country is the degraded condition in which its professors have been held; and the literary circles which should know better are guilty of the ignorance or insensibility of countenancing their humiliation. And yet, it is not so long since the epoch of their own bondage and debasement. The days of Grub Street, of fawning, and of most condescending patrons are not removed beyond the memory of man. They should recollect the salutary "*non ignarus mali, &c.*" maxim. In Germany, in Italy, and in France, even the good instrumental musician holds his fair station of respect in society, while the great composer is honoured amongst the highest. So let it be with us, and we shall soon find that England has won one art more—that she has recovered her lost Pleiad.

As we may then rest assured that inasmuch as the poet's and the music composer's arts are alike in their intrinsic qualities, and are capable of that rivalry which is alluded to with so liberal an eloquence in the French lines, which we have made partially our text—lines, from one who knew well what poetry and passion were, else had he not made—

"Clarens! sweet Clarens! birth place of deep love;—"

as this is so, so also excellence in each can only be attained through the like intrinsic qualities and auxiliary cultivation, by genius and by the intellectual discipline of education. A successful composer, a melodist, may rise, like Burns or Beattie, from lowliness and comparative ignorance; but he is not the less an exception to the general inexorable rule, which requires an ordeal of prolonged study to render men worthy of his high vocation. And herein we find that the musician shares amply in the censure of that evil which degrades him. He is not kindly or fairly recognized by his literary brethren, and he accepts the slight over-submissively, and in poverty of spirit. He acquiesces in his own

dishonour. He stands like the Publican in the Temple, afar off, and with a humility most out of place, seems to confess his unworthiness. He has neither the ambition nor the intellectual industry which should sustain his honourable profession; and the consequence is, that he and it remain abject and unimproved. The great body of our instrumental musicians have hitherto been as ignorant as common operatives, while their leaders and conductors seem to have had but little advantage over them, except that of a certain mechanical superiority. The whole body has been characterized by its unrefined, illiterate morale. We should not have ever expected any thing fine from them in the way of composition. How different the state of things from whence arose the continental masters, whose works have commanded our admiration, whose names our gratitude and respect. The exceptions from our rule amongst ourselves have been but a few; and of these, the majority have been men of some education, who were connected with the school of sacred composition. Of the rest it could be said as truly up to the present day, as it was sixty years since, in France, "*Les musiciens lisent peu et cependant je connois peu d'arts, ou la lecture et la reflection sont plus necessaires.*"

The Royal Academy of Music has done far more than any other cause in our days to remove the evil of which we complain. It has already greatly enhanced the respectability of the profession, into which it attracts young people of a much superior condition to that of its recruits in the bad old times. Already, too, it has given the country several very young and most promising composers. Still we should insist that literary instruction should be made more thoroughly a portion of its system. Let it look betimes to earning a better compliment than that once ironically paid to its Parisian namesake, "That of all the Academies in the world, it was that which made the most noise."

To the Academy we must look for the eventual regenerators of our English opera. Meantime we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the appearance of those most meritorious composers who have been unbeholden to its tuition, and whom the improved spirit of the times and their own zeal has of late brought so favourably upon our almost abandoned native stage,—more especially Barnett and Balfe. Both are musicians who promise to shed honour on their country, wherein it is most poor in renown. With the former we have been for a considerable time familiar, both in his lighter and more laboured works. The author of the "Siege of Rochelle" has burst upon the town, a complete stranger. Happy for him that it has been so. He has not grown up here, under the old blighting influences, but has given himself a free and early range in those regions where he was honoured for the harp he bore, where he found music the land's language, and where he could learn to appreciate to the full all its great attributes. Where he encountered abundant models, excellent masters, accomplished judges, and generous encouragement on all sides. Mr. Balfe's musical education appears to have been essentially Italian. We must not quarrel with him for not originating a new school. His prevailing manner is Rossinian; but in rich and elaborate instrumental combination he also gives abundant indication of familiarity with Spohr and Mozart. Indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of the opera is the fullness and beauty of its accompaniments, in which the lighter parts are equally delicate and fanciful, and the deeper powerful without the predominance

of mere noise. Novelty in melody or general style it cannot boast; neither, on the other hand, can it be stigmatized with servile imitation or flagrant plagiarism, although it not unfrequently presents a pleasant reminiscence to our ears. In a word, the "Siege of Rochelle" appears to be the production of a man of the highest musical acquirement and of refined taste. Its defect is in its construction, in which the interest of the music is not progressive; the first act containing at once the most vigorous and the most pathetic portion of the entire composition. How much of this error is owing to the drama with which Mr. Balfe's work is connected we have not the means of judging; but we must say that a more ill-assorted alliance between good music and bad verse, between mind and matter, we have rarely known. The success which attended the "Siege of Rochelle" was perfect, and, to those who are anxious for the interests of native composition, most cheering. It was delightful music to hear the acclamations with which a crowded theatre acknowledged the triumph of the British composer; and we never thought the calling forth to public gaze and public gratulation of a successful performer more justly and discreetly exercised, than on the occasion of Mr. Balfe having conducted his opera.

In conclusion, let us ask of the literary world, why the good composer should be thrown into alliance with the poorest of dramatists? why his true poetry of music is to be marred by the merest mockery of verse—experiencing a fate most like that of the Phidian statue chiselled from Pentelic marble, but daubed into the mimicry of life? Have our poets, worthy the name, yet to learn, or when will they learn that music is not merely a vain, voluptuous art, but one capable of sympathy with all their purest, loveliest strains,—that, sing what they may, music can respond in worthy emulation.

" Illa modis totidem respondit et artem  
Arte refert."

It may be that they apprehend the merging of their verse in the more prominent attraction of music. The apprehension is idle. Notwithstanding the absurd habits of indistinctness which singers have occasionally cultivated in this country, they never have, and they never can, slur over good poetry. There is a power in its beauty which compels their deference; worthless jargon may be, and ought to be unceremoniously muffled, and, indeed, by a just dispensation of Providence, it generally invites that doom. You never, on the other hand, get a snatch of Shakspeare's songs or of any genuine lyric, from a singer of pretension, but it is heard distinctly. He, or she, who has the taste or sense to be a good singer must feel instinctively the beauty of fine verse, and feel, that as much is due to it as to melody. To exemplify, in one example, the evil of our present system of the disjunction of our high literature and our music, let our poets tell us why such a work as "Anna Bolena," one of the most touching tragedies known to the stage, why it is not an English composition? There is one amongst our poets to whom we would direct a special reproach in this matter—and thou art the man, Thomas Moore. With all your professed enthusiasm for music you should, ere now, have come to the rescue of our lyric drama. You owe your country a debt—an opera. Heaven forbid we should call it a heavy debt: but never could you pay it better than at this moment. We will not call on you for interest; the principle alone will be a payment in full, and bring with it abundant future fructifica-

tion. Now, when our young school of musicians is entering, with ardour and with hope, upon one more struggle for the honour of English opera, it should be cheered by that alliance, without which it is in vain for it to hope for ultimate and unequivocal success. Let an example of the union of good dramatic poetry and music be now auspiciously set. To conclude, as we have set out, with the words of the greatest genius who ever wrote extensively on music,—words, which we would seriously commend to the memories of our poets and musicians, to the end that they may be taught for once, and for ever, that an opera is a rational thing, rationally meant for the ennobling amusement of rational creatures,—“*En un mot, on doit songer, qu'on parle a des cœurs sensibles, sans oublier qu'on parle à des gens raisonnables.*”

#### NEW SERIES OF POPULAR FALLACIES.—NO. II.

THAT WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.—The first of living wits in the world political has admirably remarked, that the Father of Lies himself is worthy of belief, when he proclaims himself a liar. There is no questioning this profound truth; and when our universal acquaintance Everybody shall acknowledge that he is not entitled to credit, we may, on the above principle, put full faith in his admission. As matters stand, Everybody's word is worth Nobody's taking. Social and political life is a Society for the Diffusion of Mendacity. When a story has gone the grand circuit, and travels back to us uncontradicted, we may reasonably begin to relax in our belief of it. If nobody questions it, it is manifestly a fiction; if it passes current, it is almost sure to be a counterfeit. The course of truth never yet ran so smooth. There is an instinct that leads a listener to be very sparing of credence when a *fact* is communicated; it doesn't ring well in his ears—it has too much or too little gloss; he receives it with a shrug, and passes it on with a huge notch in it, to show how justly it is entitled to suspicion; he is not to be imposed upon by a piece of truth. But give him a fable fresh from the mint of the Mendacity Society—an *on dit* of the first water—and he will not only make affidavit of its truth, but will call any man out who ventures to dispute its authenticity. A genuine taradiddle of the gross and palpable kind never fails for want of vouchers. Hundreds know it to be true—hundreds more were all but eye-witnesses of the fact related—some actually were; all can attest it on their personal responsibility. Upon that point everybody has a reputation for veracity to stake—though the same stake had been forfeited fifty times; and everybody can contribute to the original story an unquestionable incident of his own coinage “to make assurance doubly sure.” So it goes round, until the first projector hardly recognizes his own lie; and ends by believing ten times more absurdity than he had palmed upon others. The real Pure, meanwhile, has the door slammed in his face; and to take his part, and assert the genuineness of his pretensions, is to be charged with cheating and convicted of fraud. The only statement which it is safe to pick holes in, is that of whose accuracy you are sure; the only rumour which it is prudent to impeach of falsehood, is that which you know to be true. Tear up a fallacy by the roots, take away the foundation of a piece of scandal, and you are suspected of sinister motives, and exposed to the scurrility

you had endeavoured to check ; but only doubt an honourable fact that admits of demonstration, only convey an incredulous expression into the corner of your eye when you hear of an act of generosity which you yourself witnessed, and you are elected by universal suffrage a professor of morality. If you would have your story believed, give it an ill-natured turn, and make it as improbable as you can ; if you can slyly insinuate an impossibility the better : it is then secure at least of being talked of, and will soon be credited, for Credulity lives next door to Gossip. Rumours confirm themselves when duly circulated. What everybody says, everybody will swear to. As success converts treason into legitimacy, so belief converts fiction into fact, and " nothing is but what is not." The scarcity of truth is atoned for by the abundance of affidavits ; if a rumour be impugned, its veracity is easily strengthened by additional emphasis of affirmation, until at last " everybody says so," and then it is undeniable. When the error is universal it is supposed to end. The adoption of the foundling establishes its consanguinity. Everybody said that London would never be lit with gas ; as everybody had once said that the sun lit the earth by revolving round it. Everybody is still circulating similar truths that cannot be contradicted. Everybody is seldom to be believed. " They say " is no proof that they know. *On dit* is French for a fib.

THAT NOBODY KNOWS WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES SO WELL AS HE WHO WEARS IT.—Tight boots are the most perfect inventions that the genius of man ever devised as instruments of torture. It is in the nature of torture to distract the ideas and destroy cool judgment. Cool judgment is essential to the examination of the seat and source of pain. A man-trap is no enlightener of the understanding, though it is undoubtedly a quickener of the feeling. The looker-on in these cases sees most of the game—he observes all the nicety of the nip which the other only feels. It is enough for him who has a tight shoe to take it off ; the maker of it, who best sees where it pinches, will provide the remedy. But this is not in human nature. People will comprehend their own complaints, provide their own remedies, and mistake their dropsies for asthmas. So self-sufficient is man, that he will always pretend to understand his own jaundice, and confound a gouty foot with an enlarged liver. *He*, and he only knows where the shoe pinches, because he is half crazy with pain ; his brain is almost turned, and he fancies he can think with his foot. How many sagacious folks annually commit slow suicide, by reason of being so very sure that they know where the shoe pinches. They feel the disease, and therefore must know the remedy. They are intimately acquainted with their own livers, and are certain that the evil is there. This ascertained, they proceed to kill themselves by gentle degrees, and pay the debt of nature by instalments ; for every remedy they adopt tends to increase the real grievance, ossification of the heart. Of that they die, or rather assification of the head, just as they had effectually cured a malady they never had. Oh ! yes, they know where the shoe pinches, being absolutely mad with anguish. As with individuals, so with masses. Every class of the social body knows where the shoe of England pinches her—only no two classes agree when you come to compare their convictions. Not one of them but can at any moment put a finger precisely on the point of pressure—but each has his favourite part of the body. The middle classes insist that the shoe pinches in the waist ; the

upper organs protest that it nips, almost to choking, in the throat; the industrious millions declare that the hands have the exclusive agony of the tight shoe; while some of all parties are of opinion that it is poor Britannia's corn that most requires release. All feel the pressure, and each judges the necessity of a remedy, not in the spirit that embraces an understanding of the whole system, but according to his individual sensations of inconvenience or pain. A tight shoe is much too large for common comprehension; the ordinary mind is not yet sufficiently expansive to apprehend all the delicacies of a pinch.

THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.—The proficient in the art of gathering littles together is universally assumed to be as skilful in the science of taking care of the much. The less is supposed to include the greater. The penny cleverly saved involves the sovereign safely stored; and he who is particularly anxious about a trifle obtains the credit of vigilance and caution in a weighty matter; as the cunning rogue, who is scrupulously honest in returning the halfpenny overpaid, procures the reputation of being conscientious and just to the uttermost farthing. Trust him with a bank-note the next day, he will wrap up his conscience in it with perfect composure; and the man who attaches most value to the halfpenny got, is the same person who will most readily part with the bank-note. His genius consists in taking care of the pence; and the "divinity that doth hedge a king" he transfers to the sovereign. That will always take care of itself; for as every particle of it has cost him an anxiety, he looks upon it as the imperishable monument of his caution and care.

The "picker up of unconsidered trifles" esteems himself the paragon of prudence. A collector of this class may be said to put his farthings into his purse and his pounds loose into his coat-pocket. The penny saved is a penny got; and as he avoids Waterloo-bridge on account of the toll, he has his pocket picked in the course of a two miles' walk round the Strand. He is too busy with his cunning to be cautious. His concern for trifles will not allow of due watchfulness in affairs of consequence. His hand is so accustomed to grasp the penny, that the smaller pound slips through his fingers. The most saving man of our acquaintance is by far the most expert at losing his money. A dinnerless friend could not extract sixpence from him; but a stranger shall succeed in obtaining his draft on Drummond's for five hundred pounds, providing the security be bad, or at any rate exceedingly suspicious. Good security seems to be his aversion; and the heavier the sum the lighter his notions of risk. He is a very Argus over a penny, but a Cyclops (the one eye at least half-closed) over a golden heap. He is exactly the person to set his house on fire while searching for a save-all. Most people have encountered men of this description; they are to be seen as frequently as the maxim they admire is quoted. They part, "at one fell swoop," with the hoarded profits of a hundred meannesses. They will even do this consciously; they will be generous on a large scale, though miserly and extortionate in a little bargain. But even in their grander dealings, the ruling penny-passion will display itself. They will yield up the hard-earned thousand, deducting two-pence for the postage of the letter that solicited it. Spirit of! — I may not name thee, though thou art gone; but didst thou not once do even *this*?

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

[NOTE.—It is with extreme regret that the writer of these papers has heard that some anecdotes inserted in the last article relative to the late Mr. Mathews have created uneasiness in the mind of a lady whose sorrows need no aggravation. Though wholly at a loss to find what, in these anecdotes, could, even by implication, affect the memory of that excellent man and inimitable artist, it is sufficient to know they have been regarded in that light by his relict to make the writer regret their publication. Anecdotes, the mere currency of conversation, are often told in moments of hilarity; and in penning down such details, an unguarded expression may sometimes accidentally be recorded. Mr. Mathews (exclusively of his high histrionic claims) commanded the respect and love of his fellow-creatures, as a scholar, a gentleman, a man, and a Christian. The writer of these pages admired him living, and venerates his memory. Perhaps the watchful tenacity of affection has “shaped faults that are not” in the few memorandums contained in the last paper;—at all events, in disclaiming any intention to raise a smile at the expense of the feelings of Mr. Mathews’s family, the writer avows only what is equally due to himself and them.]

*An Antediluvian Reminiscence.*—Incedon’s love of profane jokes was notorious; from his early education (as a Cathedral boy) he derived an extensive acquaintance with the Scriptures, and his quotations were the ebullitions of a heedless, not a heretic nature. He was conversing once with a Scotch gentleman who traced his ancestors back to a period anterior to the Christian era. “By the holy Paul,” said Charles, “you’ll tell me next that your d—d ancestors were in the ark with Noah!” “I’ve no precesse evcedence o’ the fac,” replied the Scotchman; “but I’ve a shrewd conjecture that they were.” Incedon, who was never at a loss, replied, “They were in the ark with Noah, were they? Now, Sir, to show you the — superiority of my family; at that time, by —, they had a boat of their own.”

*Keeley in the Provinces.*—Chelmsford is decidedly the worst theatrical town in England. Keeley was once unfortunate enough to go thither as a star; the first night he acted to a select few, the second night the numbers were scantier than before, and on the third and last night the auditors were few and far between; the last piece was “The Hundred Pound Note,” in which Keeley played the conundrum-making Billy Black; in the last scene he advanced to the lights and said, “I’ve one more, and this is a good-un. ‘Why is the Chelmsford theatre like a half moon?’ D’y’e give it up? ‘Because it’s never full.’”

*Knight, Kean, and Kemble.*—When John Kemble retired, little Knight wrote a bombastic and eulogistic elegy, commencing and concluding with the lines—

“Many shall come, and many shall dare,  
But none shall fill the vacated chair.”

“I know nothing about the chair,” said old Powell, “but all London agrees that Kean has risen and pushed him from his stool.”

*The Young Roscius.*—Betty had some fantastic notions in dress, which he indulged despite of the remonstrances of his friends. One summer he sported a pair of indescribables made of children’s map pocket handkerchiefs; our readers may see the sort of things we mean, maps of London and its environs, &c., marked up at haberdashers at a penny apiece. A gentleman suggested to the late young Roscius the singularity of such

garments. "My good Sir," replied Betty, "you don't perceive the convenience and utility they are of; for instance, as I am driving, I may become doubtful as to my route, undo the gig-apron, there I have all the information I want upon my thigh." This Betty called his map-ography.

*A few strange Sights.*—I have seen Wilkinson play Macbeth; Mathews, Othello; Wrench, George Barnwell; Buckstone, Iago; Rayner, Penruddock; little Knight, Gossamer; Claremont, Richard; Keeley, Shylock; Liston, Romeo and Octavian; Reeve, Othello; G. F. Cooke, Mercutio; John Kemble, Archer; Kean, clown in a pantomime; and Young, Shaccabac, in "Blue Beard;" Tom Moore, the poet, play Peeping Tom; and Kenny, the dramatist, Delaval.

*An erudite Manager.*—F——, whatever his merits may be, or rather may have been, as a manager, has cultivated a very slender acquaintance with either Lindley Murray or Mavor: on one occasion he was arranging a spectacle, and wishing to form his troop in an oblique direction, he gave the word thus—"Right about face,—march,—left shoulders forward. Now form in an *opaque* line across the stage." The same grave authority, objecting to the charge for the keep of the elephant then exhibiting at Covent-garden, said, "He can't eat the quantity, I defy him, let his appetite be ever so *vociferous*."

*Bankrupt Dramatist.*—When Mr. Colman's affairs in connexion with the Haymarket Theatre were in great embarrassment, some one lamented that he (Mr. C.) could not be relieved from ultimate responsibility by a bankruptcy, as he was not a trader. "Yes I am," replied George, "I'm a *paper-stainer*."

*G. F. Cooke a Volunteer.*—About the year 1802, volunteering was as "common as camomile," and at the Eccentric Club divers members were speaking of the *corps* to which they were attached. "I," said one, "am of the Middlesex corps." "I," cried another, "am of the Fencibles." "What are you, George?" asked a member of Cooke. "One of the *Indefensibles*, by —," roared the inebriated Richard.

*An Excuse.*—Blanchard was not the most careful of men, and, returning from some provincial engagement, Mrs. B. found amid his linen an odd stocking, marked with initials that were certainly *not* W. B. Strange doubts arose in her mind, and she at last popped the question—"Where could you possibly have got that odd stocking?" Blanchard, not at all confused, replied, "I had forgotten my portmanteau, and I borrowed it of a friend of mine who *had a wooden leg*."

*Elegant Epistles.*—When Messrs. H—— and W——n were provincial actors, their treasury ran low. H—— addressed the following note to his friend:—

"Dear W.,—Lend me a couple of shillings until Saturday, and oblige  
"Yours, \_\_\_\_\_."

"P.S. On second thoughts, make it three."

To this epistle he received the following reply:—

"Dear Jack,—I have only one shilling myself, or would oblige,

"Yours, \_\_\_\_\_."

"On second thoughts, I must change that for dinner."

*Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston.*—When Harry Johnston first beheld Nannette Parker (afterwards his wife) she was the observed of all observers at the Lyceum, then a pantomimic and equestrian theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Parker were so careful of their dark-eyed divinity, that to speak or convey a letter to Miss P. was almost impossible. Johnston adopted a strange mode of attracting her attention. He every evening took a certain place in the boxes; and in the course of one night would go out,

change his dress and *bouquet*, and return—the colours of his garments and the flowers he wore being an Oriental mode of expressing his love. He succeeded, however. Suett called this “Harry Johnston’s coatship with Miss Parker.” One night Miss P. was enacting some character dressed *en homme*. Mr. J., as usual, had been in and out, “ringing the changes,” when the following *jeu d’esprit* was handed him by the box-keeper:—

“Your wedding emblems argue ill  
With her who now bewitches;  
For should you wear the coats, Hal, still,  
You’ll see who’ll wear the breeches.”

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston proved very attractive their first season of acting together: they were regarded as the handsomest couple in England, and on this account alone drew money. At that period the public felt an intense interest in all relating to theatres and performers. “Those times are past, Floranthe.”

*Mrs. Mountain.*—This charming songstress and no less charming woman is still living and in good health. Her maiden name was Wilkinson, and some of her family were celebrated as wire and rope-dancers. She was engaged by Tate Wilkinson (no relative) at York, as a substitute for Mrs. Jordan, when that lady made her metropolitan essay (1785). About five or six years prior to this, she (then a child) appeared at the Circus with Mrs. Bland, Russell, Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. Wybrow, and other children, in a piece by old Dibdin, called “The Boarding-School, or Breaking-up.” This performance was rendered, by the great talent of the children, so effective, that the patent proprietors interfered, and the juvenile company narrowly escaped a gaol. As she commenced, so she concluded her career with an engagement at the Surrey, where she played with Inledon a few nights before she left the stage. About twenty years since, or upwards, she gave an entertainment by herself, which was very profitable in the provinces. She married Mr. Mountain, the well-known leader. As they had no family, the would-be wits of the day made the name subservient to some ridiculous puns, which I need not resuscitate: one of Mr. M.’s, on his own name, is worth recording, as perhaps the farthest fetched pun ever made. The stage-manager, in a peculiarly ill temper, having called to the leader once or twice, and been unheeded, exclaimed pettishly, “Confound it, Mountain! Mountain!—piano!” “Mountain!” exclaimed the offended leader; “d’ye think I’m the Alps, to be softened by *vinegar*?”

*The late Paulo.*—Poor Paulo had, during his laborious life, unfortunately occasion to make his appearance at the Insolvent Debtor’s Court. As deprivation of liberty is tantamount to starvation to an actor, it is not to be wondered at that he had protracted the fatal hour by giving bills drawn by a Mr. K——, accepted by Mr. B——, and finally indorsed by poor Paulo to the holders. These bills were dishonoured; and then came a prison, and application for relief under the Act. Mr. Commissioner——— properly reprobated the bill-system. Paulo pleaded the peculiarity of a performer’s situation, to whom (more than in any profession) liberty is life. “Who is Mr. K——, the drawer?” asked the Commissioner. “A harlequin, Sir.” “Who the acceptor?” “Pantaloön, Sir.” “And the indorser, clown. I see this is a sort of *pantomime trick* amongst you: it will pass this once, but must not be *encored*.”

*Kean, Pierce Egan, and Oxberry.*—The first time the tragedian met the author of “Life in London” was at the Craven’s Head Tavern, Drury-lane, then kept by Mr. Oxberry. Mr. Egan’s name having been casually mentioned, Kean rose, regretted that he had passed an evening under the same roof with so graphic a writer unIntroduced, and stretching out his

hand, said, "I am Edmund Kean." After the preliminary of shaking hands, the following sparring dialogue occurred:—

*P. Egan.* I can account for our not meeting; for the first year you came out I wasn't a Keanite.

*Kean.* I can't presume to be angry at that, though I am proud to hear, by implication, that you are one now.

*P. E.* But I saw you play one particular part, and that made me a proselyte.

*K.* I'll bet you 50*l.* I name that part.

*P. E.* Perhaps you may. It wasn't Richard: I've seen that played much better than you will ever play it.

*K.* For 50*l.* I name by whom.—(A pause.)—George Frederick Cooke.

*P. E.* Yes.

*K.* I perfectly agree with you. Now I'll tell you what character made you a Keanite—Othello.

*P. E.* Yes.

*K.* The best part I ever did or ever shall play.

The evening passed, of course, in conviviality; and an intimacy arose between the actor and author that ceased only with the life of the former. *M. Egan* subsequently dedicated his "Life of an Actor" to Kean.

*Graves of Genius.*—Mrs. Jordan sleeps at St. Cloud; Astleys (father and son) in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise; John Edwin (the Liston and Mathews combined of his day) at St. Paul's, Covent-garden; Kemble (John) at Lausanne; Suett in the ground of St. Paul's Cathedral; Kean (without a stone to mark the spot) in Richmond churchyard; Elliston in St. John's Church, Waterloo-road; old Johanna at Bathwick (old) churchyard; Macklin lies under the chancel of St. Paul's, Covent-garden; in which churchyard his once boon companion Tom King rests; Tom D'Ursey in St. James's, facing the gate in Jermyn-street; Joe Miller in the ground in Portugal-street; John Palmer (*the Joseph Surface*) at Wootton, near Liverpool; Quin, at the Abbey Church, Bath; Wilks, near Macklin, not far from the grave of Wycherly in the church of St. Paul (Covent-garden), where, nearly a century and a-half since, Joe Haynes was consigned to earth.

*Elliston and a Country Actor.*—Elliston coming down for a single night to act at Birmingham, (then his own theatre,) scarcely knew a member of his own company. The play was "The Wonder," and the representative of Colonel Briton was woefully imperfect. Elliston reprimanded him harshly: to the manager's great astonishment, the actor retorted with a torrent of abuse, and the assurance that if Elliston added another word he would kick him into the pit! Those who casually knew the then lessee of Drury might imagine that he discharged the actor on the spot. No such thing: he rushed to B——, then stage-manager, and asked who the performer was. "Mr. A——." "A great man,—a very great man, Sir," said Elliston. "He threatened to kick me, the lessee of Drury-lane: such a man as that must go to London, Sir; he musn't waste his energies here." He there and then engaged the actor for Drury-lane theatre.

*John Kemble and Kean.*—Great elaboration of "finish" is often fatal to the fame that it was intended to enhance. Kean was, in acting, what Wilson was on canvass; he depended on striking, and cared not how coarsely his colours were laid on if the "effect" was produced; but Kemble was (and Charles Kemble is) a Leonardo da Vinci; and his attention to details made much of his acting appear studied, when it was only refined. Surely a painting, large as life, is not the worse for its minuter points being executed as charily as a miniature?

*Theatres Church Property.*—Astley's theatre belongs to the See of Canterbury; Sadler's Wells was the property of the Monks of St. John,

Clerkenwell (being built on the Monastery grounds); Covent Garden's monastic origin is well known; the City theatre was—and, I believe, is again—a chapel; the Curtain theatre in Shakspeare's time was built on the ruins of the Priory of St. John the Baptist; that of Blackfriars on the site of part of the monastery of that name. The little chapel in Gatestreet, JIncoln's-Inn-Fields, was a private theatre thirty years since.

*Bensley.*—Old Bensley was an egotist of the first water; speaking of one of his own performances, he said, “My acting in that play will never be forgotten in Liverpool until time runs into eternity.”

*Weber and Lablache.*—Lablache was originally a double bass player, and by the accident of a celebrated singer's sudden indisposition, was induced to attempt a character. Of course his success rendered his return to the orchestra unadvisable. When Weber first heard him sing, he said, alluding to his immense power, “Mein God! he is a *double bass still.*”

*Ellistoniana.*—After Kean's attempt at the Duke Aranza, (“Honey-moon,”) in which his failure was undeniable, Elliston was requested by his friends to have the play put up for himself. “Not now, nor ever again,” exclaimed Pomposo; “the part has been defiled.”

Robert William had the mania of bargain-making, he never would give for anything the price asked; this fact once known, of course all who dealt with him made a proportionately exorbitant demand, and the abatement Elliston's haggling effected only reduced the amount to what they would otherwise have originally required. But Elliston had the gratification of chuckling over the fact, that “he gave but two-thirds of the sum first demanded.” Though notoriously a schemer and covenant-breaker, he was himself “a victim making victims.” No man had more frequently to lament the deceptions practised on him.

When the allied sovereigns with the Prince Regent intimated their intention to visit Drury, Elliston asked what play they had chosen. “Othello,” was the reply. “Aha!” exclaimed Robert William, “I thought they wouldn't go until they had seen me in *that.*” We need not add that Kean, as a matter of course, played the Moor.

When he was applying to Parliament respecting his right to act the legitimate drama at the Olympic or Surrey, he put off any unpleasant business by this phrase—“Wait till this Session has concluded, for at present my *Parliamentary duties* press so heavily that I cannot spare a moment to my private affairs.”

In bidding farewell one night at Birmingham, he exclaimed—“I would remain another evening, but I must attend at *my place* in Parliament the day after to-morrow.”

Some one complimented the great lessee on his assumption of regality in the pageant of the Coronation, saying his imitation of the manner and bearing of George the Fourth was admirable. “Sir,” exclaimed Elliston, with a patronizing air of better knowledge, “*he imitates me.*”

When Elliston took the Surrey the last time, a furious play-bill warfare raged between him and his theatre and Mr. Davidge and the Cobourg; in the course of it Mr. Davidge had occasion to send a message to Elliston respecting some private transaction. “I come from Mr. Davidge of the Cobourg theatre,” exclaimed the Mercury. Elliston heard him most imperturbably; the words were repeated,—“Davidge—Cobourg theatre—Cobourg;—I don't remember—” “Sir,” said the messenger, “Mr. Davidge here, of the Cobourg close by.” “Aye, aye,” replied Robert William, “very likely, it may be all as you say; I'll take your word, young man; I suppose there is such a theatre as the Cobourg, and such a man as the Davidge, but this is the first time I ever heard the names of either.” And striding off, left the astonished message-bearer to recover his amazement as he might. Not knowing the site of Russell-square was nothing to this.

At a homely party of four or five, including Hazlitt, Elliston, the host, and his lady (the only one present), and two literary men, the conversation turned on the relative importance of the sexes in the working of this every-day world. Hazlitt spoke admirably: suddenly the lady burst into tears, and when begged to explain the cause, said, "It shocked her so much to hear five married men assent to the assertion of the unimportance of woman in the business of life." When she left the room, Hazlitt was making up his face for a penitential apology to the husband, but Elliston anticipated him, exclaiming, "My dear ——, what the deuce was it I said that affected your wife so?"

Once returning to town, he could not get fresh horses; he called for the landlord, who explained and apologised. "Sir," asked the lessee, "do you know *me*?—*me*? Take any man's horses: I am on his Majesty's service." The banter had the effect, horses were procured, and he proceeded.

Elliston fancied that, in the energy of his mind and the rapidity with which he executed his projects, he resembled Buonaparte, though even there he might have deemed himself wronged by the comparison. When a public writer, in slavish flattery, called him the "Garrick of his time." "Garrick!" exclaimed Elliston, contemptuously, "Garrick couldn't sing."

Until the last year or two of his existence his activity was wonderful: he slept little, and though devoted to the joys of the table, recovered the effects of his irregularities miraculously. If he was carried to bed insensible at four, he would be up and taking his morning ramble at eight.

When Drury was burnt down, and a knot of his brethren had been expressing their grief, he exclaimed, "After all, it must have come down sooner or later, for I could never act in it with comfort to myself."

Persons wholly unacquainted with Elliston might imagine, from the foregoing "sayings and doings" of his, that he was an egotistical bore. He was the reverse; his self-appreciation gushed from him unconsciously. It was the most amusing thing in the world to hear him talk of Robert William Elliston, as if the speaker was a thing divisible from the great lessee. The conversation rolled on as though his hypothesis was an acknowledged truth; *i. e.*, that all that pertained to genius and greatness emanated from him.

*Diet of certain Actors generally, and during performance.*—Kean took beef-tea for breakfast, and preferred a rump-steak to any other dinner. Macready used to eat the lean of mutton-chops only when he acted, and has now adopted almost exclusively vegetable diet. Braham sustains his energies with bottled porter. Mrs. Wood sings upon good draught ditto. Inledon patronized Madeira. Wrench and Harley act through a long night's performance without any refreshment. Oxberry took large quantities of tea. Henderson took gum arabic and sherry. Kean, Emery, and Reeve, cold brandy and water. Lewis would take oysters and mulled wine in the course of his performances; and Gentleman Smith, coffee. All pantomime actors take barley water; some with the addition of rum, others of sherry. Mrs. Jordan dissolved calf's foot jelly in warm sherry. The great Miss Matley used to take linseed tea, and Madeira afterwards. G. F. Cooke sometimes took all sorts of liquors; at others, abstained wholly during the evening. John Kemble took opium as a sedative during one part of his career; and many of our heroines have excited their lachrymal propensities by ether. The reader will remember that where a performer acts in play and farce, upwards of six consecutive hours are passed in the theatre, and the absolute necessity of some sustenance to repair the waste occasioned by loud speaking, &c., will be apparent.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE ISABELLA PRINCESS  
CZARTORYSKI.

IN the month of June, of the present year, died in the 94th year of her age, one of the most extraordinary persons of our time—Princess Isabella Czartoryski. Her life was so closely interwoven with the events which have preceded and followed the dissolution of Poland, and the Czartoryskis having played so prominent a part in the history of their country, that we think a short account of the family, and particularly of the lately deceased princess, and her distinguished son, Prince Adam, so well known in the higher circles of this country, will be acceptable to our readers. But as we have said, the destinies of this illustrious house are so intimately connected with those of their country, that it is impossible to relate the adventures of the family without briefly mentioning the public events.

The family Czartoryski is a junior branch of the Jagellonian dynasty, which sat on the throne of Poland during two centuries, and whose reign is the most glorious era of the Polish annals. Descended from John, Prince of Czartoryski, brother to Jagellon, Grand Duke of Lithuania, who ascended the throne of Poland by his marriage with Queen Hedoige of Anjou, in the year 1382, the Czartoryskis continued, during three centuries, to maintain their high station in the country, although no remarkable events during that period appear to have been immediately linked with their family. However, from the beginning of the 18th century, the Czartoryskis occupy a conspicuous place in the history of Poland, and since that time we see their immense wealth and influence constantly employed in promoting every kind of national improvement.

The lately deceased Princess Isabella was the only daughter of Count Flemming, a Saxon nobleman, naturalised in Poland, and of a Princess Czartoryski. Her father was invested with the high office of the grand treasurer of the crown, and possessed an immense fortune, of which his daughter was the sole heiress. She was born in the year 1741, and married very young, her cousin, Prince Adam Czartoryski, one of the most accomplished noblemen of his time. The circumstances under which she started in life were certainly of the most auspicious character; she was beautiful, young, accomplished, and rich; married to a young nobleman celebrated for his wealth and talents, and belonging to the most influential family in his country. Her first appearance in the world was at the brilliant court of Augustus the Third, King of Poland, and Elector of Saxony, who died in the year 1783. Afterwards, she visited the courts of Versailles, St. James, and almost all in Europe. But although the gayest of the gay, and constantly living in the midst of the greatest dissipation, she never lost an opportunity of improving her mind by an intercourse with the eminent men who lived at that time in different parts of Europe, and with many of whom she continued a frequent correspondent.

It was about this time that the necessity of a political regeneration began to be strongly felt in Poland. The Czartoryskis became the per-

sonification of this idea, and all their efforts were directed to give more stability to the government, by rendering the throne hereditary, and by increasing the royal authority, which, from the repeated encroachments of the nobility, had dwindled into a mere shadow. The intrigues of Russia, which had already begun to entrap Poland into her snares, baffled these salutary intentions, and the first open blow was inflicted upon that unfortunate country by the partition of 1772.

By this iniquitous act, unprecedented in the annals of civilised nations, Poland lost the third part of its dominions. But although many rich and populous provinces were torn from her, the remaining part still formed an extensive country, peopled by about twelve millions of inhabitants. Abandoned by all European powers, who, with the sole exception of the Ottoman Porte, connived by their guilty indifference at the perpetration of that political crime, Poland had no chance of resisting three powerful neighbours, who assailed her in the midst of a long peace. Nothing therefore remained to the patriot but to preserve what was left, and to strengthen it by internal improvements, so as to render it capable of recovering its losses, whenever a favourable opportunity would present itself: many patriots felt this truth; but the most prominent amongst them were, doubtless, Count Andreas Zamagiski, Chancellor of Poland, and Prince Adam Czartoryski, General of Podolia, husband to Princess Isabella. The first of them struggled hard to reform the laws of the country, and to improve the condition of the inferior classes. Death prevented his carrying into effect his intended reforms, but he set a noble example to his countrymen, by emancipating the serfs of his princely domains, equal in extent and population to one of the largest counties in England. Czartoryski's efforts were directed towards the education of the rising generation, and he promoted his patriotic schemes, not only by unceasing personal exertion, but even by a great sacrifice of his own property.

It was under the immediate care and superintendence of Prince Czartoryski, that the celebrated School of Cadets, or college of noble youths, was founded. This establishment united a classical education with a military one; and the pupils were instructed not only in every branch of elegant and useful knowledge, but also in all the accomplishments requisite for a gentleman and a soldier. It produced Kosciusko, Niemcewich, and many other eminent men, who, if they were unable to prevent the fall of their country, surrounded with a halo of glory its closing scenes, and powerfully contributed to sow the seeds of that undying love of their country, which, like the sepulchral lamp in the Roman grave, burns in the heart of every true Pole.

Besides this celebrated institution, over whose minutest details the prince constantly watched with a paternal solicitude, he took a leading part in the general reform of the public education, by the introduction of which the last king of Poland in some degree atoned for the general weakness of his conduct. But Czartoryski's efforts were not confined to the discharge of his public duties; he converted his residence, Pulawy, into a seat of learning, by attracting thither many learned men, not only from Poland, but also from abroad, and by educating there, at his own expense, a great number of young men. He was ably and zealously seconded by his noble partner, who adorned Pulawy with every kind of embellishment, and whose taste and personal attractions

rendered it the abode of arts, refinement, and graces. A great number of young girls, daughters of less fortunate gentlemen, were constantly educated at Pulamy, at her expense, and under her immediate superintendence. They enjoyed not only the advantages of an excellent tuition, but each of them received on her marriage a present of 1000 ducats (500*l.* English money) from their princely benefactors.

The double advantage of a superior education and of a refined society soon rendered Pulamy so celebrated in all Poland, that many persons of rank and fortune sought, as a particular favour, to place their children in a house which united such advantages. Czartoryski received them with an unbounded hospitality, and his residence was constantly crowded with the high and the low, the rich and the poor; all were received with that true kindness and cordiality which made every visiter happy and satisfied with the reception he met with at the princely mansion. But it was neither ostentation nor love of pleasure which prompted the princely couple to maintain that splendid establishment. A nobler object was the motive of such a magnificence. The great idea of a social regeneration of Poland was the moving principle of all this pomp and grandeur; and soon Pulamy became the focus whence that salutary idea was spreading fast over all Poland. It daily gained ground in public opinion; and its result was the constitution of the 3rd May, 1791, an event of which the Poles are justly proud. But as the English public is generally little acquainted with the history of Poland, we must give our readers some particulars of that memorable transaction.

The public opinion, in respect to a constitutional improvement, had made such progress in Poland, that the Diet which assembled in the year 1787 was deeply impressed with the indispensability of such a measure. However, although the necessity of a reform was generally felt, it was not an easy task to determine the extent of that reform, and to carry it into effect. The legislative body was exclusively composed of privileged orders; and it was necessary to curtail their privileges in order to give rights to the inferior classes, and an extension of power to the royalty. Prince Czartoryski put himself at the head of the reforming party, the leading members of which were mostly educated under his immediate superintendence. He never accepted a seat in the senate, and contented himself with the station of a nuncio, or member of the lower house, that he might be more active in promoting the desired reform. Whilst the prince was engaged in the arduous task of his legislative avocations, the princess was not less active in promoting the same cause through the influence of rank and fashion. Her constant occupation was, to counteract in the drawing-rooms, as her husband did in the halls of the Diet, the intrigues of Russian diplomacy, which were directed against the intended reform.

At last, after a session of four years, the patriots saw their efforts crowned by complete success. The constitution of the 3rd May, 1791, is the most glorious event in the annals of Poland, and perhaps unparalleled in the history of any other country. By this constitution the hitherto elective throne was declared hereditary; the executive power of the monarch, which, by successive encroachments, had been reduced to a mere shadow, was increased so as to convert the royal authority from a nominal into a real one; and the inferior classes of society, who had no rights at all, were restored to the rights of men, and endowed

with the privileges of free citizens. And all this was the work of a privileged class, who sacrificed their prerogatives to the general welfare of the country; and who did it neither from fear, nor from compulsion, but from a deep persuasion that it was right and just to act in such a manner. By this memorable transaction the Poles have obliterated all their past errors, and it reflects more real glory on Poland than all the brilliant achievements of her sons on the field of battle. But the generous sacrifice of self-interest which the Polish legislators manifested by surrendering their privileges, incompatible with the generality of the nation, is not what we admire the most: it is, their prudence at not having been dazzled by the delusive prospects which the beginning of the French revolution exhibited at that time to all the world. Those prospects, which, for a time, had even misled the sober minds of many Englishmen, produced no effect on the framers of the constitution of the 3rd May, 1791, who, instead of following Utopian schemes, introduced changes, not for the sake of change, but because reason and experience had fully demonstrated their necessity. They produced a bloodless revolution, whose object was to preserve, and not to destroy; a revolution which cost neither tears nor blood; and, let us add, a revolution which has deserved and obtained the praise of that great and good man, Edmund Burke.

Fate has not permitted Poland to enjoy the fruits of her noble work. The Diet of Russia, whose intrigues were unable to prevent the accomplishment of that glorious reform which, imparting a new life to Poland, would entirely shake off her baneful influence, declared it to be a jacobinical revolution, fraught with danger to the altar and the throne. The Russian troops entered Poland, and a few wretches, purchased by Catherine's gold, and some misguided by her solemn promises that she had no other views than to restore the ancient order of things in Poland, formed, under the protection of Russian bayonets, that infamous convention, which history has pointed out to the execration of future ages under the name of the confederation of Targowika. This confederation was joined by none—except those who were compelled by the Russian troops to sign a forced accession. The patriots strenuously exerted themselves to repel the invading enemy. Kosciusko, who was lately returned from America, had already gained two battles against the Russians, when the Duke of Wirtemberg, who was intrusted with an important command, instead of attacking the enemy, retreated without combat. His treason—the guilty meanness of the King Stanislaus Poniatowski—but, above all, the conduct of Prussia, who, after having constantly encouraged by her advice the reform of the constitution, and after having solemnly pledged herself, through jealousy of the progress of the Russian arms in Turkey, to assist Poland against her enemies, on a sudden joined Russia, and invaded the country—this unexpected combination of calamities, which overwhelmed Poland, rendered ineffective the brilliant victories of *Diebienka* and *Zielencc*, gained by Kosciusko and Poniatowski, in 1792. The country was overrun by Russian and Prussian troops, the most distinguished patriots fled the country, and the second partition of Poland was the consequence of this disaster.

But let us again return to the Czartoryski, who were doomed to the severest affliction which can befall the patriot and the parent. Not only

the fruits of an unceasing exertion during twenty years were destroyed in the very moment when they had reached their maturity, but a most painful sacrifice of domestic affection was repaid by the bitterest disappointment. Some years before, Prince Czartoryski married his eldest daughter, Princess Mary, to the Duke of Wirtemberg, a general in the Prussian army, and brother to the reigning duke. Princess Mary was young, beautiful, accomplished, endowed with the most amiable qualities, and possessing an immense dowry, while her husband was in his mind, manners, and habits, exactly the reverse of what he should be, considering his illustrious birth. But the Duke of Wirtemberg enjoyed the reputation of being one of the ablest generals whom the school of Frederick the Second had produced; and to secure for Poland the services of such a general, was a sufficient inducement for the princely couple to risk the happiness of a beloved child, and a motive powerful enough to the daughter for submitting to such a sacrifice. This match was generally considered so bad for the young princess, that Frederick the Second, when he met Princess Czartoryski the first time after the marriage of her daughter, exclaimed, *Qu'est ce qui vous a porté à donner notre ange de fille à mon diable de cousin?* It is more easy to conceive, than to describe, what must have been Czartoryski's feelings, when the duke, instead of becoming the defender of their country, proved a worthless traitor: an instant and eternal separation between their daughter and that unworthy man was the consequence of his unprincipled behaviour.

Amongst the patriots exposed to the vengeance of the invaders, the Czartoryski had the honour of being in the foremost rank. A special order was given by the Empress of Russia to level Pulamy to the ground. The Princess Czartoryski met in her castle the savage executioners of the tyrannical orders. She succeeded by her presence of mind and courage in arresting their devastations, and Pulamy was saved from total destruction by the timely interference of the Austrian governor, who took the Czartoryski under his protection.

Czartoryski retired with his family to the Austrian dominions. Many other patriots did the same. Austria took no part in the second partition of Poland, and seemed rather to disapprove of it. The patriots enjoyed there not only protection but even a kind of favour, and Leopold, the capital of Austrian Poland, was the place of their general resort. Princess Czartoryski, whose zeal was not damped by the severe disappointment she had met with, became again the central point and the animating soul of the patriotic saloons. A wider field was opened for her exertions, when, in 1794, Kosciusko raised again the banner of national independence; and she was constantly engaged in forwarding every kind of supplies to the heroic bands of that chivalrous leader. Many Polish ladies imitated the noble example of the princess, and we must particularly mention the aged Countess Zamagaski, widow of the patriotic Chancellor Andreas Zamagaski, who sent to Kosciusko from her own fortune the sum of four millions of Polish florins (100,000*l.* English money).

The unfortunate events which led to the dissolution of Poland are too well known to need any repetition; but the political death of Poland did not extinguish the hopes of her children. The noblest of her sons exerted themselves to foster and to preserve the sacred fire of patriotism in the hearts of the rising generation. The most important object was

to save from ruin the language, literature, and traditions of the country, and to teach the youths, by constantly pointing out to them the fame of their ancestors, that those who can boast of a glorious past, have a right to expect a better future, and should not be bowed down by the misfortunes of the present. It was necessary to establish a kind of national faith, whose dogma would be a firm belief in the restoration of Poland, and whose worship would be the departed glories of that country. Princess Czartoryski became in some respect the high-priestess of that worship. She erected at Pulawy—that beautiful Pulawy which Delille has eulogised with justice—a splendid structure which she called the Temple of the Sibyl. It was constructed exactly after the model of the celebrated Sibyl's Temple at Tivoli, and it bore on its front the significant inscription "Pressloi Pnyloici," the meaning of which was, "The past to the future." There she collected at an enormous expense, from all parts of Poland, many precious national relics which had been scattered by the successive depredations to which Poland had been exposed. There were seen the sword of the victor of Vienna, the cross which had ornamented the breast of the angel-like queen Hedwige, the necklace of Barbara Radziwill, the signet of her royal husband Sigismund Augustus, the standard of the arch-duke Maximilian, who invaded Poland as a pretender to the crown, and was taken prisoner by the great Zamoski, 1587, and many other jewels which had belonged to the ancient monarchs of Poland. There were also banners which had gloriously waved over the field of battle, richly adorned staves which had belonged to celebrated leaders, books on which holy prelates had invoked the blessings of heaven on their country, and epistles written by the hand of wise and virtuous statesmen. It is easy to conceive how dear, how sacred were those relics to the Poles, who, deprived of an independent existence, lived as foreigners on their native soil. Soon Pulawy became the object of a national pilgrimage, where numerous patriots flocked from all parts of Poland, to worship the relics of their ancient fame, and to pay the homage of gratitude and veneration to the exalted princess who watched over those sacred remains. The parents and tutors rewarded the good conduct and diligence of their children and pupils by a journey to Pulawy; the young poet went thither in search of inspiration, and the historian to consult the inexhaustible treasures of ancient records hoarded in the princely library, and liberally open to every visiter. As the Moslem considers it a sacred duty to visit once in his life the grave of his Prophet, so it became almost indispensable to every good Pole to perform the pilgrimage Pulawy.

But the Princess did not limit her exertions to the arduous task of collecting the sacred memorials of bygone days, and to preserve them from the destruction of all-devouring time, or the still less merciful dominion of the foreigner. The present was not forgotten for the past, nor the the living for the dead. The ancient establishments of education at Pulawy were resumed, and the particular care of the Princess was to instil patriotic sentiments into the minds of young females, numbers of whom were educated under her immediate superintendence. She was fully aware that, in a country groaning under a foreign dominion, the domestic hearth is the source whence the youthful minds must imbibe the early lessons of patriotism; that it was the duty of a mother to teach her infant child to love his country, and to hate it

oppressors. To that great object she unceasingly directed the minds of her pupils, and of all those who were within the reach of her influence: and indeed, there is no country where the women have displayed on every occasion more patriotism than in Poland. The benefits of the Czartoryskis were not confined to the young, who were expected to repay them by their future services to the country; many a hoary warrior, broken by age, and disabled by wounds received in the last struggles for the independence of his country, was relieved from want, and found at Pulawy a comfortable and cheerful home for the remainder of his days.

Amidst the unceasing toils of her active life, the Princess was not a stranger to literary occupations. She has composed two works, very popular in Poland:—1. "The Pilgrim at Datromil," a work for children, containing the history of Poland, and many moral and practical lessons admirably adapted to an infant mind; 2. "Letters on Gardening," which is the oracle of every amateur of horticulture in Poland.

The numerous tenantry of Pulawy were not forgotten by the genius of the place, and they formed a striking contrast with the peasants of the surrounding country. Their cottages were better built, their fare more abundant and of a better kind, and their dress cleaner and more comfortable than of any other peasantry in Poland. This was the effect of careful education, and strictly adapted to their humble but useful station, and which they received in a school carefully superintended by the Princess herself. It is needless to add, that their morals were in unison with their exterior appearance, and that the honesty and orderly conduct of a peasant of Pulawy was almost proverbial.

Whilst the Princess was constantly engaged in her poble and useful avocations, her eldest son, prince Adam, pursued in another way the great object which occupied the lives of his parents—the restoration of his country; but as we intend, in order to make this sketch complete, to give our readers a short biography of that eminent man, we will now return to his mother.

The creation of the Duchy of Warsaw, by the treaty of Tilsit, restored a part of Poland to an independent state; it was increased in the year 1809 by a portion of Galicia, or Austrian Poland. Pulawy is situated in that province, and the Princess had once more the happiness of seeing the banners of free Poland hoisted on the towers of her ~~castle~~. When, in 1812, the Emperor of France prepared himself to attack Russia, the Poles were full of hope that the restoration of their country would be the chief object and the immediate result of that expedition—a hope which was warranted by the services they had rendered to Napoleon, and by his repeated promises. A Diet was assembled at Warsaw, in order to promote, by all possible means, that great object; and the aged Prince Czartoryski, who, now bent with age, lived in great retirement, left his seclusion in order to preside over the deliberations of that memorable assembly. The events of 1812, and all its consequences, are well known, and need no description. Princess Czartoryski remained at Pulawy. In the year 1822 she lost her husband, who died at the advanced age of 90, and she continued alone her noble occupations, which seemed to have grown with her into a second nature. The events of 1830-31 arrived; the Russian army which invaded Poland committed great depredations at Pulawy, but the Princess, in

spite of her great age, met them again with the same courage as she had done forty years before. A Polish detachment relieved for some time Pulamy from the presence of the enemy, but he soon returned with a superior force. The Poles were obliged to retire, and the Princess, being now 90 years old, followed them. The Russian general, on leaving Pulamy, sent word to the Princess, entreating her no longer to remain in her residence, because it was impossible for him further to delay the orders which he received, entirely to destroy Pulamy, and that he had no heart to do so in the presence of the Princess.

She saw from the opposite house her castle in flames; destroyed in consequence of a special order from St. Petersburg; her spirits, however, were not broken by that dismal sight, she complained not of her private misfortunes, and spoke only of those of her country. Afterwards she retired to Austrian Poland, where she remained with her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Wirtemberg, who for many years had been her constant companion. She cheerfully met her approaching end, and, surrounded by many of her children, grand-children, and great grand-children, she departed life with a smile on her countenance, and a prayer and a blessing on her lips.\*

V. K.

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[ \* She left two sons and two daughters; the eldest son is Prince Adam; his younger brother, Prince Constantine, after having fought bravely in his youth, under Kosciusko, and afterwards in 1812, for the independence of his country, retired into private life with the rank of a general, and lives now at Vienna. We have seen the unfortunate marriage of Princess Mary, and we must add, with deep regret, that her only son, Duke Adam of Wirtemberg, proved to be no better than his father. The youngest of her daughters, Princess Sophia, is married to Count Zamagaski, President of the Senate of the kingdom of Poland before the Revolution of 1831, and son of the patriotic Andreas Zamagaski, whom we have mentioned in this account. She is the happy mother of ten children, (seven sons and three daughters.) Four sons of the Countess Zamagaski, and two of her sons-in-law, (Prince Lupieka and Count Dzi-alyxkis,) fought with great distinction during the last war. The eldest of her sons, who was educated in this country, levied a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, and served as a common soldier in his own regiment. A brother of his, Count Wladyslaus Zamagaski, who particularly distinguished himself during the war, is now in London.

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### MARTIAL IN LONDON.

*Hebe in two Places.—Addressed to Miss Lee.*

Hebe, Jove's handmaid, cup in hand,  
 The Queen of Youth and Beauty,  
 On high Olympus takes her stand  
 And pays to Jove her duty.  
 But when—his truth the poet tells—  
 Her wings no London take her,  
 The Queen of Youth and Beauty dwells  
 At eighty-five, Long Acre.

## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Irish Clergy.—The Duel that was and the Duel that was not.—Theatrical  
Revolutions.—The Shakespeare Memorials.

**THE IRISH CLERGY.**—The persecutions to which this body has been subject have no parallel. The history of other times presents us with much violence and cruelty ; but they were perpetrated under the colour of law, and sanctioned by the State. When the Roman emperors determined to extirpate Christianity, they issued decrees, making the profession of the religion penal, and the ministers of it legal objects of persecution ; and so it has been in all ages. When the Protestants were the objects, and the Roman popes determined to extirpate the heresy of the Reformation, as the Roman emperors had done that of Christianity, bulls and edicts were published, and they were put out of the protection of the State before they were burnt by the Inquisition. But the Irish clergy are not yet proscribed by Act of Parliament : their existence is *still* acknowledged as a body, and they have done nothing to forfeit those rights ; yet they are the objects of the most relentless persecution that ever was directed against any body of even offending men. Their means of subsistence are withheld—their legal demands resisted with violence—their persons pursued—and they are murdered with circumstances of ferocity and brutality, such as savages alone exercise on their victims. Not content with ordinary assassinations, their pursuers express their hatred by mutilating their persons ; and the distressed clergyman, who only *asks* for his legal dues, is found the next hour with his skull shattered, and his brains strewed about the road. If these were merely the outrages of the low and ignorant, they might be attributed to the half-savage state in which the lower orders in Ireland are kept, and the excesses of a barbarous people ; but they are first encouraged and then applauded by priests and bishops of the Romish church ; and one of the latter is distinguished by the brutal triumph with which he exults in them. The Government of the country, whose bounden duty it is to watch over the safety and secure the rights of all its subjects, not only leave the Established Church in Ireland to neglect and suffering, but sacrifice it to the base object of personal power, and barter its existence for the support of a few Popish Members in Parliament.

But we ask the people of England, will they suffer this ? Will they allow the Reformed Church, which for four centuries they and their ancestors have been building, to enlighten an ignorant and reclaim a ferocious people, to be now totally destroyed, and the edifice of exploded superstition to be erected on its ruins ? Will they see the Pope once more usurp the authority of the King in that unhappy country, and the influence of a bigoted priesthood entirely supersede the law of the land ? In fine, will they see the moral and social improvements which the Reformation was everywhere spreading as it advanced through the country, trampled out by the foot of ignorance and barbarism, and two millions of their fellow Protestants driven from their native soil in 1835 by the descendants of those barbarians who massacred their forefathers in 1641 ? We do not speak as prejudiced men, who have been hostile to toleration and reform ; but we appeal as known and tried advocates of civil and religious liberty, and therefore we have a right to hope that our voice will be at-

tended to ; and we do say, after the fullest consideration of the subject, and from the deepest conviction of our minds, if the people of England do *not* interfere, the Protestant church is extirpated in Ireland.

Already have meetings been held on this momentous subject in various places, and the results have proved how strongly it is felt. The details of the distress and persecution of the Irish clergy are sent from such undoubted authorities, as leave no pretext for a charge of their being misrepresented or exaggerated. The system is known to be, first to compel the clergy, by outrage and robbery, to abandon their congregations ; and when the shepherds are driven away, to compel their scattered flocks to follow them. This has been done, and the Romish priests boast of it at the altar. It was stated, on the oath of a respectable witness before a Committee of the House of Commons, that one man congratulated his congregation, in a chapel in the county of Kilkenny, that six parsons had been driven out of the country, and a number more would speedily follow. The clergy of the Established Church are ready now, as they ever have been, to suffer for the cause of the Reformation. Graves have been dug under their windows, yet they have remained in their houses ;—they have not abandoned their church, though a guard was necessary to protect them thither ;—their brethren have been assassinated before their eyes, yet they have not fled. But no man can see his educated daughters in the garb of beggars, gathering sticks from a hedge to boil a few potatoes which charity had sent them ! Persecution they can bear, and have borne ; but a father used to the decencies of life cannot, and ought not, see his children starving about him, when he can procure them bread in any other country.

The first and immediate duty of their fellow Protestants in England is to supply them with pecuniary aid, and two funds are established for this purpose—one to relieve the pressing necessities of their starving families, the other to enable them legally to prosecute their rights. But the great and paramount duty of the people of England is to pronounce *that the Reformation shall not be extinguished in Ireland*, and no ministry, however desperate, will dare to attempt it.

**THE DUEL THAT WAS, AND THE DUEL THAT WAS NOT.**—We have this month had a war and a rumour of a war. Mr. Rotch, the Chairman of the Middlesex Bench, has challenged the Chief Magistrate of the City of London to mortal combat, without obtaining an assent ; and Mr. John Black, Editor of the "Morning Chronicle," has thrown down the gauntlet in a similar fashion to Mr. J. A. Roebuck, the renowned M.P. for Bath—the challenge in this case being accepted.

Far more sermons upon duelling are annually preached than are ever listened to—far more written than are ever read ; we have occasionally a pleasant burlesque on the stage, which is something much better ; and indeed Liston and Keeley, in the "Affair of Honour," may be pronounced to be the most successful moralists, as regards anti-duelling, that the age has produced. But these lively satirists, however excellent their aim and effective their shots, cannot of themselves bring a custom so long established and deeply rooted into immediate contempt. We want a few Keeleys and Listons in real life—a few practical burlesques of "affairs of honour," not merely to expose the immorality of the custom, that is of little use ; nor simply to exhibit its absurdity in the most ludicrous light, that has been often done : but, to render it—this is what should be aimed at—decidedly and demonstrably *vulgar*. It may be immoral, it may be barbarous, it may be absurd—most people will admit it to be all these, and the rest will have their doubts ; yet all, in the present constitution of society, resort to it, in deference not to the opinions but the practice of "honourable gentlemen," until the thing shall be voted low, vul-

gar, *infra dig.* And really with a little management this might easily be done. Now and then a little salutary ridicule is thrown upon the practice by a solemn farcical meeting between an apothecary and a billiard-marker—a tax-collector and an accomptant; and for a time the ineffective shots of the parties seem to promise a capital hit at the custom. But the wound thus inflicted by the ridicule attending on a meeting in middle life is soon healed by the romance which is thrown around a duel in high life; and the practice is again re-established in all its original sanctity, as though every body had concurred in thinking it the most wise and honourable mode of settling a silly disagreement. We must make the satire much stronger if we would succeed. We must increase the circle of duelling if we would really put an end to it. We must carry the custom down into low life. Let us see. What are so common as disputes between cab-drivers? The “conductors” of omnibuses are too genteel for our purposes; for to the elegance of their designation they now add, in some instances, a refinement of costume in the assumption of “white kid gloves.” A duel in this direction would be quite a fashionable event, and might be quoted as a precedent. But the cab-driver, the donkey-driver, the pig-driver, are decidedly vulgar; and as nothing, happily, is more abundant than quarrel in this quarter; moreover as the ceremonies of the prize-ring seem to be almost trampled under foot in the march of mind, what is there to interfere with the getting-up of a duel or two among these mettlesome mud-throwers, that might have the effect, after a single season, of exterminating the practice in polite and educated society? The instant the thing ceased to be exclusively noble and gentlemanly, it would be put down by our noblemen and gentlemen legislators. Fifty good remedies, applicable to every dispute that can be conceived, would immediately present themselves. Men would not the more readily call each other “liars” and “blackguards” because they were prohibited from shooting each other, and thereby prove nothing but their skill, or want of skill, in the grand moral art of discharging a pistol!

With regard to the recent cases—the first has become the subject of proceedings in the King’s Bench, and we are therefore silent respecting it. Of the last, we shall only say, that the responsible situation of the respective parties in their public characters renders their conduct scarcely less remarkable than that of the Middlesex moralist who challenged the late Lord Mayor. Mr. Black and Mr. Roebuck were mutually bound in honour to keep the peace. The latter gentleman however seems to have trusted too much to the “philosophy” of the former; and really Mr. Black has exhibited a singular and very modest ignorance of the estimation in which himself and his antagonist were relatively held by the public. What human being would have thought the honour of Mr. Black disparaged by any aspersions that a person like Mr. Roebuck might have chosen to cast upon his character? Why, Mr. Black never called out Cobbett! and surely the Member for Bath is something resembling Cobbett in every thing but genius—and has therefore the less claim to the honour of being fired at by a philosopher. To have challenged Cobbett would scarcely have seemed to us a more ridiculous step than that which Mr. Black has, with so much modesty, thought it incumbent upon him to take.

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**THEATRICAL REVOLUTIONS.**—While guardians of public morals are seen as above to be ready, at any suggestion of temper or passion, to shift characters as though mankind were indeed but players, it cannot reasonably be expected that theatrical managers should be over-nice in their observance of public decency; still less that they should hold themselves bound to become patterns of morality, and to inculcate the cardinal virtues in the

conduct of their establishments. But there is a limit beyond which they have no excuse in trespassing; if they consider themselves in no wise called upon to make the drama a "moral lesson," they can have no justification in rendering it a means of fostering vice of the grossest kind, and essentially corrupting those who repair to the theatre for harmless amusement. If the legislature so far abandon its duty as to leave the theatres of the metropolis, comparatively, to their own regulation, it is the duty of journalists—of all theatrical critics—of every man who yet hopes that that Drama with which England's greatest name is associated may yet be sustained to its legitimate ends and purposes—to watch closely and to expose fearlessly the system of management in force at the leading theatres. In two or three instances—the "Times" and the "Literary Gazette" for example—this has recently been done, with respect to an exposition of the supposed character of the new management at the "Adelphi," a theatre which is almost openly proclaimed to be at present only as a vestibule to the gaming-house and places that may be nameless. This may to some extent be true. But certain it is, that the course now adopted here is only a continuation "with additions" of that which has long been in vogue there and elsewhere; the array of "splendid women," the collection of a "bevy of beauties," and all the other arts by which, in most theatres, the stage has been rendered little better than a copy of the lobbies, and the public performances scarcely more than an image and representation of the private vices and grossnesses which they at once foster and are supported by. We would not be too hard upon the present conductors of the theatre in question; they can boast their precedents, and point to their rivals, in justification; but this only shows that the complaint, instead of being frivolous, is merely partial; and should embrace several managements instead of one. The aspect of the theatres at present is revolting to persons of sober reflection and decent feeling; to such, however, it is consoling that the system is in a bad way, and that with bankruptcy staring so many of the violaters of decency in the face, "poverty" promises to effect that, ere long, which "will" obstinately denies.

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THE SHAKSPEARE MEMORIALS.—A Metropolitan Committee has been formed to assist in the promotion of the objects of the Committee at Stratford (which were noticed in this Magazine some months ago), towards renovating the celebrated monument of Shakspeare, the chancel of Stratford Church which contains it, and the gravestones and sepulchres of the Shakspeare family, which also lie there. We call upon every one with the slightest pretensions to a love of letters, or to a love of country, to exert himself in helping forward this great work. The poorest and humblest of us can do something, and nothing should be left undone. It is a national undertaking. If any incentive to the most active personal exertion were needed, it would be furnished by the very sources of the difficulty which has rendered the present fresh appeal necessary. The Stratford Committee, anxious to give as many of their countrymen as possible the opportunity of taking a part in this delightful task of honouring the memory of the greatest genius of the world, have limited each subscription to a guinea. While this is not to be exceeded, the smallest portion of it is gratefully welcomed. Hence the delay of getting together the sum required, and the demand for more active exertion. That demand will surely be responded to with the heartiest and most universal sympathy.

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

**The Book of Gems : The Poets and Artists of Great Britain. Edited by S. C. Hall.**

The plan of this work is such as to secure for it the patronage of men of taste, the lovers of the liberal arts. For the rest, its splendour of appearance is sure to excite curiosity, and to satisfy that feeling will be to learn to admire. It embraces specimens of fifty English poets, from Chaucer to Prior, illustrated by fifty English artists. Of the artists we may speak hereafter. Of the poets people have been speaking, consciously and unconsciously admiring, for hundreds of years, yet what we have to say of them is as fresh now as ever, and they are themselves as young as they were in their mortal lifetime, because what a true poet writes never grows old or inapplicable, since he who describes human nature once describes it for good and all. The face of nature three hundred years ago was the same wonderful and beautiful object that it is now; and then, as now, there was grief as well as joy in the world, remorse, love, sympathy, and shame—mortal and immortal desires.

We trust, therefore, that no one will turn from this book in alarm because it is chiefly occupied with very old poets, no more than that he will admire them superstitiously because they are very old. The right way to admire, no less than admiration, is taught by Mr. Hall's labours. Poetry grows not good because it is old, but old because it is good. This exquisite volume, crammed "from top to toe" with strength, depth, and richness—with passion, imagination, thought, and language—is equally addressed to the young and to the old, to the learned and to those who desire to learn, to the simple, to the subtle, to all mankind. We can conceive no book so fitted for universal popularity. In being taught to appreciate poetry justly, we are taught also this. It extends its delights to all who can receive pleasure, and looks for its reward from all who can join in applause. Poetry has been termed the flower of any sort of experience, and, wide and various as experiences are, is its domain. But more than this. For while it addresses itself in distinct ways to distinct classes—its never-ceasing tendency is to bring all within one round of sentiment of beauty. It shows us nature divested of the medium of our prejudices, or it subdues those prejudices to some quality of nature. The spirit of humanity presides over the works of poets, whether they exert command over our laughter or our tears, whether they call in the resources of wit, or of thought, or of observation, or passion; whether they open for us new worlds of imagination, or exhibit to us more clearly the old worlds of reality.

Mr. Hall's book, then, essentially popular as we see in its character, and set off by every extrinsic advantage to recommend it to a wide popularity, will, we have no doubt, do a great service to the best interests of true literature. We are sure that it is extremely well calculated to do so. It is with pride we contemplate and enjoy the immortal contents of a volume presenting, as this unquestionably does, such evidences of a boundless and unrivalled magnificence and variety of genius, as English literature could alone have furnished.

We have only to add that the specimens are, on the whole, excellently chosen; and that where the necessities of confined space precluded the possibility of conveying all the characteristics of any single poet, Mr. Hall has obviated the difficulty in the page of biography and criticism which is prefixed to the specimens of each. These are very

pleasingly done, and most materially contribute to the interest of the volume.

Random Recollections of the House of Commons. By One of No Party.

This is a pleasant and amusing book. The author announces himself as of no party, and proves it. It is high praise to him to say, and we do not say it by way of paradox, that impartiality is likely to be the only serious fault found with his recollections. To those who are actively engaged in politics, strong likings and dislikings are not only natural but necessary. The book, however, as we apprehend, will find its greater number of readers among the uninitiated in politics, and to them it will be entirely satisfactory and delightful. Nothing is more welcome than a familiar description of things remote. Our country friends, now, will most especially enjoy the book. Its style, we should say, is agreeably suited to the subject, graphic and unforced; without any pretensions of a generalizing or philosophical sort, but with occasional remarks that are both sharp and subtle.

It is not a book for criticism. The singular impartiality we have already noticed forbids us to be critical. We would as soon be ungrateful. It extends over a period of five years, from 1830 to the close of the last session. The names it includes are those of the leading members of all parties, of those who are accustomed to take a prominent part in the proceedings of the House. Some of the most interesting passages of those proceedings have occasional notice, no less than the personal and oratorical peculiarities of the members. The evident experience and shrewdness of the writer have not saved him however from occasional errors both in fact and observation, as where he describes Mr. C. Buller as the member for Liskeworth, and says that Mr. Praed "stands full six feet two." There is no such place as Liskeworth, and Mr. Praed does not stand higher than five feet ten. He is below, rather than above, the ordinary size.

As a fair specimen of the writer's style, and because it has reference to a man of letters, whose brilliant career we watch with extreme interest, while at every step it is realizing some promise of distinction—we take from the chapter devoted to "New Members" the following notice of the first speech, and the general peculiarities of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd:—

"It was far too refined: it was one of the most elaborate and philosophically reasoned I ever heard delivered in the house. There were but few members who, even after the most close attention, would have been able to follow the speaker, and if once you lost the thread of his argument, the rest would have been in a great measure unintelligible to you. It was exactly a speech of that nature which ought to have been delivered in a quiet, snug room, to a dozen or so of the most philosophical men of the present day. In that case it would have been appreciated: the admiration of it by such an audience would have known no bounds.

"Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is poetical and eloquent in the highest degree. His matter almost cloys one with its richness. In beautiful and appropriate imagery, he excels all men I ever heard speak:—I mean in the more carefully wrought passages when speaking on important questions. He is fond of introducing a great deal of scriptural phraseology into his speeches. In his maiden effort in Parliament there was much of this. He talked of 'quitting themselves like men,' of being 'knit together in love,' &c. &c. His second and, I believe, only other speech in the house, was in defence of the Municipal Corporation Bill. It was very short. It did not occupy above ten minutes in the delivery. It was much less refined than the other, and was delivered at a more suitable hour of the evening, and to a House in a more attentive mood. It consequently told with better effect. Still, the reception that he met with on the occasion was not at all equal to what

would have been expected by those who have heard him in the courts of law. In person Mr. Serjeant Talfourd is about the middle size, and well made. His hair is black, and his complexion very dark. His features are small, and his face round. He has the most piercing eyes I ever saw; they have much of what lovers call a languishing expression about them. His face has altogether much of a soft and feminine appearance. He is a man of much kindness of heart, and much affability of manner. I question if there be a man of more cultivated mind in the house. He is about forty years of age."

An Examination into the Ancient Orthography of the Jews. By Charles William Wall, D.D., Senior Fellow and Professor of Hebrew, Trinity College, Dublin.

Trinity College, Dublin, though one of the richest as well as the most learned universities in Europe, has obtained the appellation of the "Silent Sister," for its members are seldom heard to speak in the literary world, and when they do, like Irving, they choose an unknown tongue. On its first establishment by Queen Elizabeth it was without a library, till it was supplied by extraordinary means. The soldiers of the Reformation, after they had defeated the soldiers of the Inquisition at Kinsale, thought the best boon they could confer was to supply the new college with books; so the plunder of the Spaniards was converted into a literary gift, and, by a strange order of things, the military supplied the literary community with the means of prosecuting its studies. At this time, too, the college produced men whose works are standards of excellence at this day, and no university has produced a superior to Usher, the first Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. Since his time the books which the learned body has produced have been "few and far between," and what is still worse, on such subjects as scarcely any man but a member of a college would read. Dr. Barret published an extraordinary composition on the signs of the zodiac, and now Dr. Wall has not been behind him in the obscurity of his subject by taking up Egyptian hieroglyphics.

He commences with an inquiry into the origin of alphabetic writing, and incorporates in his essay that of the Egyptians, of which he considers the different kinds made use of. There is one monument in England that a man would suppose sufficient to throw all the necessary light on this subject. It is the Rosetta stone in the British Museum, which contains, in high and perfect preservation, a decree of the kings of Egypt, written in Greek, Coptic, and hieroglyphics, and exactly resembles similar things of the present day which we have seen, published in our Ionian Islands, in Greek, Italian, and English, and, as they all mean the same thing, there would be no difficulty in any person who understood one of the languages making out by a little study the import of the other two; but the labyrinth of hieroglyphics is as intricate as ever. Champollion thought he had found out the clue that led through it, and his conjectures were so ingenious and plausible, that he persuaded the literary world he had succeeded. Dr. Wall, however, dissents from this, and propounds his objections to both French and English modes of interpretation.

It does not come within our province or our limits to enter minutely into such subjects. Dr. Wall has employed great industry and ingenuity, but we think with as little success as his predecessors. He has made one discovery, however, which will astonish the learned world,—that the Book of Job was originally written in this occult language.

Flowers of Lovelias.<sup>17</sup>

We have elsewhere spoken of Lady Blessington's merits as the editor of an embellished work; we may therefore briefly notice this exquisite

volume, for which she has written several very elegant poems, to accompany as many admirable prints from the pencil of Mr. Parris. In its external appearance this work has not been surpassed; it is a thin quarto, bound in—chalet. We hope we have used the fitting word; but for the benefit of readers as uninitiated as ourselves, we may explain, that the material is of the kind which ladies wear in their light summer dresses. It is embossed in gold, of a brilliant scarlet colour, and cannot fail of inviting attention to the “metal more attractive” within. The idea of Mr. Parris has been to personify our choicest “home flowers”—the daisy, the rose, the snow-drop, &c. &c.—and into each of his pictures he has introduced a group of lovely women. He has been exceedingly happy in his attempts. The work is, altogether, the most beautiful and interesting of the year, and cannot but have large success.

The Chronicles of Waltham. 3 Vols. By the Author of  
“The Subaltern.”

Mr. Gleig has been long and highly valued by all true lovers of nature. By *nature* we do not mean the flimsy frippery—the gilded affectation which passes current with the world as such; the nature we admire does not sit as a tender maiden under a spreading laburnum, with a hat of *paille de ris* on her head—a bunch of artificial roses peeping from beneath the brim thereof—and eyes (as artificial) contemplating a flock of sheep. No—*our* nature is *rustic*—purely rustic. Wild flowers, beautiful and fragrant, mingled with the wayside thistles and thorns of life! Homesteads, and farms, and a population, in which a tendency to evil is counteracted by the industrious and the virtuous—who frequently suffer, and yet in time have their reward!

Waltham, its various inhabitants, its politics, its misfortunes, its habits, its virtues, and its crimes, are detailed in the “Chronicles” by the reverend author with an air of truth, and an evidence of feeling and sympathy which cannot fail to interest the reader; the political bias of his character is of course marked in each story,—and though we do not agree with Mr. Gleig in all his deductions from the various facts he mentions, yet we are of opinion that were some of the tales skillfully altered, so as to chime in a little with the present time, published and distributed by landlords amongst their tenants, a vast deal of good would result, particularly to the middling class of farmers, by having such useful reasoning submitted to their judgment; the peasantry of England *will think*, and we all know that if thought is not properly directed it becomes a curse, and not a blessing. Mr. Gleig’s clear and perspicuous style is peculiarly suited to the comprehension of such a class of persons; and England is not yet deprived of patriotic and benevolent landholders, who would delight in dispensing *useful knowledge*, moral as well as political, amongst them.

We would also hint to Mr. Gleig, that the frequent use of oaths throughout the volumes are, from the pen of a clergyman, in bad taste,—they are unfortunately but too often resorted to amongst the class of whom he treats, but this does not prevent their being offensive; and the utility and value of such books as Mr. Gleig’s is lessened if they are rendered by such strong language unfit to be read aloud in the domestic circle. With this single fault, we dismiss these volumes, and hope soon again to be favoured by a continuation of “Chronicles” so replete with interest and profit.

Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, &c. &c. By George  
Hogarth.

At a period like the present, when every one is, or wishes to be considered, musical, it is rather extraordinary that so useful and interesting a

work as Mr. Hogarth has now presented to the public should not have appeared before. There are few (if any) who could have performed the difficult task of illustrating, and at the same time giving the history of this fascinating science so well. Mr. Hogarth has a sufficient quantity of enthusiasm to lend spirit and vigour to all he writes, so that every criticism, every line of biography, must be read with pleasure. He has consulted excellent authorities for his facts, and possesses a fine, and yet not too fine a taste. With an evident partiality for the *best* schools, he is not bigoted to any; and for the sake of the science, we have only to regret that he does not undertake a work upon the plan of Dr. Burney's "History of Music;" or at least, commencing at the period where the Doctor left off, continue it down to the present time. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Hogarth's object in the present volume, which he so unostentatiously sets forth:—

"The author's object is to give that information respecting the progress of music—the personal history of the most eminent musicians—and the present state of the art in this and other countries, which is now looked upon as indispensable to every person of liberal attainments. He has endeavoured to use simple and perspicuous language, avoiding technical phraseology and abstruse discussions; these in truth being wholly unnecessary in treating of music, not as an intricate science, but as one of the most beautiful of the fine arts."

This "reading" of the science cannot fail to be most acceptable to the many; and independent of the musical matter of the work, many of the biographies are highly interesting as portraits of human nature.

Mr. Hogarth apologises with more modesty than we deem necessary, for that he, in his criticisms, differs from many whom he deems superior to himself: if they are *really* superior, he ought not to differ; but genuine talent is always diffident of its own abilities; and we remember long since considering some of Mr. Hogarth's detached musical criticisms amongst the very best of modern times. His biography of Purcell, though conveying no new information, is highly interesting; but when noting his fondness for maniac music, and commenting upon that most wonderful and super-human composition "Let the dreadful engines of Eternal will," and also speaking of his "Mad Bess" and "I'll sail upon the Dog Star" as they deserve, we wonder how it was that he did not particularise "Mad Tom," which is one of the most picturesque compositions that ever emanated from a musician's brain.

Wherever there is a piano or a music-book, Hogarth's "Musical History" ought to be obtained; and even where those appendages are wanting, the volume no less deserves a place, for the sake of its general information and entertaining character.

### My Aunt Pontypool. 3 vols.

We wish, notwithstanding her peculiar characteristics, that we too had an Aunt Pontypool! The race of kind-hearted, simple-minded old ladies is becoming extinct; and their very existence would be doubted by future generations, were it not for such books as the one now upon our table. Smile not, most courteous reader, albeit that being courteous you are inclined to smile; we prophecy a much longer existence for the venerable lady than you, not having the pleasure of her acquaintance, might imagine possible. She will flourish to a green old age—stately and simple—when many younger will be cut off in what *they* would consider the flower of their prime!

The character of Aunt Pontypool is well conceived, and well drawn; it

is a portrait of Sir Joshua's—animated and alive. There are others in the volumes that some of our readers will perhaps admire more; Colonel Adair, Henry Adair, and the hero's father, are depicted with a skilful pencil, shadowed forth with most excellent discrimination. Lady Mary is graceful and lady-like; and the elder Williamson, the type and semblance of his profession!

Without aiming at the profound, we have seldom met with three more entertaining volumes. The author has endeavoured to preserve a strict *incog.*; but we fancy we recognise in his pages the style of the writer of "Ecarté." The pen is evidently well practised, and well managed also.

Observations on certain curious indentations in the old Red Sandstone of Worcestershire, &c. By Jabez Allies.

Although Mr. Allies has expended much labour, and shown no small ingenuity in defence of the hypothesis to which he has devoted the most considerable portion of his work, we confess that we are among the number of readers who will be much more likely to be pleased with his zeal and information, than to be convinced by the arguments on which his theory appears to rest. Still, whether right or wrong in his opinion upon the main subject of his inquiry, we cannot regret the appearance even of a fallacious theory, when its result is to present us with really valuable information upon the topography and geology of a highly interesting neighbourhood. With respect to the peculiar impressions in the sandstone itself, we fear that the present state of geological science is hardly such as to give a satisfactory account of their origin, and few scientific readers, we are inclined to believe, upon considering the matter thoroughly, will be likely to give much more credence to the explanation of Dr. Buckland, than to the somewhat wild and certainly fanciful opinion which Mr. Allies endeavours to maintain. Perhaps a more minute and continued examination of the channel of Sapey Brook, or other localities in which these phenomena occur, will give rise to the discovery of some fact, which will throw additional light upon a subject which, notwithstanding all that has been said on both sides, we cannot but consider still involved in the deepest mystery. Mr. Allies will, in such case, we are confident, not feel disinclined to give up a theory which the most candid reader will at once pronounce untenable, when he remembers how many strata occur between the old red sandstone and the lowest bed in which the remains of mammalia are found. In the meantime, we think it cause of congratulation to the Natural Society of Worcestershire, that they have a member of their council who is willing to devote his time and abilities to investigations which cannot but materially advance the object for which they are associated.

Da Vinci on Painting.

The life of Leonardi da Vinci, the first of the great Italian masters, as written by Rigaud, is now published, and prefixed to the treatise of Da Vinci on Painting, with a memoir, by Brown, of Rigaud. Of the well-known treatise it would be presumption to speak; of the life of Da Vinci there are few altogether ignorant. It is not only in his capacity of painter that Leonardo da Vinci is entitled to such unqualified admiration, as in having been the founder of a school of painting, and of being at the same time a great sculptor, a bold and successful engineer, and a man of letters. "It is to be remembered," says his biographer, "to the immortal honour of Leonardo da Vinci, that he first dissipated the film of ignorance which

impeded the progress of the arts; and if Raffaele and Michael Angelo afterwards surpassed him in his own line, it is to him that justly belongs the merit of having first pointed out the road which they so successfully followed. It is easier to improve than to invent; but to him who had the courage to overcome the prejudices of ages ought to belong the gratitude of posterity, more than to those who, by following his precepts, increased their own reputation." A very beautiful head of Leonardo, engraved by Worthington, accompanies the present edition, which, with the outlines of figures intended as illustrations of the treatise, will render the book a valuable addition to the collection of an artist.

### The Poetical Works of John Milton.

The eighth and last volume of this edition of Milton's Poetical Works, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, has made its appearance, and completes a work that will fill a hiatus which has been termed "a disgraceful defect in literature." Research, enthusiasm unchilled by age or difficulty, combined with a strict impartiality and the keenest critical acumen, were never brought into more successful or delightful play than in these volumes, which must remain a gratifying monument of the superior power of the accomplished editor, so long as Milton shall, in the minds of Englishmen, be regarded as the greatest of poets. The illustrations, by Turner, to this volume, are the "Temptation of the Pinnacle" and the "Shipwreck of Lycidas;" and are distinguished for that artist's usual display of imagination.

**Cruciana.** Illustrations of the most striking Aspects under which the Cross of Christ and Symbols derived from it have been contemplated by Piety, Superstition, Imagination, and Taste. By John Holland.

Beautifully illustrated works come upon us in crowds. This is unquestionably one of the *most* beautiful. It is printed and "got up" in Liverpool; and certainly no London house could have issued a more perfect specimen of the art of typography; or have bound it in better taste. The volume is sufficient proof that the provincial press is capable of competing with that of the metropolis. Messrs. Marples and Co. of Liverpool have settled this point. It would not be easy for us to point out a publication so finely, clearly, and correctly printed. It has, we think, never been surpassed. The object of the work is explained by the title, which we have therefore copied in full. Mr. Holland has already obtained a high reputation as a poet. In this volume also he appears to great advantage in that character. But his principal task has been one of research—to illustrate the most striking aspects under which the cross of Christ, and symbols derived from it, have been contemplated by Piety, Superstition, Imagination, and Taste. These four divisions are commented upon and explained in a graceful and skilful manner; almost every topic connected with the GRAND subject has been touched upon, and a moral is deduced from each. The book is embellished by several fine engravings on wood: they are so good, that we regret the name of the artist does not accompany them.

### Evolution on the Power and Operation of Numbers.

By Thos. Smith.

As a treatise, uniting just and accurate investigation of the first principles of mathematical science with a style of explanation which renders what are generally considered the more abstruse properties of numbers comprehensible to any mind with the slightest tendency to reflection, we cannot but look upon the appearance of Mr. Smith's book as a benefit to

society at large, and as materially tending to advance a taste for one of the most beautiful of the studies accessible to the human intellect. The work itself, principally devoted to a consideration of Fractional and Decimal Arithmetic, and to the Involution and Evolution of determinable quantities, is inferior to no treatise yet published in the importance of its subject; while in the absence of all technical obscurities, and in its open and manly method of demonstration, we know of none which can be compared with it. The apparently mysterious process of the extraction of roots, so often performed in a merely mechanical manner, and of which so little explanation is afforded in most works on the principles of Arithmetic, gradually resolves itself, under Mr. Smith's hands, into a process as intelligible as could be wished by the least acute inquirer. Of how great importance it is that this process should be clearly understood need not be mentioned to any who have made the least progress in analytical investigations, or how great a benefit attends a thorough insight into the reasons of ordinary operations in which Fractions and Decimals are concerned. The work may be confidently and strongly recommended to all engaged in the instruction of youth, as well as to students of maturer years, who are pursuing the difficult path of self-tuition, as one of the best aids they can procure in facilitating their labours.

### THE ANNUALS.

THESE pleasant books are again before us;—the greater number of them rather, for some have not yet made their appearance. They differ little, in character, either externally or internally, from that which they have borne for twelve or fourteen years. Substantial leather has indeed taken the place of flimsy silk; and they are now books for a year rather than a day; but they are nearly the same as they always have been—gay, agreeable, and levying but a slight tax either upon the minds or the purses of their ten thousand patrons. It was at one period the mode to praise them too highly; it now seems likely to become the fashion to condemn them too much. They have never advanced very high pretensions—never indeed claimed to be considered as works of standard merit; their existence was supposed to continue but for a year, when they were to be set aside by their successors. Notwithstanding this, it is impossible to deny that they have contained contributions from nearly all—if not all—the popular writers of the age and country. We will name a few of them. Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hemans, Landon, Procter, Croly, Milman, Rogers, Wilson, J. Montgomery, Leigh Hunt, Bowles, Cunningham, and Hogg—in poetry. In prose, Scott, Bulwer, Marryatt, Landon, Morier, and a host of others. It must be allowed also, that their embellishments have been, for the most part, of the very highest character—fine engravings from admirable pictures. There is not a single artist of reputation who has not supplied at least one work for publication in an Annual. We hope, therefore, they will receive the encouragement which the public has hitherto extended to them. Without this, it is impossible for them to support the reputation they have so long maintained.

#### The Forget Me Not.

This is, we think, of excellence superior to either of its predecessors. The frontispiece is an admirable engraving from a picture by Edwin Landseer—"The Actress at the Duke's"—the actress being, we believe, one of the fair daughters of the House of Russell. Of the other plates, we prefer "King Alfred's return from the Danish Camp," by Mr. S. A.

Hart, A. R. A.; "The Dying Sister," by Miss E. Sharpe; and "The Shepherdess," by Mr. Hancock. The literary contents are exceedingly good. There is an excellent sea-story by "the Old Sailor"; a capital tale of the American woods, by Mr. Stone; a tradition of Scotland, of intense interest; and other prose contributions of high merit, by Mr. Jerrold, Miss Isabel Hill, and Miss Lawrance. The poetry has been chiefly supplied by James Montgomery, James Hogg, Miss Landon, "Delta," Mary Howitt, and Laman Blanchard. The poem of Mr. Blanchard is of rare beauty—one of the most brilliant productions of the year. We congratulate Mr. Shoberl, therefore, on the industry and vigour he has displayed in maintaining the interest and value of his work; and in proving that although it has reached its fourteenth year, its claims upon public support are as large and numerous as they ever have been since he and Mr. Ackermann introduced into England the now flourishing-exotic.

#### The Friendship's Offering.

It is no ill compliment to the present editor of this work, Mr. W. H. Harrison, to say that we miss our excellent and lamented friend, Pringle, to whose good taste and sound judgment the volume is mainly indebted for its hold upon the public. We cannot say that Mr. Harrison has enabled us to forget that the "Friendship's Offering" is no longer under the care of him who so long and with so much ability conducted it. Mr. Harrison has prefaced his annual labours by a touching tribute to the memory of his predecessor—of his predecessors, indeed, we must say; for after the death of Pringle the work was given in charge to Inglis, who also died before the year had gone. We have no doubt that Mr. Harrison will do justice to the choice of the publishers, and that his next publication will be of far higher merit. Its literary contents are chiefly from the pens of Miss Stickney, (the admirable author of "The Poetry of Life"), T. K. Hervey, Mr. James, Mr. Jerdan, who has contributed the best poem in the volume, Mr. D. L. Richardson, Miss Landon, Mr. D. Jerrold, and the Editor. Among its illustrations there are two or three—and only two or three—above mediocrity. "The Festival" is, to our taste, the best in the collection.

#### The Keepsake.

This volume has been transferred from the charge of Mr. Reynolds, who conducted it from its commencement, to that of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. However much we may desire to say of a lady only that which is pleasant, we are compelled to state that the change has not been advantageous to the work. It is in no way improved; the fair authoress herself has contributed largely and well; but she has failed in obtaining assistance of any value. The volume is, in short, made up of mere nothings,—if we except the excellent tales and poems of the editor. Now, Mr. Reynolds perhaps took a wrong course,—he sometimes mistook a peer for a poet, and thought a title before or after a name indicated genius of the rarest order. But even this error was useful to the work. It was always found upon the tables of the aristocracy; and as every Lord has at least a hundred cousins and a thousand admirers, "The Keepsake" was of course in high repute. Mrs. Norton has cut the peers, but has not encouraged the poets. She has pressed but one Lord and one member of Parliament into her ranks. The M.P. gives a few verses, and his Lordship a curious specimen of the nonsense that may be made to fill two pages where only one vowel appears; the said specimen being preceded by a venerable pun about writing with *ess*. Mrs. Norton, however, has succeeded in achieving a triumph which Mr. Reynolds, with all his efforts, perseverance, and gold, was unable to obtain. She has induced Moore to write for "The

**Keepsake.** It is not his first appearance in the character, for last year he was lured into the Annuals by the Countess of Blessington. His poem is "the Progress of Painting,"—a work by no means unworthy of his pen. Captain Marryatt has given an admirable sketch of a Nigger named "Moonshine." Captain Phipps a clever paper, "The Autobiography of a Scotch Terrier." Captain Chamier a "Fire at Sea." There are several anonymous communications. In spite, however, of our desire to imitate the gallant Captains and the gallant bard, whose names we have mentioned, and give our "aid" to the accomplished editor, we cannot say that she has succeeded in improving "The Keepsake," or of giving dignity to the class of works to which it belongs. Of the plates we may speak in terms less qualified. Many of them are exceedingly beautiful; those after Turner more especially. The frontispiece is the portrait of a lovely woman, from a drawing by Chalon; and a delicious vignette by Uwins forms the title-page. Two of the most attractive prints in the collection are by Herbert,—an artist who has not been long before the world, but who bids fair to occupy a very prominent station in it. A sweet design of Stothard's—"The Favourite Flower"—intended evidently as an illustration of Byron; a picture of Leslie's; one by Cattermole; two by Stephanoff, one "The Hindu Girl," of exceeding interest; two, which do not please us, by Bostock; three sea-pieces of much merit by Vickers; and three of a character "rich and rare" by Turner, make up the collection. Its merit is sufficient to bear out the high reputation of Mr. Heath, and that is saying much for it.

#### The Landscape Annual.

Mr. David Roberts has made a most successful tour: his volume this year is better than that of last; it is, in fact, one of the richest and most interesting collections of landscapes that could be placed before us. Andalusia is fertile in fine subjects for the pencil. There are so many glorious relics of old Moorish greatness scattered over its gorgeous scenery of plain and water, that the artist finds abundant *matériel* wherever he may travel. Mr. Roberts long ago achieved fame; if he had not done so, this book is sufficient to maintain his claim to the highest honours his art can bestow. The work is one of exceeding beauty, interest, and value, and merits the most unqualified praise we can bestow upon it. Mr. Roscoe has also performed his task in a very satisfactory manner. He has traced with much skill the history of the province; and has introduced several striking and exciting stories which give a zest to the more sobered and solid descriptions. It would have been advantageous if he had applied himself somewhat more to details of the later events which have made Andalusia remarkable.

#### The Amulet.

"The Amulet" again advances its claims to public patronage: among its contributors are those to whom it is so largely indebted for the reputation it has so long maintained,—Dr. Walsh, Miss Landon, &c. &c. The volume contains a curious account of the Island of Jerbi, with its tower of human skulls,—a place hitherto unknown, we believe, to modern travellers. It is enriched by poetical contributions by L. E. I., the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham, Viscount Strangford, Elliot of Sheffield, the author of "Darnley," Horace Smith, Laman Blanchard, &c. &c.

#### The Picturesque Annual.

There are few pleasanter travellers than Mr. Leitch Ritchie. He dashes off a sketch as if he wrote as rapidly as he thought. We fancy him always on the gallop, and feel certain that neither his horses nor his postilions are ever permitted to proceed at a quiet pace. He is sure, however, to

collect much information on his way, and takes especial care to gather as much of the marvellous as may serve to give a due relish to his descriptions of persons and things. Here is a book of agreeable and useful reading, giving us a brief, but we believe accurate, account of Russia and the Russians, relieved by several deeply interesting stories, and abundant sketches of the habits, customs, and leading characteristics of the people. The plates are all striking; they partake, perhaps, too much of the coldness of the climate, and are too much alike; but they afford a just idea of the magnificent buildings—churches, palaces, and quays—so peculiar to the country; and Mr. Vickers, the artist, has performed in a very creditable manner his portion of the partnership "journey."

#### The Juvenile Forget Me Not.

This is the oldest of the Annuals for the young, and we may spare it a corner. The materials have been collected with sound judgment: there is here nothing that can be in the remotest degree objectionable. It is evident that Mrs. Hall has studied how to cater for youth, so as to make information and amusement pay their visits together. The task is not an easy one; writers too frequently go either above or below the comprehensions of children, and the one is as disadvantageous as the other: it requires no ordinary skill to hit the happy medium. The literary contents of this volume are contributed by Dr. Walsh, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Hoffman, Miss Stickney, Miss Landon, &c. &c.; and it contains eight good plates, in keeping with the character of the work.

#### The Book of Beauty.

This is beyond question the most perfect Annual the year has produced. Its illustrations are the best; and its literary contributions are of the highest order. Lady Blessington has approached nearer to our ideas of what such a publication ought to be than any other editor. She has succeeded in obtaining the assistance of a large proportion of the more popular writers of the country. Among them are Mr. Bulwer, Washington Irving, Miss Landon, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Procter, the Author of "Vivian Grey," Mr. N. P. Willis, W. S. Landon, Lord Morpeth, Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady E. S. Wortley, Mr. Grattan, and though last, not least, the accomplished editor herself. Mr. Bulwer has supplied a glorious story of Eastern magic; Washington Irving, a romantic incident—"The Haunted Ship;" Mrs. Hall, a pleasant sketch of a little Irish maiden—"Poor Dummy;" Mr. D'Israeli, a delicious tale, in which love is tried and *not* found wanting; Barry Cornwall, a series of rich "Fragments;" indeed all the contributors have done well. They have written with an evident desire to give to the "Book of Beauty" the highest character among the Annuals; and they have succeeded. We must not, however, omit to notice a very sweetly written tale of sin and sorrow by Mrs. Fairlie. It is briefly told; but with a degree of pathos we have seldom seen equalled. The prints which illustrate the "Book of Beauty" are in keeping with its literary contents; they are all beautiful—beautiful in nature and beautiful in art. The most attractive, to us at least (but upon this point opinions will widely differ), are the "Armina," by Liversidge; "Alice," by E. T. Parris; the "Lady Augusta Baring" (the frontispiece); "Mary," by D. McClise; and the "Reverie," by S. Lover, who graces the volume also as a poet.

#### The Biblical Annual.

Among the Annuals, there are few that have better claims upon the public than this, which contains descriptions of scenes familiar to all who "study the Scriptures." The designs have been "taken on the spot," by travellers who have sojourned in the Holy Land, and in other places which

the labours of the Apostles have rendered sacred; but inasmuch as such "amateur artists" are for the most part unskilled in pictorial effect, their original sketches have been placed in the hands of more experienced painters, who have given to them the high finish and character they now possess. Thus Turner, Callcott, Stanfield, Harding, and Roberts have produced the works of art which illustrate and ornament this admirable volume; but they have laboured under the directions of those who made their drawings amid the actual scenes which they describe. The work is therefore exceedingly beautiful, containing, as it does, some of the richest landscapes to be found in any collection; but is especially valuable, as exhibiting a series of portraits of the most interesting places in the world.

### The Angler's Souvenir.

" This is a new candidate for public favour. It is beautifully got up; with a vast variety of wood-cuts, surrounding each page of letter-press, and a large number of beautifully engraved vignettes by Beckwith and Topham. The type is peculiar, but in good taste, and giving us a degree of originality of which we did not think the printer capable. The book is published as the production of a Mr. Fisher, but this, of course, is an assumed name. Be he who he may, we covet his acquaintance, and forward him herewith an "invite" for the first sunny day of May—or if it please him better, as it will certainly please us, half-cockney fishers as we are—for some bright morn of June, when the wind is south, and a few merry showers have spread themselves over old father Thames at Hampton or at Sunbury. We will take with us our old friend Izaak, and chat about him and his glorious co-mates as we jog along the road. He will know—and it may be that we know also—all the fine pitches from Richmond to Henley inclusive; and together we may have a brilliant day of pleasant converse and rare sport. We trust our friend who has so ably and accurately penned "the matter" for "The Angler's Souvenir" will take us at our word, and that when he has paced with some more ambitious neophyte the spring-banks of the Ouse, he will condescend to bestow on us his care and counsel from some summer sunrise to the setting of the same. We advise all young anglers to purchase his excellent and splendidly decorated volume. It tells them all they ought to know—and tells it to them in the most pleasant manner. It is a useful but not the less agreeable companion from March to October; but should be read *now* by the side of a winter fire upon some dull and gloomy day, inasmuch as the art of angling, like any other skilful and noble accomplishment, is to be learnt in theory before it is called into practice. To the old angler also we recommend the book; it will introduce him to the most valued and time-honoured of his friends—happy fellows of the olden time! and bring to his memory the forms of pleasant things. We have commented upon the "agreeable" of the volume, we must offer a remark or two upon the "utility" of its contents. It is full of judicious and practical hints upon all the duties of the angler:—teaches him not only when to fish, but how to fish; and moreover how to tie his hooks and make his flies—with the vast variety of *et cæteras*, without a knowledge of which an angler is a bungler, who ought to be soured in the mud rather than placed beside the lucid stream.

## LITERARY REPORT.

Mr. BULWER's novel of "Pelham" has been succeeded in Colburn's "Modern Novelists" by "The Disowned," of the same Author. Like the other performances of this writer, the object of this work is to further the happiness of man, by leading him into the paths of virtue, and directing all his actions into the channel of usefulness and profitable exertion. "The Disowned" is to be completed in six weekly Numbers, price 1s. each, with four beautiful embellishments.

No. I. of the 8vo. edition of "Las Cases' Memoirs of Napoleon," being already out of print, a new and elegant pocket edition, uniform with "the Modern Novelists," "Byron," &c., has been commenced, two numbers of which have just appeared. This work is universally acknowledged to form the most complete epitome that has ever appeared of the life, character, and opinions of this most extraordinary man; and it comprises, exclusively, the conversations of the Emperor during his exile, in the grand events of his life, and the persons connected with him. The whole eight volumes of the Paris edition are announced to be given in about 20 Weekly Numbers, at 1s. each.

Another celebrated Work on the Life and Reign of Napoleon is also in course of publication, at one fourth of its former price. We allude to the "Memoirs of the Duke de Rovigo," (Savary,) who, it will be recollected, was the Minister of Police under the Emperor. To him Napoleon, perhaps, more fully revealed his real character, than to any other individual; for to him were divulged his most secret transactions. Hence it is, that the present work satisfactorily elucidates many of the Emperor's acts, which had hitherto been veiled in mystery. The work is to be comprised in four 8vo. volumes, handsomely bound in morocco cloth, price 6s. each. The first, just issued, contains no less than 640 pages of letter-press.

A new and cheaper edition is on the eve of appearance, of Poole's "Comic Sketch Book." It comes forth very opportunely, to enliven the long winter evenings.

Just ready, "The Despatches and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley, including Letters of Pitt, Canning, Grattan, Lords Grenville, Grey, Castlereagh, &c."

Mr. Henningsen, an English officer, who served for eighteen months under Zama-lacaregu, announces "A Campaign with the Guerillas, during the present War in Spain."

A New and cheaper Edition is in preparation of Captain Back's "Narrative of his Voyage to the Arctic Regions."

In the Press, "The Literary Remains of S. Taylor Coleridge," Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge.

Mr. Theodore Hook's novel, "Gilbert Gurney," the principal scenes of which have appeared in this Magazine, is on the eve of appearance, in 3 volumes.

G. Hoffinger's Life of the late Austrian Emperor Joseph II.; Menzel's German History; and Maurer's History of Greece, are an-

nounced to appear in translations from the German.

The Author of "Pelham" is about to gratify the world with a new Work of Fiction, entitled "Rienzi, the last of the Tribunes."

A new Novel by the Author of "Richelleu," is on the eve of publication, called "Que in a Thousand; or the Days of Henri Quatre."

## OTHER WORKS IN THE PRESS.

An Essay on the Nature and Treatment of Dropsy, by Dr. Seymour.

The Parricide, by the Author of "Miserrimus."

The Prophetical Character and Inspiration of the Apocalypse considered, by George Pearson, B. D., Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity Epitomized.

The Wall's End Miner, by James Everett, Author of the "Village Blacksmith," &c.

The Landscape Gardener, by the Rev. Prebendary Dennis.

The Florist Cultivator, by Thomas Willat, Esq.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Musical History, Biography, and Criticism, by George Hogarth, Esq., 7s. 6d.

Out of Town, or the Recess, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

St. John in Patmos, by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Designs of Sir J. Jones, by W. Kent, 3l. 3s.

Norman Leslie, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Book of Gems, royal 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

The Vow of the Peacock, by L. E. L., foolscap, 10s. 6d.

Old Bachelors, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Martin's History of the British Colonies, vol. V., 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Flowers of Loveliness, 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.

My Aunt Pontypool, 3 vols. post 8vo. 81s. 6d.

The Youthful Impostor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 20s.

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1836, Edited by Lady Blessington, 8vo. 21s.

The Keepsake for 1836, Edited by The Hon. Mrs. Norton, 8vo. 21s. silk.

Narrative of a Voyage Round the World, by T. B. Wilson, M. D. R. N. 8vo. 12s.

History of the United States of North America, by T. Graham, 4 vols. 8vo. 4l. 10s.

Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette, 8vo. 12s.

The Imagery and Poetical Ornaments of the Book of Psalms by the Rev. Henry Stoddart, A. M., of Queen's College, Oxford, 2s. 6d.

A Familiar History of the Private Life, their Nature, Habits, and Instincts, by the Rev. Edward Stanley, M. A., F. L. S., 2 vols., with many Wood-Cuts, 7s.

Minerals and Metals; their Natural History, and Uses in the Arts; with Incidental Accounts of Mines and Mining, in a Pocket Volume, with Engravings, 2s. 6d.

## FINE ARTS.

## PUBLICATIONS.

The First of September. Painted by R. W. Buss; Engraved by James Stubbs.

Mr. Buss has more natural humour than any other artist we could name; it is sufficiently broad, but always stops short of caricature. Here is the picture of a respectable old gentleman, whose gouty limbs confine him to an invalid's chair; yet he has ventured forth on the 1st of September, with his lacquey and his dogs, to take a pop at "the birds." He is just cocking his piece as his pointer gives him warning; and his nigger-boy behind is watching for the fall of the game. The print is an exceedingly clever one, and has been well engraved.

The Caricatures of H. B. Nos. 415, 416, and 417.

We have deferred from time to time noticing these exceedingly clever publications, because we desired to devote to them more space than this department of the Magazine permits; we hope to do so ere long. The three last issues of H. B. have been devoted to Daniel O'Connell. In one he is bobbing for the gudgeons Sawney and John Bull; in another he is driving the ministerial pigs to market; and in the third he encounters the Weird Brothers—Lords Melbourne, Mulgrave, and Morpeth. The likenesses are striking: there is no mistaking any one of them; and the humour is broad, without exceeding due limits. We shall, as we have said, hope to say more upon this topic hereafter. The works of H. B. are not to be passed over as things merely for a season.

Fac-similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities; with Etchings of Interesting Localities. By Charles John Smith.

This is a very curious and very interesting collection of literary and historical curiosities, engraved from original documents, many of which are in the possession of that indefatigable hunter out of autographs—Mr. Upcott. The number begins with the paper found upon Felton, after he had assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, with a view of the house in which the murder was committed. Another is the letter of Chatterton to Horace Walpole, with an account of his pretended discovery of Rowley's MSS. Another plate contains a variety of signatures of Napoleon. Others contain letters from Prior, Gay, Smollett, Richardson, Sterne, Warburton, &c. &c. The series is a very attractive one, and we hope its success will be such as to encourage Mr. Smith to continue it.

## Stanfield's Coast Scenery.

The fifth and sixth Numbers of this work are now published. The last Number has been delayed, we understand, in consequence of a delay in the engravings, the proprietors having determined to suspend it rather than permit plates to appear of an inferior or unfinished kind. The beauty of the sixth Number fully justifies this determination; and the title to a national undertaking, which has been assumed for this work, may be fairly conceded. "The Blockade Station, Rye Old Harbour," in No. 5, engraved by J. W. Appleton, deserves particular mention, though it is almost invidious to make a selection. The Letter-press descriptions are

written in a clear, concise, and highly satisfactory manner; and do credit to the editor whoever he may be.

On the 2nd November, a general assembly of the Academicians was held at the Royal Academy of Arts in Somerset House, when Mr. Daniel M'Clise and Mr. Solomon Alexander Hart were elected associates; and Mr. Samuel Cousins associate engraver of that institution.

At a late meeting of the Committee of Arts, Mr. J. Henning made an interesting communication on the subject of waxing marble. The first experiment was made on a piece of polished marble. He took wax and made a stripe across it with a hair-pencil; he then warmed it until the marble had absorbed the wax, and left none on the surface. On mixing the wax with a little turpentine, he found that it went one-sixteenth part of an inch into the marble; but the turpentine is scarcely necessary. He put it on the top of the house for one winter, and in the spring found the polish all off the marble, except where the wax was. It does not give the marble any unpleasant gloss or polish, but makes it like the finest preserved old marble. The friezes of the Athenæum and Hyde Park-Corner are thus preserved from the atmosphere.

## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A DRAMA, translated from the French of M. Scribe, has been lately produced at this theatre, and its production caused no ordinary degree of excitement in the theatrical world. The well-known reputation of the author of the "Minister and the Mercer" justified great expectations, the impression created by its performance in Paris added to this, and the spirited style in which it was announced that Mr. Bunn intended to bring it out raised expectation to an absolute fever height.

The period to which the story belongs is the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the holding of the Council of Constance. The action commences with the arrival of Leopold (Mr. Cooper), son and heir of the Emperor Sigismund (Mr. King), at Constance. The day is set apart for public thanksgiving and festivity in honour of the victories Leopold had obtained over the persecuted Hussites. But before making a public entry in the city, Leopold has resolved to visit it privately. He is betrothed to the Princess Eudocia (Miss Forde), though deeply enamoured of the Jewess Rachael (Miss E. Tree), whose affections he had won under the assumed character of Reuben the Jew. He has scarcely time, by a preconcerted signal, to draw Rachael to the window and make an appointment for the evening, when he is interrupted by the procession about to celebrate the victory, which is led by the Cardinal de Brogny, President of the Council (Mr. Warde). The service is interrupted by the noise of a hammer, proceeding from the neighbouring house of Eleazar the Jew (Mr. Vandenhoff), which is considered as an impious violation of the edict appointing the day to be observed as a religious festival. The angry populace, at the instigation of the Provost, tear the Jew out of his house; his daughter Rachael rushes after him, and is borne away to receive the summary punishment of drowning in the lake. Leopold, however, succeeds in rescuing the unfortunate Jewess from the mob. The Cardinal issues from the church, and finds Eleazar, who has extricated himself from his enemies, lying in a state of exhaustion and insensibility, arising from his agony at supposing Rachael has really been destroyed. Being informed of the cir-

cumstances, the Cardinal forgives the offence of the Jew, but banishes him from the city. Eleazar, who has had two sons sacrificed by the Christians, is eager to retaliate and take vengeance for the various injuries he has sustained. At this period Eudocia, the niece of the Emperor, and the betrothed of Leopold, visits the house of Eleazar to purchase from him a chain of costly workmanship, once worn by the Emperor Constantine, and which she wishes to present to Leopold on the day of their marriage. Leopold is in the chamber when the Princess arrives, and is embarrassed to avoid discovery. On her retiring, Eleazar, who has been long aware of the love of the man whom he considered as the humble Reuben for his daughter, rewards his bravery in rescuing her from an ignominious death by consenting to their marriage; Leopold is thus placed in the embarrassing situation of refusing her, and with hesitation and confusion confesses himself a Christian. This so rouses the angry suspicion of Eleazar, that he attempts to stab the Prince, and is only prevented by the impassioned intercession of his daughter, and the solemn assurance of Leopold that she is not, as he has been induced to believe, the victim of seduction. Leopold rushes from the house, followed by Rachael, who, distracted by his unexpected conduct, pursues him through the crowd, sees him reach the palace, and sits down at the door, while a gorgeous procession of the Emperor Sigismund entering the city in state passes round the stage. The first act closes with the procession. In the second, Rachael gains admission into the palace, and is received into the service of the Princess, where she soon discovers her faithless lover in Prince Leopold. A grand banquet and masque take place in honour of the royal marriage; Eleazar arrives to deliver the chain purchased of him by the Princess to present on this occasion; and while she is in the act of placing it round the neck of the Prince, Rachael darts forward, snatches it from her, and dashes it to the ground, denouncing Leopold as having incurred the severest penalty of the law by holding guilty commerce with a proscribed Jewess. Sigismund receives the accusation in the sternest mood of justice: he orders his son to be divested of his sword, coronet, and royal robes; and commits him, the Jew, and Jewess to prison. An interview then takes place between Eleazar and the Cardinal, who had known each other in youth, the Jew having been an early victim to the Cardinal's persecution. The Jew informs him that his daughter, whom he supposed to have perished in the fire previous to his ordination as a priest, is now alive; that she had been rescued by him, and was indebted to him for her support. The Cardinal promises him and Rachael pardon if he will discover the secret of her concealment. This the Jew, with expressions of vindictiveness and a malicious triumph, refuses. The last scene is the place of execution. A cauldron is placed in the centre of the stage in which the Jew and Rachael are to suffer the horrid death of boiling alive. The Emperor takes his seat, accompanied by the Cardinal and his Council. The bare-footed Jewess is led on to suffer the appalling death prepared for her. Groups of penitents with lighted torches attend her; and masked executioners in black are at her side. She requests permission to speak with her father; it is granted, and Eleazar is borne in upon a litter, mutilated, and almost lifeless, from the rack, on which he had been stretched in the fruitless hope of wringing the secret from him. Eleazar, after again refusing to tell the Cardinal where his lost daughter may be found, sinks upon his litter, and Rachael ascends the cauldron. The Cardinal makes one more effort to move the obstinate resolution of Eleazar, who only inquires whether his child has reached the place of her doom? He is answered that she has; and immediately a shout issuing from the crowd, which he imagines to proceed from the infliction of the fatal penalty upon Rachael, he turns to the Cardinal, and, pointing with his dying hand to the place of torment, tells him that Rachael is that lost daughter, whom he saved from the flames, educated

in his faith, and has just now expired before the eyes and at the command of her own father. The Jew sinks down and expires. The Cardinal rushes to the cauldron and bears Rachael from it fainting in his arms. Such is the story, arrayed round which is a pageantry that has never been equalled on the stage. For boldness and ingenuity of contrivance in the production of effect Mr. Bunn has far surpassed all his former efforts, and houses nightly crowded must convince everybody that taste and enterprise will even now meet their reward in this "degraded" age of the drama. The music of the piece is by M. Halevy, who was rewarded on the first appearance of the original opera at Paris by the Cross of the Legion of Honour—with what justice, we will leave more competent tribunals to determine. Our first impression was, that the Cross of the Legion of Honour must have been at something of a discount before such a little music could have obtained what would at one time have been so great a recompense.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

"Comfortable Service" is the last novelty at this novelty-loving and elegant little theatre. "Comfortable Service" to Simon (Mr. Keeley) and his fellow-servant (Mrs. Orger) proves to be an uncomfortable affair. He is suspected of robbing his master, and she is thereby in danger of losing her sweetheart. Her desire to extricate him, the female disguise he assumes, and his detection of a systematized plan of robbery carried on by the two butlers of neighbouring families, are the staple commodities of the piece. In the garb of a lady's-maid Simon has obtained admission to the house of the neighbouring family, where the last scene discovers a bedroom and a plate-chest, with—powers of gravity defend us!—Mr. Keeley in a woman's night-dress perambulating the chamber in the character of a somnambulist. The robbers, who enter during this vagary, find a sleepwalker armed at all hands, for he immediately assumes an attitude of attack, and frustrates the intruders. This clears his character, and he obtains the hand of his fellow-servant as a reward for his valour and honesty. The ludicrous acting of Keeley and Mrs. Orger would have made a less attractive burletta completely successful.

## THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

There are reports afloat connected with this establishment of a nature calculated to provoke the reprobation of all lovers of theatricals, and to give a show of reason to any objections that the enemies of the drama may ever have advanced with regard to its immoral tendency. Scenes, similar to those which may be witnessed among the most dissolute class frequenting the booths that disgrace a race-course, it is insinuated take place at the back of the theatre. Entertainments are found where the most dreadful act in the drama of dissipation is nightly likely to be realised. The party said to hold this property in the minds of many gives a colour to those reports which it would be a source of pleasure to be able to contradict. We are only performing an unpleasant duty in alluding to them, which, if true, will as certainly deteriorate the value of the theatre, as it will heap shame upon the heads of all nearly or remotely engaged.

## PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The balance in favour of the Society on the 1st of November was declared to be 762*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.* Upwards of 8000 persons visited the gardens in October. Among the accessions to the collection there during the last month, is a male specimen of that rare and interesting creature the *chimpanzee* (*Simia troglodytes*). Having received intelligence of its arrival at Bristol, the council despatched one of the chief keepers to Bristol to purchase it, in which he succeeded. The keeper then made arrangements for the conveyance of his charge to London; and after some difficulty (owing to objections on the part of the coach proprietors to receive them), he succeeded in obtaining two inside places in one of the night coaches. The little fellow, the monkey, proved a good traveller, and reached the gardens in excellent health and spirits. He appears at present to be remarkably gentle and docile, very sensible of kindnesses shown to him, and has become much attached to the old woman who acts as his nurse, and who assists the keeper in taking care of him. Capt. Wood, who brought him to this country, states that he is a native of Western Africa, was obtained on the coast south of Sierra Leone, and was captured up the interior of the country about the distance of 100 miles. When first seen he was in the arms of his mother, who unfortunately was sacrificed in order to secure the young one. There was lately presented to the society, by H. B. Campbell, Esq., a white variety of the blackbird (*Turdus merula*). It is now living at the gardens; and we give the following note respecting it:—This curious specimen is of the common blackbird kind—the *Merle noir* of Temminck. It is entirely white, including the plumage, beak, legs, and feet; and was discovered near a farm-house in the occupation of Mr. Owkam, at Bilsthorpe, Notts. There were two other young ones in the nest, the plumage of which, as well as that of the parent birds, was of the ordinary caste. The present specimen is a male bird; but though he has the quickly-repeated chirp, and all the habits of his kind, Nature, when she altered her regular course, and presented him with his snowy costume, seems therefore to have denied to him the usual vocal powers of his tribe. He is no warbler; but, from his frequent fruitless attempts, it may be inferred that he feels the dear price at which he has been permitted to wear his novel and attractive plumage.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A communication was read, containing an account, by Dr. Pingel, of Copenhagen, of the changes which have been noticed in the relative level of land and sea on the west coast of Greenland, between 60° and 65° N. lat. By these observations it appears, that there are at several points along this extensive range of coast the remains of ancient buildings, which are now more or less covered by the tide. The earliest recorded observation was made by Aretander, between 1777 and 1779, on a small island in the Firth called Igalliko. On this island, then almost entirely submerged at spring tides, were the walls of a house; and when Dr. Pingel visited the place, half a century after, only the ruins rose above the water. Some notes by Captain Fitzroy, and communicated by Captain Beaufort, were then read, on the effects produced by the earthquake in February last on the currents of the coast of Chili. A letter from Mr. Alison, of Valparaiso, to the president, gave an account of the destruction, at that period, of Concepcion, with the ports of Talcahuano and Maule; and stated that the earthquake was felt to the southward in the Indian territory, opposite the Island of Chiloe, lat. 43° 8'; and to the northward, beyond Copiapo, lat. 27° 8'; at Mendoza, on the east side of the Andes; and by a ship 100

miles to the westward of Conception. It gave an account, also, of the effects of the earthquake at the Island of Juan Fernandez (300 miles from the coast), where the sea, agitated in the same manner as at Talcahuano, first retired, then rushed over the land, and destroyed the houses belonging to the convicts. Professor Sedgwick read extracts of letters addressed by Mr. Darwin to Professor Henslo. They referred principally to the writer's observations on the tertiary formations of Patagonia and Chili, and on the changes of level between land and sea, which he noticed in those countries. The letters contained, also, an account of his discovery of the remains of the Megatherium over a district of 600 miles in extent to the southward of Buenos Ayres; and a highly important description of the geological structure of the pass of Uspallata, in the Andes, where he discovered alternations of vast tertiary and igneous formations, and the existence, in the former, of veins of true granite, and of gold and other metals.

VARJETIES.

*Railway Speculations.*—The following table, professedly not a complete one, of the railroad speculations now afloat, has just been published :—

	Shares.	Each.	Capital.
London and Brighton . . . . .	30,000	£20	£600,000
Ditto Ditto (opposition) . . . . .	45,000	20	900,000
Great Western . . . . .	30,000	100	3,000,000
London and Birmingham . . . . .	25,000	100	2,500,000
London and Greenwich . . . . .	20,000	20	400,000
London and Southampton . . . . .	25,000	100	2,500,000
London and Croydon . . . . .	8,000	50	400,000
North Midland . . . . .	12,500	100	1,250,000
Preston and Wyre . . . . .	2,600	50	130,000
Northern and Eastern . . . . .	20,000	100	2,000,000
Bristol and Exeter . . . . .	15,000	100	1,500,000
London and Gravesend . . . . .	30,000	20	600,000
London and Blackwall . . . . .	12,000	50	600,000
Commercial to Blackwall . . . . .	12,000	50	600,000
Eastern Counties . . . . .	60,000	25	1,500,000
Great Northern . . . . .	30,000	100	3,000,000
Altona, Hamburgh, and Lubeck . . . . .	15,000	20	300,000
London Grand Junction . . . . .	15,000	50	750,000
South Eastern . . . . .	28,000	50	1,400,000
London, Shoreham, and Brighton . . . . .	18,000	50	900,000
Gateshead and South Shields . . . . .	1,500	100	150,000
Cheltenham and Great Western . . . . .	7,500	100	750,000
Hull and Selby . . . . .	5,400	50	270,000
			£23,300,000

*Consumption of Spirits.*—An account of the number of proof gallons of spirits permitted out from the stock of every distiller in England, Scotland, and Ireland, betwixt the 5th of January, 1834, and the 5th of January, 1835 :—

	Gallons.
England . . . . .	4,557,253
Scotland . . . . .	5,450,247
Ireland . . . . .	5,979,414

The United Kingdom . . . . . 15,986,914

G. A. COTTRELL, First Gen. Account.

Excise-office. London, 21st Aug. 1835.

Notwithstanding the provocatives of GIN PALACES—those glaring traps into which the laborious classes but too willingly enter—the above account

shows a *falling off* of ONE-FIFTH in the "home consumption" of spirits! The merest drabs and wrecks of both sexes are now the chief dram-drinkers. When they are conspicuous as the *only* class, people will be ashamed to enter the gin-dens.

The Royal Society Gold Medals, for 1837 (two of 50 guineas each, presented by the King), are to be awarded as follows:—One to the author of the best paper to be entitled "Contributions towards a System of Geological Chronology, founded on an examination of Fossil Remains and their attendant Phenomena;" and the other to the author of the most important unpublished paper on physics which may have been communicated to the Royal Society for insertion in their Transactions between the 1st of March, 1835, and June, 1837. The competition is open, by command of his Majesty, to the scientific men of all nations.

•• *Expenses of Criminal Prosecutions.*—Lord John Russell has addressed a letter from the Home Office, to the Clerks of the Peace, calling the attention of the Magistrates assembled at Quarter Sessions to a recent Act of Parliament, by which it is enacted that a sum of money, not exceeding 110,000*l.*, may be issued and applied to defray in the year 1835 certain charges hitherto paid out of the county rates, which it is intended should be appropriated in the following manner, viz.:—

" Towards the payment of the expenses of criminal prosecutions of the Assizes and Sessions in England and Wales . . . . .	£80,000
" For the conveyance of convicts from the several prisons to the Hulks or Dépôts for convicts . . . . .	£30,000

In preparing the estimate upon which the grant of 110,000*l.* was made by Parliament, his Lordship observes, "it was considered that that sum would be sufficient to relieve the county rates throughout England and Wales from the charge of one-half of the expenses of criminal prosecutions at the assizes and sessions, and of the whole of the expense incurred for the conveyance of persons under sentence of transportation to the dépôts for convicts; and, he adds, his Majesty's government is desirous that no time should be lost in appropriating the money to the purposes for which it was granted." For the purpose of accomplishing this object his Lordship has thought it necessary to call for certain returns from the several Clerks of Assize, who attend the assizes in the several counties of England and Wales.

*Joint-Stock Banks.*—The aggregate amount of notes circula'ed in England and Wales, by private banks and joint-stock banks, in the four quarters of the year ending 27th June, 1835, is as follows:—Quarter ending 27th Sept., 1834, private banks, 8,370,423*l.*; joint-stock banks, 1,783,689*l.*; total, 10,154,112*l.* Quarter ending 28th December, 1834, private, 8,537,655*l.*; joint-stock, 2,122,173; total, 10,659,828*l.* Quarter ending 28th March, 1835, private, 8,231,206*l.*; joint-stock, 2,188,954*l.*; total, 10,420,160*l.* Quarter ending 27th of June, 1835, 8,455,114*l.*; joint-stock, 2,484,687*l.*; total, 10,939,801*l.*

*Cotton und Sugar Exports.*—The official and declared value of the cotton manufactures exported from Great Britain from the 5th January to 5th July, 1835, is 8,196,947*l.*; of cotton yarn, 2,641,358*l.*; of refined sugar, 420,360*l.*

*Masters in the Navys.*—The number of masters made in the Royal Navy in the year ending June 1, 1831, was 14; in 1832, 8; in 1833, 3; in 1834, 3; and in 1835, 13. Total of the five years, 41.

*Post-Office Steam-Vessels.*—The number of steam-vessels employed by the Post-Office since 1822, when the steamers were first used, is 29, of which two have been wrecked and one sold. The total cost of these vessels has been 292,253*l.* 19*s.* 1*½d.*, and their tonnage 5352 tons, or an average of 183 tons each.

**Church Rates.**—The following is a return of the number of suits for the recovery of Church rates in the Ecclesiastical Courts since the passing of the Act of 53 George III., relating thereto:—In the Courts of Bath and Wells, 39; Bristol, 16; Carlisle, 10; Chester, 78; Durham, 7; Exeter, 7; Cornwall, 13; Gloucester, 21; Hereford, 20; Lichfield and Coventry, 7; Lincoln, 12; Llandaff, 10; Northampton, 13; Norwich, 39; Rochester, 7; St. Asaph, 4; Sarum, 1; Surrey, 15; Worcester, 2; York, 52.

**Slave Population.**—The number of slaves in Anguilla, in 1834, was 2375; in Barbadoes, in 1834, 82,807; in Berbice, in 1834, 19,359; in Bermuda, in 1834, 4203; in Caymanas, in 1834, 985; in Dominica, in 1829, 14,824; ditto, in 1832, 14,384; in Grenada, in 1832, 23,411; ditto, in 1833, 23,536; in Honduras, in 1834, 1920; in Jamaica, in 1832, 310,707; in Montserrat, in 1831, 6355; in Nevis, in 1834, 8722; in St. Christopher, in 1834, 18,285; in Tobago, in 1833, 11,767; ditto, in 1834, 11,621; in Trinidad, in 1831, 22,359; in the Virgin Islands, in 1831, 5108; ditto, in 1834, 5192; in the Mauritius, in 1832, 63,164; in the Seychelles, in 1830, 5449; in the Cape of Good Hope, in 1833, 38,427.

**Salt and Fresh Water, and Ice.**—The following facts may account for several phenomena connected with tides and currents, &c.:—36 tons of fresh water will occupy the same space as 37 tons of salt water. If 37 tons of salt-water ice is immersed in fresh water it displaces an equal bulk; but if it melts, it will occupy 1-37th less. The contrary, we presume, would take place if fresh-water ice floated and liquefied in salt water.

At the Asiatic Museum, in Bruton-street, there are two small terrestrial globes, presented to the Society by Mr. E. R. Power, private secretary to the governor of Ceylon. They were both made by a young Malabar, a student of the American Institution established at Jaffra, in Ceylon. One has the names, &c. of places written in Malabar, and the other in English. We mention this fact as a convincing, as well as gratifying, proof of the march of civilization in a portion of our eastern dominions.

The Fourteenth Report of the Commissioners of Excise Inquiry on article 'Paper,' just published, recommends the duties to be consolidated, and reduced to 1½d. per pound; that the duties on stained paper be repealed, and the survey of Excise on that manufacture, as well as on makers of tea-trays and other pasteboard articles, be discontinued. First class paper, made of rags, at present pays 3d. per lb.; second class, made wholly of tarred rope or cordage, 1½d. per lb.; and the duty on stained paper and pasteboard manufactures, 1s. per lb. on the highest rate of duty.

**Davis' Straits Fishery.**—The result of this fishery being now pretty correctly ascertained, that the product will not exceed 1,800 tons, which is a less quantity than was produced in the disastrous year of 1830, this circumstance must cause the price of every description of fish oils to rate very high for the next six or eight months, as the quantity of northern whale oil is estimated to be 10,000 tons less in the united kingdom than at the same period last year, which the annexed statement will show: of—

Stock in hand, Nov. 1834	. . . . .	5000 tons	
Produce of Fishery, Nov. 1834	. . . . .	4500 "	
			13,500
Stock on hand, Nov. 1835	. . . . .	1500 "	
Produce of Fishery, Nov. 1835	. . . . .	1800 "	
			3,300
			10,200 tons

**Poor Commission in Ireland.**—The total amount of the expenses incurred by the Commissioners for Inquiry into the State of the Poor in Ireland, for seven quarters, ending 24th June, 1825, is 11,847l. 19s. 2d. The English Assistant Commissioners are to receive 200l. each; there are

fourteen, none of whom have yet been paid ; this charge is not included in the above sum. The estimated expense per quarter, including the expenses of Assistant Commissioners, is 679*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* Estimate for one Assistant Commissioner, for personal expenses, per month, 22*l.* 10*s.* ; ditto travelling, 20*l.* The amount of additional expense must depend entirely on the duration of the Commission. It is probable that the establishment will be required for a further period of nine months, which, at the above rate, would amount to about 2,040*l.* There are now eight Assistant Commissioners employed, and they will probably complete their labours in about three months. Upon this supposition the expense would amount to about 1,700*l.* ; total, 3,740*l.*

*The Irish Church.*—The following is a statement of the incomes of the dignitaries of the Irish Church:—Of the Archbishop of Armagh, with Clogher annexed, gross income 13,169*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.* ; net income 9,994*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* Of the Archbishop of Dublin, with Kildare annexed, gross income 9,320*l.* 12*s.* 9*d.* ; net income 7,786*l.* 18*s.* 0*d.* Total Archbishops, gross 22,490*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* ; net 17,780*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* Of the Bishop of Meath, gross 5,220*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* ; net 4,068*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* Of Down, Connor, and Dromore, gross 5,896*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.* ; net 4,204*l.* 17*s.* 5*d.* Of Derry and Raphoe, gross 8,033*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* ; net 5,999*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* Of Kilmore, Ardagh, and Elphin, gross 7,477*l.* 17*s.* ; net 6,225*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.* Of Ferns, Leighlin, and Ossory, gross 6,550*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.* ; net 5,730*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.* Of Cashel and Emly cum Waterford and Lismore, gross 7,354*l.* 2*s.* ; net 6,308*l.* 5*s.* 2*d.* Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, gross 5,368*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* ; net 4,973*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* Of Cork, Ross, and Cloyne, gross 5,008*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.* ; net 4,091*l.* 7*s.* 10*d.* Of Killaloe and Killfenora cum Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, gross 4,532*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* ; net 3,966*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* Of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry, gross 5,020*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.* ; net 4,018*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* Total of Bishops, gross 62,461*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* ; net 49,587*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*

## FOREIGN VARIETIES.

*Statistics of Criminal Justice in France.*—The Minister of Justice has laid before the King a report of the administration of criminal justice in 1833. The following are the principal points of interest:—The Courts of Assize in the course of the year tried 5004 criminal prosecutions, of which 113 arose out of the political disturbances by which, in 1832, several of the departments were agitated. Out of the 4891 ordinary prosecutions, 1414 were for crimes against the person, and 3477 against property. The total number of prisoners was 6964. Of these, 98 were under 16 years of age, 2170 were between 16 and 25, 2305 between 25 and 35, and 2391 were above 35 years of age, and among these last there were 48 of 70 and upwards, and 6 of 80 and upwards. Out of the 6964 prisoners, 2859 were acquitted, and 4105 convicted. Of these, 42 were condemned to death ; 127 to hard labour at the hulks for life, and 784 to the same punishment for different limited periods ; 726 to solitary confinement ; 2401 to different minor punishments ; and 25 children, under 16 years of age, to the houses of correction. The juries declared that there were extenuating circumstances in 1185 cases, being a proportion of 43 in every hundred condemned. The Courts of Assizes held 386 sessions, which occupied 3982 days ; 15,440 jurymen were summoned, but 2676 did not appear ; of these, six only were compelled to pay the fine of 500*f.* ; 196 were dead ; and 2474 were excused. The general jury lists for the year contained the names of 182,630 citizens. The total number of cases submitted to the Tribunals of Correctional Police was 134,053, comprising 203,814 offenders, of whom 26,722 were acquitted ; 177,092 found guilty. Of these, 32,206 were sen-

tenced to imprisonment; 144,753 to fines only; 67 to be under surveillance; and 388 to the houses of correction, &c. Among the criminals and offenders tried in 1833, 8450 were old offenders; 1318 were accused of crimes, and 7132 of simple offences. The Tribunals of Simple Police had brought before them 113,291 cases, in which 150,158 persons were implicated. The Tribunals declared themselves incompetent as to 1096, acquitted 24,830, and sentenced 5149 to imprisonment, and 119,082 to be fined. Among the judgments pronounced by the Courts of Assize 777 were appealed against in the Court of Cassation, but 71 only were quashed—of which 14 were declared to be contrary to law; 21 without any new trials, and 36 with new trials. Out of 1637 persons sentenced to the pillory, 40 of them were excused from the punishment on account of their age; and 653 by the judgments themselves; and 944 underwent this punishment. The number of persons discharged by the Chambers of Council or of Accusation from the crimes and offences laid to their charge, was 10,819; and of those acquitted by the Correctional Tribunals and Courts of Assize, was 6384. Of these 17,203 persons, 10,902 were detained in confinement less than a month, and the remaining 6301 were liberated, after detention for different periods, from one to six months and upwards.

The number of offences against the laws of the press was 179; and of political offences 177; implicating together 590 persons. Of these, 449 were acquitted, 12 sentenced to pay fines, and 129 to imprisonment. Out of the 179 offences by the press, 51 were committed by means of books, pamphlets, and engravings, and 128 by the periodical press. Of the last, 34 were tried before the Court of Assize at Paris. Of the 113 persons accused of political crimes, eight were capitally condemned, but four only were executed. The jury had found them all guilty, not only of attempts against the safety of the state, which was the principal count, but also of murder attempted, or followed by robbery or other crimes.

*Elementary Education in France.*—From the Report of M. Boulay de la Meurthe. The population of France is 32,509,742 inhabitants. With respect to primary instruction, it may be divided into four classes. The first class composed of children below two years of age, to the number of 1,811,787. The second class, of children above two years and below six years of age, to the number of 2,744,524. The third class, of children above six and below fifteen years of age, to the number of 4,987,261. The fourth class, of adults, fifteen years of age and above, to the number of 22,966,170. The first class, below two years, is wholly under maternal care. The second class ought to be received in asylums, or infant-schools, to receive preparatory instruction: 2,500,000 children of this class do not go to them. The third class ought to frequent the primary schools, properly so called: but, out of nearly five millions of children of this class, there are still 2,537,536, namely 838,803 boys, and 1,698,733 girls, who never go to them at any time of the year; and 3,740,304, viz., 1,705,890 boys, and 2,039,914 girls, who do not attend them in the summer time.

Of the 21,966,170 adults, there are 14,355,856, viz., 5,741,542 males, and 8,612,314 females, who can neither read nor write.

Thus, the number of persons in France who have no instruction whatever, both children and adults, is 19,391,392 persons; that is to say, sixty-three out of every hundred, or above three-fifths of the total population, deducting the 1,811,787 children under two years of age.

As deduction and complement of these results, the reporter adds these two tables:—

Institutions which ought to exist.	=	Existing.	Wanting.
Infant Schools . . . . .	40,000	1,000	39,000
Primary Schools . . . . .	54,284	30,467	23,817
Female Working Schools . . . . .	20,000	1,000	19,000
Adult Schools . . . . .	51,840	2,361	52,479
Total . . . . .	169,124	34,828	134,296

*Foreign Varieties.*

	Necessary Teachers.	Actually employed.	Still Wanting.
Mistresses of Infant Schools	40,000	1,000	39,000
Masters	34,840	23,128	11,712
Mistresses	20,000	7,700	12,300
Mistresses of Female Working Schools	20,000	1,000	19,000
Total	114,840	32,828	82,012

Another part of the report shows the state of popular instruction in foreign countries, deduced from an investigation of the last twenty years. What especially strikes our attention is, to find France even now so low in the scale, while in Prussia, Bavaria, Austria, Bohemia, Norway, and part of the United States, there is one pupil out of three, six, eight, or eleven inhabitants. There were in France, in 1832, only one to 16½, and 1834 one to 14½.

*The Moon Inhabited.*—Professor Gruithausen, of Munich, has publicly declared that he has discovered irrefragable proofs that the moon is inhabited like the earth. All Europe has answered by raileries the declaration of the Bavarian astronomer, but his firmness has been no more shaken than that of Christopher Columbus was, when he announced the existence of a new world. The German journals have published the observations of Professor Gruithausen, combined with those of his learned brother the astronomer Schroeler. Their common conclusions are, 1st. That vegetation upon the surface of the moon extends to the 55th degree of latitude south, and to the 65th degree of latitude north. 2dly. That from the 50th degree of latitude north to the 47th degree of latitude south, may be perceived evident traces of the abode of animated beings. 3dly. That some signs of the existence of lunar inhabitants are sufficiently apparent to enable a person to distinguish great roads traced in several directions, and particularly a colossal building, situated nearly under the equator of the planet. The *ensemble* presents the aspect of a large town, near to which may be distinguished a building, perfectly resembling that which we call a redoubt or hornwork.—*Quotidienne.*

The population of Spain is 10,609,000 inhabitants. It is calculated that the provinces which have declared in favour of the Constitution have 7,986,000 inhabitants. If we add to these the 552,000 of the Biscayan provinces and Navarre, which have declared for Don Carlos, we shall find that the Queen's Government is supported by only 2,920,000 inhabitants out of that 10,609,000.

The population of St. Petersburg is divided into the following classes:—42,748 nobles, 40,768 citizens, 55,207 military, 11,770 ecclesiastics, 11,440 merchants and traders, 11,094 artisans, 57,691 persons engaged in different professions, 14,665 strangers, 102,937 labourers and domestic servants, and 141,726 peasants, making altogether 490,016, of which number only 140,747 are females.

The population of Austria, divided into religious sects, is as follows:—500 Mahomedans, 13,000 Armenians, 50,000 Unitarians, 480,000 Jews, 1,190,000 Lutherans, 1,660,000 members of other reformed churches, 3,040,000 members of the Greek church, and 26,990,000 Catholics.

During 1834 there were imported into Russia 300,000 volumes in foreign languages, which is 20,000 more than in 1833. There were published 728 national works, and 116 translations, exclusive of 48 periodical journals. In these publications are not included 113,200 copies of different books for instruction. In 1834 there were founded 94 establishments for education, including the University of St. Wladimir, at Kiew.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

It is a necessary consequence of great depression in any branch of business, to excite amongst its followers a more than ordinary activity, and it not unfrequently happens that this energy is directed quite as much to extrinsic, as to the essential parts of the subject. This seems to have been, and still to be the case, with the Landed Interest. For we find by the report of a Meeting held at Framlingham, in Suffolk, of the East Suffolk Agricultural Association, that a central society of a similar kind has been formed in London, of which few persons knew the existence till it was thus announced. A reference to the same central board has been since made at other meetings of a similar kind, and especially at one held at Aylesbury. The general object of the Association—to support the interests of Agriculture—is natural and unobjectionable; but of all the vague and wild notions that have yet been broached, the general theory of this central body, if we may trust (though we confess we do not clearly comprehend) the description of the Secretary, is the most vague and the most wild. Take it, reader, in Mr. Brown's own words, as they are reported in the Morning Chronicle. "In his opinion it was neither an extension of the Currency, nor the repeal of the Malt Tax, nor the consolidation of public rates, nor the commutation of tithes, nor the diminution of poor-rates, nor the introduction of poor-laws into Ireland, nor the breaking up of the meat trade monopoly, which would alone relieve the farmer; that relief only would be found effectual which, comprising all of these, should liquidate all those imposts on the price of food which constituted a rent over and above that which now went into the pockets of the land-owner, and which formed (as we understood the Honourable Gentleman) two-thirds of the whole; 2ndly, *they must effect a change in the present system of acquiring and accumulating wealth*, a system abounding in fraud, and productive of the greatest evils; and 3rdly, the productive classes must be compensated for the capital which the Currency measure of the year 1819 had been the means of unjustly abstracting from them. If they sought to accomplish a great change in the social system of this country, it was not by an abandonment of the ancient principles of justice and fidelity which bound us as a people; it was not by a sacrifice of national honour or national faith, that they hoped or wished to accomplish it. But they would no longer consent to increase the spoils of the gambler on the Stock Exchange; they would no longer uphold that system, which, for the last twenty years, had preyed on the very vitals of the productive classes, and which had made the industry of the country the means of impoverishing itself, while it enriched the speculator and the capitalist." We must leave to your ingenuity to divine what the learned gentleman means by "effecting a change in the present system of acquiring and accumulating wealth," for our own is entirely unequal to the discovery. But there are some other points that are introduced into the discussion to which we have given years of profound attention, careful investigation and extended reading and correspondence; and upon them perhaps we may say some few words beneficially to the practical farmer, for hitherto *his* industry, *his* skill, *his* capital, have been the palpable sacrifice to schemes of protection, and other artificial devices to alter what can never be altered, the immutable law of demand and supply, and which regulates the trade of cultivating the soil, in the same manner that it governs every other species of Commerce. Let the tenantry look to these simple elements, and they will no longer be the victims of visionary, absurd, and impossible projects to raise price above its natural level. The first grand cry is against the alteration of the currency. Now we ask every man of common sense to consider the plain fact, that, previous to Peel's Bill, there existed the admitted grievance that the real

value of commodities was made uncertain by the fluctuations of the value of paper compared with gold, and the Act was expressly passed to restore a just reciprocity in exchange. Now the evil of this restoration of a just standard having been passed after the fullest consideration, thirteen years, and the consequences, whatever they are, in a great measure endured, is it likely that Parliament or the Country can be brought to reverse this act of justice?—to unsettle all future contracts, to re-establish the uncertainty which acted so unfavourably in all our foreign transactions, and, in a word, to reproduce the fatal consequences of the Bank restriction of 1797? Is this probable, or even possible? We think the answer of every honest, not less than every decently informed man must be, it is *not*.

And if we examine the grounds of this desired change, in relation to the price of the farmer's commodity, and the assistances he expects to derive from the banker under the supposed increase of the circulation of bank paper, they will be found not less fallacious. Make money plentiful, and merchants will speculate in corn, and raise the price! This is the first assumption. It is easy to show that no such thing would happen. A Merchant buys up an article which he expects, *from the supply being in a certain state of scarcity*, will advance, and afford him a profit; or he believes, that by the power of his own resources, he can buy up and monopolize the article sufficiently to cause an advance. That one of these two things have not taken place in the last three or four years, the farmer attributes to the scarcity of money, in his own phrase to the alteration of the currency, which has stopped the circulation of one and two pound notes. If this were the true cause, how happens it that the corn buyer, who has speculated, has bought up, and warehoused foreign corn only? \* And how happens it that he has been even more unfortunate than the English grower, for there lies his capital in hopeless obstruction? He cannot sell without a most immense loss; the interest of his money is gradually wasting the principal more and more, while the expenses of holding, and the waste of his perishable commodity, are also eating it up. How happens this, if a *want of money* had been the cause? On the contrary this single fact disperses the whole cloud of mystery. The merchant imagined that English corn would be scarce, that price would rise, and the markets open to foreign produce. The cause that has ruined the farmer has ruined the merchant's speculation. The supply from England, Ireland, and the Colonies, has equalled or exceeded the demand. If all the bankers in the three kingdoms could issue paper to an indefinite extent, there would not be found a man hardy enough to speculate in Corn with this fact staring him in the face. And observe how the second part of the proposition comes in to confirm this view of the case. Corn is an article of such vast bulk and value, that no man's capital is adequate to effect a monopoly. In truth the home grower has the only possible monopoly, that of the home market, but the price cannot be kept up, simply because the supply exceeds the demand. We cannot burn our surplus, as the Dutch did their spices, for the production is illimitable, except by nature. And suppose we did burn it, what then? A capitalist many years ago hit upon the project of buying up into his own possession all the afum of this country. To this end he contracted

\* It appears by official accounts that on the 10th of October there were of foreign Wheat in warehouse 626,389 quarters.

In the stock of bonded Corn in London the decrease has been during the twelve months—

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Flour.
qrs.	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.	cwts.
22,981	42,297	60,382	12,387	21,872

The only increase being in Peas, which amounts to 1983 qrs

with the manufacturers to take all they could make. Alum rose immensely. But the makers enlarged their works to their utmost means, the quantity produced exceeded all possible demand, and the capitalist was reduced to a bankruptcy of three pence in the pound. Just so must it be with the farmers, could the price now be raised to the average of 1812. In less than three years the increased production would make corn a drug. So much for the monopoly part of the question, to say nothing of the fact, that since a nation cannot be made to starve, and foreign supply would necessarily come in.

Next, with respect to the imagined readiness of the bankers to make advances in the event of their being permitted to circulate one and two pound notes, in the words of the Agricultural Association to "enlarge the currency." The banker, like the merchant, conducts his business with a view to profit. When a customer applies for a loan, he enquires into the man's property, and the nature of his trade. If he find the one sufficient, and the other gainful, he lends him the money. Now is it to be pretended that the banker has withheld his advances to the agriculturist *because his own capital was insufficient* (the postulate necessary to prove the farmer's assumption of the consequences of a reduced currency), or in other words, because money was scarce? The very reverse. He has had so much capital he has not known how to employ it. The interest of mortgages is lowered, and discounts still more. What then has made him so chary of lending to the farmer? Why, simply because the farmer's property is wasted, and his trade dubious. *The supply has exceeded the demand in spite of all sorts of protective expedients, fixed duties, and fluctuating duties*; the price has fallen from this cause below the cost of production, and the banker providently prefers employing his money in other ways to making loans to sinking men.

The third item is the repeal of the Malt-tax; but there is a fallacy also lurking behind this expectancy of a dubious benefit. Suppose the gratification of the farmer's fullest desires—an increased consumption—an extended demand, and a commensurately increased price:—what must happen? An increased production which would gradually, and not slowly, bring down the price again to the level of demand and supply. But supposing this did not soon occur,—what then? Why the landlord would fix his rents accordingly. Here would come in the real amount of the farmer's gains, and the landlord would claim the lion's share, so long as the demand for land was as brisk as it is even now, when the trade is said to be a losing trade. None of these expedients then can by possibility be of use to the farmer? Certainly not. To whom then would they be of service? To the owner of land whose property is mortgaged, and to him who still wishes to keep up the mist that has so long clouded the sight of the tenantry, and drained their capital into the pockets of the landlord and the clergyman, under the impracticable pretence of keeping up a "remunerating price" by artificial legislative enactments. Could the farmer still be gulled by these pretences—a plausible revival for a year or two would but plunge him hereafter into greater losses. The simple fact is, that restriction has already given him the monopoly of the home market—the only market to which, under the cost of his production, he can resort; and the effect has been that which was clearly to be anticipated; namely, to encourage such a supply as would equal the demand. Nothing can evade or obviate this necessary consequence. It has been repeated and proved, till every body is weary, of it, that the farmer has made his contracts under the imaginary and theoretic hope of a price to be maintained by a law which fixes a delusive standard, and has been able to get in practice only a very reduced price. Yet with this fact staring him in the face, he still raves about legislative protection, and Heaven knows what absurd artifices!—implying no less than a depreciation

of the universal property, and reversal of the engagements of this and all nations with whom England trades. Of a truth, the physician who lately gave in evidence, that the difficulty was to say what man is sane, was perfectly right.

Do we mean by treating the subject in such a manner to reject or deny the distress of the farmer? By no means. We believe it to be real and terrible. But such are not the remedies. Some of the best and truest friends of agriculture have lately at public meetings described the cure to lie in reduced rent, tithes, rates, and other charges, and in an increased produce by better cultivation. And these are the remedies. But it will first be necessary to throw open the trade — to let produce find its natural exchangeable value amongst all nations; for in no other event can the farmer ascertain the natural price, and, consequently, regulate the natural cost by this standard. For suppose him to augment an already adequate supply—what is he to do with his surplus? This, indeed, is now the stumbling block; this is what now reduces price below a compensation. It is quite obvious, that he must not be confined to a single mart; he must be so placed as to be enabled successfully to compete with other nations. Any other supposition implies that England shall grow exactly enough, and not a grain more or less than enough, for her own consumption.

The scheme of a Central Association, or of a Committee of Inquiry in Parliament, the object to which the Marquis of Chandos, Sir William Young, and the most sensible friends of the agricultural interest desire to limit the petitions of the counties, will end as such Boards, and such inquiries always have done—namely, in calling off the farmer's attention from the real remedies to fallacious expectancies, and thus luring him on to further ruin. Is Mr. Webb Hall, his societies, and his remunerating price of 80s. forgotten? What have all the reports, and all the laws made upon them since 1814, done for the farmer? Had it been boldly declared at the peace—'War prices will reign no longer, all artificial expedients to retain the artificial value of land and its produce must be thrown aside, things must now find their natural level'—had this been boldly and honestly pronounced, the farmer would have been put on his guard, would have made his contracts accordingly, the loss which has been stealthily suffered step by step—which has gradually, but not less certainly, ingulphed the tenantry, would have been avoided, and the operative capital of agriculture would have still been in the hands of the operative cultivator. As the matter now stands, the landlord has been propped for a time, though himself submitting to gradual diminution of property valued at a nominal rate—the passion has been kept up, while the tenantry have worked for all, and paid for all this deception. Let them not again be made the victims of any such palpable absurdity passed upon them, simply because, in their distressful necessity, they catch at any straw to save themselves. The cure lies in their own provident understanding and anticipation of the natural course of price, and the natural cost of cultivation.

The transactions of the markets are scarcely in any degree altered since we last wrote. The supply of grain of all sorts has been large enough to allow the purchaser free choice of samples; although the farmer's attention, perhaps, has not been directed to this part of his concerns so much as it must shortly be, on account of the important season of wheat setting, which has been now nearly completed; and in many districts the plant is up, and looking healthy and strong. A more auspicious time can hardly have been desired. But to return to the markets—the same ample supplies, the same variety of qualities, the same selection, the same low prices, the same difficulty of ridding the inferior samples at any price—these are the appearances with respect to wheat, while flour is declining

on account of the greater quantities that plenty of water and brisk winds necessarily afford. The best town-made is selling at 36s., and Norfolk from on board ship, so low as 30s. per sack.

The sales of stock of all descriptions at the country fairs are all affected alike by the scarcity of feed—purchasers scarce, trade dull, and prices low. The reports from the manufacturing district represent business as steady and good; but add, that there is every probability the manufacturers will have a better chance of work towards the close of the season than last year—an indication that Lord Fitzwilliam was right in anticipating a larger supply to be symptomatic of, and consequent upon the increase of flocks.

This parallels with the increased supply of grain, and only confirms the law, that *demand creates supply*—another lesson of wholesome instruction for the farmer.

## RURAL ECONOMY.

*Hints concerning Bees.*—Our intention is simply to impress upon every one who wishes that his bees may produce early and strong swarms, the necessity of feeding the insects during the whole of a mild winter, and, above all, at the present season. If honey be in superabundance, it is the best aliment wherewith to sustain the bee; but in the absence of this most natural food, a good substitute may be prepared by mixing half a pound of good moist sugar with a tea-cupful of pure home-brewed mild ale, and as much water, and simmer the whole till a strong syrup be formed; a small tea-spoonful of salt may be added, perhaps, with advantage. Small troughs made of an elder branch, cut in half, and cleared of the pith, are very convenient vessels to contain the food, provided they be cut at the joint, so that each end be closed. The troughs should be filled and placed near the mouths of the hives, whenever a warm gleam invites the bees to be on the alert; it is calculated that 1 lb. of sugar will supply a hive of bees for a month, from October to January; but that double the quantity will be required from February to the middle or end of April. Whatever the bees imbibe is not lost, for if they do not consume and digest the whole for their own immediate sustenance, they will convert the surplus into honey and deposit it in the honey cells; but if hunger impel them to appropriate as food all that they are supplied with, the vigour of the insects will be thus maintained, and remuneration will be found in the early productiveness of swarms. In Russia, Poland, &c., where the bees form their own abodes, they perish not with cold. Here, where our fitful climate exposes them to continual reactions, the bees ought to be fed whenever they are in activity. All is safe while frosts proceed forpor.—*County Chronicle*.

*Hop Growers.*—A writer in the "Wexford Mail" states, that the substitution of iron rods for hop poles has been found on trial a most valuable improvement in the cultivation of hops. Under this system the rapid growth of the bine, particularly after the passing of thunder-clouds, is quite surprising, the plants are perfectly free from mould, rust, the fly, &c.; the crop proves weighty and abundant, exhibits a beautiful colour, and ripens much earlier than when trailed in the usual way. The rods should be pointed, in order more effectually to attract the electric fluid, to the agency of which in producing vegetation these results are attributable. A comparison with an adjacent plantation, managed in the old manner, will prove the value of the alteration, while the difference of the expense, which only affects the first outlay, is quite inconsiderable, and, from the durability of the material, will ultimately prove a saving.

*Cone Wheat.*—An agricultural gentleman of our acquaintance who, professionally and otherwise, takes great interest in every variety of grain and

other seeds, having observed "Cone Wheat" frequently quoted, applied to a house in Birmingham on the subject, and gleaned from his correspondent the following curious facts:—The article you speak of is a light-red, hard-grained wheat; it grows taller than the Lammas kind, and shows a beard not unlike rye. I know various millers and bakers who consider it essential to use a portion of it let the price be what it may. In addition to being stronger, it also possesses the quality of making the bread keep longer than any other variety in use; but great skill is required in the manufacture, and the stones used in the grinding process must be at once close, hard, and smooth. There are two kinds of wheat that take the name given; that is, the blue and the white cone, and the writer considers the bread made from the latter superior to anything he ever met with. On the stiff clayey soils of Gloucester, Somersetshire, &c., this wheat has been cultivated to a considerable extent for a number of years; and a great deal of it is grown in the south of France, and more particularly on the banks of the Loire and Garonne. At Adour, where it is also cultivated, the writer was informed that the produce in favourable seasons is sometimes enormous—amounting to 60, 70, and even 100 imperial bushels per English acre. It was found 12 feet high, and some stalks I examined were more like canes than ordinary wheat straw. The French make from it their best flour, which I need not say is very fine. The price is 42s. the imperial quarter, and the general weight is 62 lbs. per bushel.—*Newcastle Journal*.

#### USEFUL ARTS.

*The Law of Letters-Patent.*—Rules to be observed in proceedings before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, under the act of the 5th and 6th of William IV., entitled "An Act to amend the Law touching Letters-Patent for inventions." (cap. 83.)

Rule 1. A party intending to apply by petition under section 2 of the said act, shall give public notice by advertising in the "London Gazette" three times, and in three London papers, and three times in some country paper published in the town where, or near to which, he carries on any manufacture of any thing made according to his specification, or near to or in which he resides, in case he carries on no such manufacture, or published in the county where he carries on such manufacture, or where he lives, in case there shall not be any paper published in such town, that he intends to petition His Majesty under the said section, and shall in such advertisements state the object of such petition, and give notice of the day on which he intends to apply for a time to be fixed for hearing the matter of his petition (which day shall not be less than four weeks from the date of the publication of the last of the advertisements to be inserted in the "London Gazette"), and that on or before such day notice must be given of any opposition intended to be made to the petition, and any person intending to oppose the said application shall lodge notice to that effect at the Council-office on or before such day so named in the said advertisements, and having lodged such notice shall be entitled to have from the petitioner four weeks' notice of the time appointed for the hearing.

2. A party intending to apply by petition under section 4 of the said act, shall in the advertisements directed to be published by the said section, give notice of the day on which he intends to apply for a time to be fixed for hearing the matter of his petition (which day shall not be less than four weeks from the date of the publication of the last of the advertisements to be inserted in the "London Gazette"), and that on or before such day caveats must be entered; and any person intending to enter

a caveat shall enter the same at the Council-office on or before such day so named in the said advertisements; and having entered such caveat shall be entitled to have from the petitioner four weeks' notice of the time appointed for the hearing.

3. Petitions under sections 2 and 4 of the said act must be presented within one week from the insertion of the last of the advertisements required to be published in the "London Gazette."

4. All petitions must be accompanied with affidavits of advertisements having been inserted according to the provisions of section 4 of the said act, and the 1st and 2d of the rules, and the matters in such affidavits may be disputed by the parties opposing upon the hearing of the petitions.

5. All persons entering caveats under section 4 of the said act, and all parties to any former suit or action, touching letters patent, in respect of which petitions shall have been presented under section 2 of the said act, and all persons lodging notices of opposition under the first of these rules, shall respectively be entitled to be served with copies of petitions presented under the said sections, and no application to fix a time for hearing shall be made without affidavit of such service.

6. All parties served with petitions shall lodge at the Council-office, within a fortnight after such service, notice of the grounds of their objections to the granting of the prayers of such petitions.

7. Parties may have copies of all papers lodged in respect of any application under the said act at their own expense.

8. The Master of the High Court of Chancery, or other officer to whom it may be referred to tax the costs incurred in the matter of any petition presented under the said act, shall allow or disallow in his discretion all payments made to persons of science or skill examined as witnesses to matters of opinion chiefly.

Council-office, Whitehall, Nov. 18, 1835.

*New Hydrostatic Engine.*—We have had an opportunity of examining the recent discovery made by the Rev. J. T. Porter, of the Close, of this city, which he has named an hydrostatic engine, and which, when brought to perfection, will, in all probability, vie with the astonishing power of steam. The principle upon which the engine acts is the well-known law of nature, "the pressure of fluids." The construction of the apparatus is simple, consisting of four cylinders, two of which act as pumps, the other two as working cylinders, each of them having proper pistons. The double-acting power (of the model) is put in motion by only 25 ounces of water, assisted by the lever. Some idea may be formed of the force of the pressure, when we say that, with the stroke of one of the cylinders of the piston, an ash bough, an inch and a half in diameter, was broken with the greatest ease. The Reverend gentleman is very sanguine as to the ultimate success of his discovery, and affirms that a ship, laden with the usual freight, may take a trip to the East Indies and back, the engine requiring for its total supply not more than a half hogshead of spring water. From what we have seen, we have no doubt that Mr. Porter will meet with success. He has our best wishes to that effect, and we beg to call the attention of the scientific world to this singular and valuable discovery. A circumstance connected with it, not the least valuable, is, that, unlike steam, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended from any accidental derangement of the machinery.—*Salisbury Journal.*

The curious in machinery will be interested with the following fact:—A steam-engine, lately erected on a copper-mine in this neighbourhood (St. Austell), has been reported to have raised, at an average rate of performance, upwards of ninety millions of pounds weight one foot high, with a bushel of coals. The correctness of this statement was questioned by rival engineers and others, and so seriously, that a challenge for a public trial was given and accepted. It took place in the presence of a number

of most experienced mine agents from different parts of the country, and the result of twenty-four hours' trial was the unprecedented performance of lifting 125½ millions of pounds weight one foot high, with every bushel of coals consumed! The engine is of large size, the cylinder being eighty inches in diameter. The principle is that of Boulton and Watt, but improved in economising the heat when generated, so as in the greatest possible degree to apply it to the end of producing steam, and maintaining it until its work is performed. The engineer's name is West.

*New Fire-Engine.*—A very ingenious and efficacious novelty of this kind has been devised by a M. Vaucher, and called the Swiss Portable Fire-Engine, from its resemblance to the machines in which the Swiss, &c. carry liquids for sale on their backs. The form and lightness of the engine enable one man to carry it readily on his shoulders to the top of a house, and when worked by two men, it can discharge about twenty imperial gallons of water per minute to a distance of from sixty-five to seventy feet horizontally, and full forty-five feet in height. Modern buildings being now very generally furnished with reservoirs or cisterns on the upper floors, the importance of such an engine, upon any sudden emergency, is much increased, and we recommend a visit of inspection to Messrs. Brahm's to all whom such inventions concern and interest.

## BANKRUPTS,

FROM OCTOBER 30, TO NOVEMBER 20, 1835, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 30.—C. FLIGHT, St. James's-st., tailor. R. NOBLE, jun., Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico, corn-chandler. J. TOFF, Charles-street, Commercial-road East, coal-dealer. W. and J. HOLMAN, Devonport, drapers. R. S. SAKBY, Chingford, Essex, miller. S. STOCKER, Baptist Mills, Gloucestershire, victualler. W. DAVIES and M. DAVIES, Oswestry, Salop, timber-merchants.

Nov. 3.—T. S. FLUDE, Trinity-square, wine-broker. H. RICH, Lime-street, City, tea-broker. D. FRAZER, Finsbury-square, ship-owner. W. POLLEY, Union-street, Southwark, boot and shoe maker. J. LYNTON, Cambridge, innkeeper. R. C. HEIGHAM, Lakenham, Norwich, beer-brewer. W. HENDERSON, West Bromwich, Staffordshire, iron-master. W. HUGHES, Cheltenham, hotel-keeper. H. COATES, Colchester, cattle-dealer. J. S. SHARPE, East Retford, spirit-merchant.

Nov. 6.—W. W. PIERCE, Northampton, cabinet-maker. J. GREENHILL, West Hamfrith, Forest gate, near Stratford, Essex, farmer. G. BAKER, Birmingham, auctioneer. S. ROBINSON, Salford, Lancashire, flax-spinner. T. BISHTON, Kilsale, Shropshire, iron-master.

Nov. 10.—W. ROGERS, Wotford, Hertfordshire, salesman. G. NEWMAN, Beulah Eps, Norwood, Surrey, wine-merchant. J. GIBSON, Northwich, Cheshire, tavern-keeper. W. WEARE, Leeds, turner. J. BRANLAND,

Bradford, Yorkshire, timber-merchant. W. SHUCK, jun., Worcester, glove-manufacturer. J. WATSON, Leeds, brewer.

Nov. 13.—W. F. OGILVY, Oxford-st., grocer. W. LLEWELLYN, Cow-cross, iron founder. T. PARNELL, Plymouth, draper. W. BISHOP, Cheltenham, mercer.

Nov. 17.—B. RIDGE, Birmingham, general factor. J. BEVIL, Harleyford-place, Kennington, auctioneer. A. MOLONY, Sherrard-street, Soho, wine-merchant. W. H. GUY, Stroud, Gloucestershire, woollen-draper. R. BARBER, Cambridge, grocer. C. COOPER, Liverpool, grocer. J. GARRETT, New-road, Brighton, builder. T. AINSWORTH, Liverpool, victualler. J. W. GOUGH, Dursley, Gloucestershire, stationer. J. GRIBBLE, Ashburton, Devonshire, scrivener. R. LUBBOCK, Great Yarmouth, ship-builder. J. C. BOND and W. BOND, Birmingham, factors. J. HEAP, Manchester, machine-maker. E. V. BLYTH and C. A. KELL, Birmingham, factors. J. TURLEY, Bilston, Staffordshire, iron-master.

Nov. 20.—J. JERMAIN, Air-street, Piccadilly, bill-broker. J. WILSON, Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate, upholsterer. E. FARRAR, Guildford-street, St. Pancras, apothecary. S. STRONG, Oxford-street, draper. S. T. PROBERTT, Derby, printer. W. CARR, New Malton, Yorkshire, linen-draper. T. BLOOMER, Cradley, Stourbridge, nail ironmonger. W. W. JENKINS, Birmingham, brass-founder.

## COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE general state of the trading and manufacturing interests of the country continues to present a very satisfactory aspect; the woollen manufacturers are in great activity, and the orders for cotton-yarn from Germany, and for piece goods for the East India and China Markets, are in such abundance, and so clash with each other, that it is not expected that the former can be fully executed before the period of the navigation of the North Seas being stopped; the silk-mills and looms are not quite in so lively a condition as they were lately. The iron trade, under the impulse given by the formation of so many Railways, is in a more prosperous state than it has experienced for many years past.

The Markets for Colonial produce have been somewhat dull of late; the principal exception to this is in West India Sugars, which maintain their prices with great firmness; the present quotations are for Jamaica, brown, 59s. to 60s.; middling to good, 61s. to 64s.; fine to very fine, 64s. to 67s.

In Mauritius, East India, and Foreign Sugars, the transactions have lately been on a very limited scale, and without variation in the quotations.

The stock of West India Sugar on hands is 33,300 hlhs., and trs., being less by 15,000 than that of the corresponding date of last year; the stock of Mauritius is 50,500 bags, showing a deficiency as compared with last year of 15,200 bags.

The last average price of West India Sugar is 17. 18s. 1½d. per cwt.

The Refined Market shows some disposition to recover from the inanimate condition in which it was about the middle of the month; five Crushed now readily brings 41s. per cwt.

There has been lately almost a panic in the Market for British Plantation Coffee; and a depreciation of not less than from 8s. to 10s. per cwt., from the highest prices of the month, has occurred. The following are the quotations: Jamaica, ordinary to good ordinary, 80s. to 89s.; fine ordinary, 90s. to 96s.; middling to good, 96s. to 106s.; fine, 106s. to 113s. The Foreign and East India Coffees have undergone comparatively little change; St. Domingo, of fair quality, has lately brought 51s. to 52s.; and Brazil, 51s. to 53s.

The sales of Rum of late have been considerable, and prices appear to tend

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upwards, particularly for Jamaica; in Brandy not much is doing, but the holders are firm against any relaxation in the quotations.

The Cotton Market is steady, and would doubtless show some considerable advance, but for the perseverance of the manufacturers in merely purchasing from hand to mouth; there has scarcely been a time when the stocks held by them have in the aggregate been so bare; so that, although the quantity warehoused in the various parts of the kingdom was recently estimated at an excess of 90,000 bales as compared with that of last year, the excess, taking in the interior of the kingdom as well as the ports, does not probably exceed a third of that quantity.

The Reports from various parts of the kingdom touching the harvest, lead to the conclusion, that although in all the Southern and Midland counties the highly favourable state of the weather had caused the crops to be got in in the best possible condition, still, in many places, the boisterous winds and rain which occurred about the end of June, and by which much grain was laid, have caused much of it to be thin and shrivelled, so that the aggregate quantity will probably not exceed a fair average. The quality is generally excellent; but it is observed that there is an unusual quantity of smut in the Wheat this year.

The Money Market appears to be, at present, in a very wholesome state; although some little apprehension was felt lest the eagerness for speculating in Railway Companies should degenerate into a gambling mania, still as this disposition was not encouraged by a superabundance of unemployed capital, it seems to have received a timely and useful check; at the same time, the easy terms upon which money can be obtained in the legitimate channels of commercial intercourse have tended to maintain the national Securities free from all sudden and violent fluctuations.

The Foreign Market is little altered in the course of the past month, except in Spanish and Portuguese Securities, both of which have received a very material improvement from the confidence inspired by the liberal and judicious measures adopted by M. Mendizabal in the administration of the affairs of Spain.

No very material change has taken place in Railway Shares; such alteration as has occurred has been in the direction of depreciation; Greenwich, Great Western, and Brighton (Stephenson's), have declined from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* per share. Somewhat more business is now doing in Mining Shares, which for a considerable time had been altogether neglected; in Real del Monte Shares a considerable rise has taken place.

The closing quotations of the various Securities negociable on the Stock Exchange, on the 26th, is subjoined:—

## ENGLISH FUNDS.

Bank Stock, 210 11—Three per cent. Reduced, 90  $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three per cent. Consols, 91  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 99  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. New, 100  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Long Annuities, 1860, 16  $\frac{3}{8}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —India Stock, 256 7—India Bonds, 5 7—Exchequer Bills, 14 16—Ditto Small, 14 16—Consols for Account, 91  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{1}{8}$ —Omnium, 4  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## SHARES.

Brazilian, Imperial, 29 31—Ditto d'El Rey, 5  $\frac{3}{4}$  6  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Canada, 33  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{1}{4}$ —Colombian, 9 10—Real Del Monte, 20 1—United Mexican, 4  $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Birmingham Railway, 46 8  $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Greenwich ditto, 26  $\frac{3}{4}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —London and Southampton ditto, 3 2 dis.—Great Western, 9  $\frac{1}{2}$  10  $\frac{1}{2}$  pm—London and Croydon  $\frac{1}{2}$  dis par—London and Brighton, 3 4 pm—London and Blackwall, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  2—North Midland, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  2  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Danube Canal, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Brazilian, 1824, 5 per cent. 84  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Chilian, 6 per cent. 43 4—Colombian, 1824, 6 per cent. 31  $\frac{3}{4}$  2  $\frac{1}{4}$ —Danish, 3 per cent. 76  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Dutch, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. 55  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, 5 per cent. 100  $\frac{1}{2}$  1—Mexican, 6 per cent. 37 8—Peruvian, 6 per cent. 25 6—Portuguese Regency, 3 per cent. 90  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto 1834, 6 per cent. 57  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Russian 0*l.* sterling, 5 per cent. 108  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Spanish, 1834, 47  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{3}{4}$ —Ditto, Deferred, 24  $\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto, Passive, 14  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## MONTHLY DIGEST.

## THE COLONIES.

## CANADA.

Montreal papers to the 4th of September contain the following comparative statement of arrivals, tonnage, and settlers at Quebec, to the 29th of September inclusive:—

	Vessels.	Tons.	Settlers.
1834 . . . . .	906 . . . . .	253,369 . . . . .	29,667
1835 . . . . .	872 . . . . .	250,935 . . . . .	11,097
Less in 1825	27	2,434	18,570

## WEST INDIES.

*Jamaica*.—At the Board of Commissioners of the Public Accounts a return of the number of persons imported into the island was presented, by which it appears that they amounted to 926 persons, viz:—From Germany, 567; from Madeira, 2; from the Western Isles, 24; from Scotland, 1; and from England, 338; at an expense of 13,080*l.*

## SWAN RIVER.

The accounts from Swan River state that the fifth annual Report of the Agricultural Society had been published, and from this interesting document it appears that the flocks of sheep, cattle, horses, &c., were gradually on the increase. The flocks of sheep amounted to nearly 4000 head. The clip of wool is spoken of in very favourable terms, although in some districts the sheep had been affected with disease. The new pastures which had been found in the interior by the exploring parties are spoken of very favourably. In the uplands two crops of potatoes were grown in the year. The olive had been introduced and flourished. Vines were also in rapid growth. The report speaks most favourably of the capabilities of the soil and climate for the growth of most of the useful articles of Europe and Asia.

## FOREIGN STATES.

## HOLLAND.

The Dutch Minister of Finance opened his Budget to the States-General on the 22nd of October. He has a surplus of 100,000 florins, about 8,300*l.*, and he proposes to reduce the unpopular poll-tax 10 per cent. A measure for imposing a graduated scale of duties on foreign corn has been proposed for the benefit of the farmers. This is a departure from what, if we mistake not, has been hitherto the almost uniform policy of the Dutch Government, and one principal cause of that nation's wealth. If there is any country in Europe which should avoid measures likely to cripple foreign commerce, it is Holland; for how can she ever be anything but a trading country?

## BELGIUM.

The Belgian budget of the expenditure of 1836 has been sent to the members of the Chamber of Representatives. The sums required for the several branches of the service amount to 84,379,849 francs. Among the items are, Department of Justice, 5,447,627 francs; Foreign Affairs, 647,000 francs; Marine, 659,000 francs; the Interior, 10,811,648 francs; War, — ordinary charges, 25,000,000 francs; extraordinary charges 13,100,000 francs. Total 38,100,000 francs; Public Debt, 12,168,000 francs.

## CHINA.

When it was proposed to put an end to the East India Company's monopoly of the trade to China, many persons apprehended that the result of the experiment would be to cut us off from all commercial intercourse with that country. We have no means of ascertaining the value of our exports since the opening of the trade, but we know enough to be assured, that the value of our manufactures introduced into Canton, since the overthrow of the monopoly, has been considerably greater. Upon the subject of our import from China, we have more precise information, and we have much gratification in presenting the following highly satisfactory statements:—

Raw Silk from China, imported in each of the last eight years —

1827	.	.	.	.	128,234 lbs.
1828	.	.	.	.	212,895
1829	.	.	.	.	120,976
1830	.	.	.	.	19,198
1831	.	.	.	.	8,374
1832	.	.	.	.	28,195
1833	.	.	.	.	32,181
and in 1834	.	.	.	.	582,834!

## Importation of Tea.

1833-4	.	.	.	.	29,592,310 lbs.
1834-5	.	.	.	.	41,041,843

Two or three ships of 1834-5 are not yet arrived; their cargoes may amount to about two millions of pounds, and in that case the imports of the present season will exceed those of the last by thirteen and a half millions of pounds.

## PERU.

A decree has issued from Peru, declaring that slaves shall be imported, free of all duty, into that country. It says—

“Considering—First, that it is of the utmost necessity that expiring agriculture should be assisted;

“Secondly, That the principal cause of its disastrous state is the want of the necessary labourers;

“ Thirdly, That in the actual state of our population, aided by the invincible force of custom, free labourers cannot be usefully employed ;

“ Fourthly, That it is unjust to suffer rural works to perish, and with them the most solid wealth of the country, merely from deference to the exaggerated principles of philanthropy, and that measures may be adopted to conciliate the two extremes ;

“ Fifthly, That the introduction of slaves found in America does not augment the traffic in negroes, nor aggravate the position in which they are placed ;

“ It is therefore decreed as follows ;—

“ The introduction of slaves from America is permitted free from all duties !”

The colonists of Liberia have been attacked by some tribes of the native Africans, who stormed a frontier settlement called Port Cresson, and massacred a number of the inhabitants. Edina, another settlement, was expected to be the next point of attack.

The Portuguese settlement of Goa is represented as being in a deplorable state. The Government had been overthrown ; and some insurgent Portuguese had gained the ascendancy, whose object was supposed to be the exaction of as much money as possible, previously to their expected deposition by the Government at home. Many of the inhabitants had taken refuge in the British possessions.

## BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

### EARL NELSON.

Earl Nelson died on the 31st Oct., at his residence, Brukworth-house, near Salisbury. The Noble Earl was in the 49th year of his age. He succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, Viscount Trafalgar, who is in the tenth year of his age. Earl Nelson was nephew of the renowned hero of Trafalgar. He had succeeded to the title only within the last few months.

### LORD ROBERT MANNERS.

The death of this nobleman took place at Belvoir Castle on the 15th of November. Lord Robert Manners was third son of Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland, and the beautiful Mary Isabella, daughter of the fourth Duke of Beaufort. He was born December 14, 1781. He was a Major-General, and his lamented death causes a vacancy in the representation of North Leicestershire. His Lordship sat for the county in seven parliaments consecutively, previous to 1831, when he was replaced by Mr. Paget, on Reform principles. Lord Robert Manners was again elected in 1832. Lord R. Manners early made choice of the military profession, and was the companion in arms and intimate friend of the Duke of Wellington, under whom he served throughout the whole Peninsular War. His Lordship received a severe wound at Waterloo, which he concealed until the close of that “ glorious and well-fought field.” The Leicestershire Pitt Club presented him in 1815 with a gold medal.

### LORD MILTON.

Died at Wentworth-house, on the 8th November, after a short illness, Lord Viscount Milton, eldest son of the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam, in his 24th year. Thus early has been removed from the hopes of his family

—but never to be removed from their affections—a young nobleman of the most amiable private qualities, and who, since he came into public life, with the animating promise of patriotic service which distinguished his first appearance, has given repeated pledges of zeal, promptitude, and ability to maintain the honour of his house, by maintaining the honour of his country, after the example of his illustrious ancestors, in the advancement of its best interests. As a public character, he had become the firm advocate of civil and religious liberty, and a popular speaker not only in the arena of politics, but his eloquence was also employed in behalf of charitable and religious institutions. Indeed, his Lordship's pious and eloquent remarks at the Doncaster Bible Society's anniversary, only a few short weeks ago, were the theme of universal praise. But, alas! his tongue is silenced by the cold hand of death, and his beloved voice will be heard no more. In the morning of youth, with an unspotted name, living in a state of matrimonial happiness—in short, with everything that could gratify a virtuous ambition—he might reasonably have looked forward to many years of life, health, and enjoyment. Throughout this neighbourhood, and in other parts of the United Kingdom where the name of Fitzwilliam is known, beloved, and revered for those characteristic virtues which shed a grace upon the splendour of hereditary dignities, thousands will sincerely sympathize with the sorrows of the bereaved and noble parent, and the inconsolable and heart-rending grief of the youthful widow, soon, alas! destined to become the mother of a child, whose beloved father will be slumbering in the darkness of the tomb. Lord Milton was married to Selina, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool. His Lordship was returned for the borough of Malton at the general election of 1832, which he vacated on his father succeeding to the title of Earl Fitzwilliam. He was afterwards returned for North Northamptonshire.—*Sheffield Iris*.

## ADMIRAL THEOPHILUS JONES.

This officer was made a post-captain in September, 1782, and commanded the *Hero*, 74, bearing the broad pendant of Commodore Sir Richard King, Bart. (father of the late Vice-Admiral of that name), in the action between Vice-Admiral Hughes and M. de Suffrein, off Cuddalore, in the East Indies, in 1783, on which occasion the *Hero* sustained a loss of five men killed, and twenty-one wounded. Five partial actions took place between Vice-Admiral Hughes and M. de Suffrein—the one now alluded to, was the last, for, a few days afterwards, a general peace was announced. In 1793, on the re-commencement of the French war, Capt. Jones was appointed to the *Andromache*, and served in her on the Newfoundland station, and in 1796 had the *Defiance*, 74, attached to the Channel fleet. During the mutiny in 1797, the Catholics on board the *Defiance* bound themselves by a solemn oath to murder every Protestant in the ship, and carry her into an enemy's port; but this abominable conspiracy was fortunately detected, and the ringleaders brought to a court-martial, the result of which was the hanging of eleven of these men, and the transportation for life of ten others. In February, 1799, Captain Jones had the *Atlas*, of 98 guns, and was employed on the Brest station until another peace took place with France, and he afterwards had the *Queen*, of 98 guns. Admiral Jones was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, in 1804; Vice-Admiral, in 1809; and Admiral of the White, in August, 1819; but was never employed as a flag-officer.

## SIR H. DUNCAN.

At his residence, in Eaton-place, London, Captain the Hon. Sir Henry Duncan, Knt., C.B. This gallant officer was the second son of Viscount

Duncan, who defeated Admiral de Winter, commanding the Dutch fleet off Camperdown, and brother to the present Earl of Camperdown. This melancholy and sudden event has called forth the unfeigned regret of all who had the happiness of this gallant officer's acquaintance. As an officer, Sir Henry stood in the very highest rank in his profession, and at an early age was distinguished for his zeal, coolness, and decision of character. The very able manner in which he conducted the duties of the office he filled in the Ordnance was highly beneficial to the service, which has lost in him one of its brightest ornaments. In private life the kind feelings which flowed from a generous heart endeared him to a large circle of friends, who fully appreciated his value, and deeply lament his loss; indeed, it may be said that few men have lived more beloved, or died more sincerely regretted, both publicly and privately, than the gallant officer whose fate we have the melancholy duty to record. He died of apoplexy, and has left a widow and family.

### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

*Married*]—Lieut.-Col. Charles Wyndham, to the Hon. Elizabeth Anne Scott, second daughter of Lord Polwartin.

At Oakley, John Booth, Esq., of Glendon Hall, Northamptonshire, to Augusta de Capell, fourth daughter of the late Sir R. Brooke de Capell Brooke, Bart., of Oakley House, in the same county.

Captain John Mackey, of Lenne Derg, county of Down, Ireland, to Julia Henrietta, only daughter of Major Cameron, of Reading.

Herbert Jenner, Esq., eldest son of the Rt. Hon. Sir H. Jenner, and Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to Maria Eleanor, third daughter of the late George Norman, Esq., of Bromley Common.

Capt. W. J. Hughes, of the 4th Light Dragoons, to Georgina Frances, only daughter of Major-General Sir Loftus Otway.

Robert Moorsom, Esq., of the Scots Fusilier Guards, to Henrietta Frances, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Henry Campbell, K.C.B. and G.C.H., of Richmond Park.

The Rev. Wm. Robert Freemantle, Rector of Pitchcot, third son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Francis Freemantle, G.C.B., to Emily Caroline, second daughter of the late General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., G.C.B.

Edmund, son of the late Colonel L'Estrange, of Moystown, King's county, to Henrietta, daughter of T. Lumley Savile, Esq., of Tickhill Castle.

At the British Embassy, Brussels, Col. Wm. Lyster, to Lady Sophia Jane Letward Croft, widow of the late Sir Thomas Emsley Croft, Bart.

At Dungarvon, Ireland, Thos. Carew Hunt, Esq., his Majesty's Consul at Archangel, to Dorothea, daughter of the late Sir John Nugent Humble, of Cloncoskoran House, in the county of Waterford, and sister of the present Baronet.

*Died*]—At Wentworth House, Lord Viscount

Milton, eldest son of the Right Hon. Earl Fitzwilliam, in his 24th year.

At Hayle Cottage, near Mullstone, Theophilus Jones, Esq., Admiral of the White, in his 78th year.

In Hanover-street, St. George's, Lieut. the Hon. John Forbes, of the 79th Regt, son of Gen. Lord Forbes.

At his house, in Welbeck-street, Sir David Barry, in his 56th year.

At Edinburgh, George Robertson Scott, Esq., of Colm.

At his seat, Brockhurst Lodge, near Alverstone, Jamaica, the Hon. Thos. Legal Yates.

At Paris, Florine O'Bryen, wife of George Huntly Gordon, Esq., in her 21st year, three weeks after her marriage.

In his 79th year, J. Dyson, Esq., late Clerk of the House of Commons.

At Great Yarmouth, in his 84th year, the Rev. Richard Turner, B.D.

At Brompton, after a short illness, Lady Gibbons, the wife of Sir John Gibbons, Bart., of Stanwell Park, Middlesex.

The widow of Admiral Sir John Knight, K.C.B.

Aged 80, Capt. Henry Barwell, R.N.

In Cheshire, the Lord Grey, of Groby.

At Hohnwood, county Oxford, the Countess of Antrim, wife of Lord Mark Kerr.

At Dover, aged 80, the Earl of Charleville, one of the Irish Representative Peers.

At Eaton-place, Captain the Hon. Sir Henry Duncan.

At Badminton, aged 69, the Duke of Beaufort, K.G.

On Sunday, Nov. 15, Emma Mary, the wife of Mr. Mackinnon, M.P., at the age of 44. This lady was the only daughter and sole heiress of the late Jos. B. Palmer, Esq., of Rush House, Dublin. She was born in 1792, and has left several children. At the time of her marriage, Mrs. M. was considered not only one of the greatest heiresses, but one of the handsomest women, in England.

## PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

### IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

#### LONDON.

*Consumption of Food in the Metropolis.*—Of the quantity of cattle sold in Smithfield market we have the most accurate returns, and find that, during the last twelve months, the numbers were—150,000 beasts, 21,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 20,000 pigs. This does not, however, by any means form the total consumed in London, as large quantities of meat in carcasses, particularly pork, are daily brought from the counties round the metropolis. The total value of the cattle sold in Smithfield annually is calculated at 8,500,000*l.* It is supposed that a million a year is expended in fruits and vegetables.—The consumption of wheat amounts to a million of quarters annually: of this four-fifths are supposed to be made into bread; being a consumption of 64,000,000 of quarter-loaves every year in the metropolis alone.—The annual consumption of butter in London amounts to about 11,000, and that of cheese to 13,000, tons.—The money paid annually for milk is supposed to amount to 1,250,000*l.*—The quantity of poultry annually consumed in London is supposed to cost between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.*;—that of game depends upon the plentifulness of the season. There is nothing, however, more surprising, than the sale of rabbits. One salesman in Leadenhall-market, during a considerable portion of the year, is said to have sold 14,000 rabbits weekly.

Amongst the many projects which at present lay claim to public attention is the proposal to construct a suspension foot-bridge across the Thames, from either Buckingham-street or Hungerford-market, in the Strand, to the Belvidere road, Pedlar's-acre, Lambeth.

*Post-Office.*—By an alteration carried into operation by the Duke of Richmond, late Postmaster-General, it is generally known that the halfpence collected for newspapers put into the post-office after 6 P.M., and the amount of which was a perquisite to two of the inspectors, are now applied to the post-office revenues. To the curious it may be a little interesting to learn the probable amount so collected. The return gives—for Tuesday, Oct. 27, 1796 papers; amount received, 3*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* Saturday, Oct. 31,

1184 papers; amount received, 2*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.* Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1837 papers; amount received, 3*l.* 16*s.* 6½*d.* The inspectors, who formerly received the fees for newspapers after time, now receive compensation from the Treasury.

#### LANCASHIRE.

*Port of Liverpool.*—The following is an account of the number of vessels, with the amount of tonnage, reported inward at the Custom-house, from the 25th of August to the 24th of September, 1835, namely—914 British vessels, 146,873 tons; 92 foreign vessels, 37,611 tons; total vessels, 1006, tons, 174,484.

An account of vessels and tonnage entered at the port of Liverpool for the months ending 24th September, 1834 and 1835:—

	Vessels.	Tons.
1835.—Liverpool . . . . .	1006	174,484
Runcorn . . . . .	216	12,681
	1222	187,165
1834.—Liverpool . . . . .	1003	137,452
Runcorn . . . . .	147	8,829
	1150	145,781
Increase . . . . .	72	41,384

—*Liverpool Mercury.*

#### *Liverpool and Manchester Railway.*

The number of passengers on this line of road from January to July, inclusive, was 255,853. In January there were 26,572; February, 24,171; March, 26,880; April, 31,300; May, 35,118; June, 56,820; and July, 54,642; this does not include those who went only part or on the branch railways. One week last month there were 14,583 passengers.

#### YORKSHIRE.

*Roman Remains.*—In digging a grave in the churchyard of St. Guthbert, on Peasholme-green, in this city, several tiles were discovered, some nearly whole, and others in fragments. They appeared to have been about eighteen inches square; and on two or three was the inscription LEG IX HISP. which determines their connexion with the ninth legion, which, under Roman sway, it appears was stationed in this city. The inscriptions are surrounded, and other

parts of the tiles are ornamented with various figures. Similar remains, we understand, have on a former occasion been found in this ground.—*York Herald*.

## WALES.

*Iron Trade.*—We have at length the pleasure, says the “Cambrian,” of congratulating our readers upon the decided improvement in that most important branch of our mineral interests, the iron trade; a general advance of 10s. per ton upon bars, and a proportionate one upon pigs, has been effected, with a steady and good demand. The following are the prices:—

British Bars, Staffordshire	. 7 10 0 to 9 10 0
Welsh	. 6 10 1 to 8 10 0
Pigs, Staffordshire (long weight)	. 4 10 0 to 5 5 0
Welsh (short weight)	. 3 15 0 to 4 10 0

*Newly-discovered Copper Mines.*—There has lately been discovered, on the property of Lord Dinorben, in the parish of Llanwenllwfo, Anglesey, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the Parys and Mona mines, a very rich vein of copper. It is in many parts almost in a pure state, and much purer than even the copper coinage of 1799; consequently, a question will arise for the consideration of geologists and others who feel pleasure in investigating these matters, whether the secondary stratum in which it is found must not, at some remote period, have been acted upon by great and powerful heat, so as to dislodge the ore from the stone, and run it in a state of fusion into the form in which it is now found. This discovery is very seasonable, as the Parys and Mona mines, which have so long been a source of immense wealth to their proprietors, and of profitable employment to many hundreds of poor families, were become nearly exhausted, at least so far as they had been explored.—*Mining Journal*.

## SCOTLAND.

*Steam-Engine Machinery.*—The parliamentary trustees on the river Clyde have offered a premium of 100 guineas for the best practical mode of preventing accidents from the imperfect construction of steam-engine machinery. Another 100l. is to be divided amongst

the unsuccessful candidates who invent something worthy of attention.—*Mining Journal*.

## IRELAND.

From the returns made by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland to the orders of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Andrew Johnston, it appears that, in the 789 schools to which the Board have granted aid, the number of scholars is 107,042; that the grants for building (exclusive of fittings-up) have amounted to somewhat less than 3000l., the rest being for half-price for requisites and for salaries, varying from 3l. to 60l. (most being from 8l. to 10l.), except the male and female model schools, and the mendicity school, Dublin, where the grants for salary were 198l., 130l., and 100l. A return of the grantees in aid of schools, distinguishing their religious tenets, shows that, in the province of Ulster, where there were 373 grants, only thirty-five were to clergymen of the Established Church; the rest were Presbyterians and Roman Catholics—the majority of the latter class. In Munster, out of 184, only sixteen were clergymen of the Established Church, and one a Presbyterian clergyman; the rest were Catholics. In Leinster, out of 305, the Established clergymen were nineteen; the Presbyterians, four; the rest Catholics. In Connaught, number of grants, 100: to clergymen of the Established Church, four; to Presbyterian, one; the remainder, Catholics. In some cases the grants were made to the same person for more than one school. The lesson-books distributed or used under the direction of the Board are such as have been recommended by the Commissioners for Educating the Poor in Ireland, or are used in the Irish National Schools. The number of schools connected with, or under the superintendence of, any nunnery, monastery, or religious institution, is twenty-five; amount of grants, 4800l. Grants to about 1000l. have also been made to twenty schools kept in Roman Catholic chapels. A correspondence is printed which took place between the Board of Education and the Synod of Ulster, which shows that a difference of opinion exists between them on the subject of the religious discipline in the schools.

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